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MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS TO MOSCHELES.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS IN THE POSSESSION OF FELIX MOSCHELES.

By William F. Apthorp.

I.

IT has often been remarked how few notable musicians have shown any decided literary gift. But that so exceedingly little good prose should have come from the pen of great composers is by no means to be wondered at. The almost exclusively special education musicians received, as a rule, before the beginning of the present century, was not fitted to equip them for literary tasks; and, upon the whole, for a man to achieve extraordinary distinction both in literature and music would imply a versatility of talent such as one hardly has a right to expect even in the greatest genius. It is a far more reasonable cause for wonder that so few great composers have shown that they possessed even that undeveloped, quasi-embryonic literary faculty which is displayed in good letter-writing, that by no means very uncommon power of telling interesting news in a charming and interesting way, of talking familiarly, so to speak, with pen and ink, which constitutes the good letter-writer. Musicians' letters are, as a rule, singularly and surprisingly uninteresting to the general reader; he who has no especial interest in the men themselves and their doings will almost invariably find their letters pretty dull reading. Mozart's earlier letters, written during his boyhood, charm one irresistibly by their precocious humor; but his faculty of letter-writing did not mature as he grew up, and his later correspondence is commonplace enough. Take up a volume of letters by Hauptmann, Spohr or Weber, and, unless you happen to be a musician yourself, you soon lay it down with a gape. Count up the distinguished composers whose private correspondence has been given to the world in any considerable quantity, and you will find the number of those who habitually wrote thoroughly admirable letters to be dismally small. Still, at their head, you do find two men who can fairly be said to have been accomplished masters of the epistolary style: Berlioz and Mendelssohn. Berlioz's private correspondence is, perhaps, just a shade less admirable than his open letters, written for publication; he was a Frenchman to the core, and needed a certain consciousness of publicity to egg him on to do his best. He required the moral fillip of feeling that he was addressing the universe; a small audience rather chilled his finest faculties. Mendelssohn fell somewhat short of Berlioz's coruscating brilliancy; indeed his humor is often none of the finest; but his superior, Teutonic depth of character,

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his indifference to applause for its own sake, made the private letter to an intimate friend the channel of all others through which he could most naturally give expression to his thought, the form of writing into which he could throw his whole self, with the least effort and the least reserve. And, of all the intimate friends with whom he was in frequent correspondence by post, Ignaz Moscheles was probably the one with whose instinctive artistic bent he had the closest sympathy, and in whose artistic judgment he had the most implicit trust.

The tone of reverential admiration, which pervades almost all of Mendelssohn's letters to Moscheles, was thoroughly sincere; that his repeated expressions of admiration had no taint of flattery, is indubitable. The instinctive bent of his own genius, and, added to this, the whole force of his musical education, impelled him to a closer and more complete sympathy with Moscheles, than with any other of his fellow-musicians. In Moscheles he found a man of quite sufficient talent and creative power to excite his admiration, a man whose personal character invited, at once, unbounded respect and affection, and, what was of more importance than all else, one whose musical opinions, whose whole artistic aim and striving, in a word, whose ideal in art, exactly coincided with his own. He could greet Gade's enchanting and original genius with the warmest welcome, and yet feel, the while, that the younger man had still something to learn, before he could fairly claim the place in the ranks of composers to which the Muses and the Graces seemed to destine him. He could clasp Schumann to his breast as a beloved brother and comrade in the great life-battle against "*was uns alle bändigt*, DAS GEMEINE," in the great life-struggle after artistic truth and beauty; yet he could not but feel that the path that Schumann's genius impelled him to travel diverged from his own, that Schumann's highest ideal was not quite his. But Moscheles was the man whom he could not only admire, if with a somewhat more restricted admiration, but with whom *he could thoroughly agree.*

From a cast of Mendelssohn's hand.

Moscheles then stood, not only as a pianist of exceedingly brilliant fame, to whom the art of pianoforte playing owed

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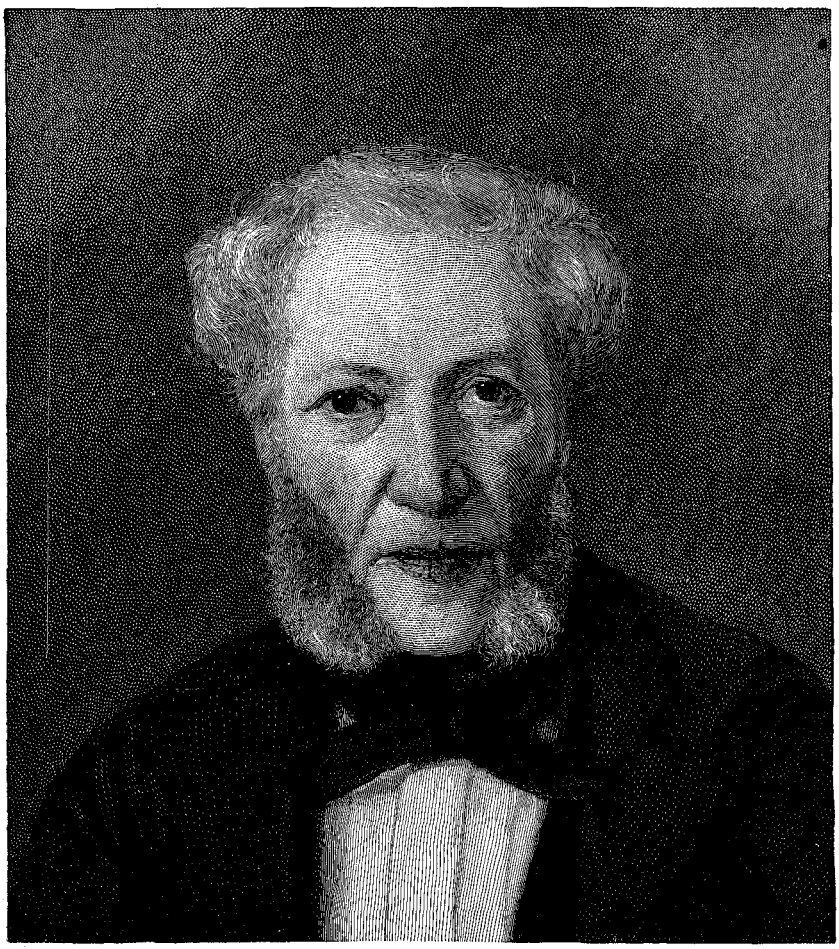

Ignaz Moscheles. (From a painting by Felix Moscheles.)

a noteworthy step in its advancement, but also as a composer, to any new work from whose pen the musical world looked forward with very considerable interest. A new symphony, sonata or concerto by Moscheles was then as much of an event, as a new work by Mendelssohn or Schumann. Add to this that Mendelssohn, of all men, had especial reason to regard him with reverence. In the first place, Moscheles was nearly fifteen years his senior; when the two first met, in Berlin in 1824, Moscheles was thirty, while Mendelssohn was still a boy of fifteen, and the first relation between them was that of teacher and pupil. Then, up to the time of his father' death (in 1835)—that is, up to the age of twenty-six—Mendelssohn was much under his father's influence. Old Abraham Mendelssohn, "though not, like Leopold Mozart, a technical musician, and apparently having no acquaintance with the art, had got an insight into it which many musicians might envy."* He had an unconquerable respect for classic traditions, little or no sympathy with new musical tendencies, and, to his mind, Moscheles stood as the impeccable model, as the living embodiment of all reputable musicianly virtues, and he lost no opportunity of impressing his views upon his son. So that, even before Mendelssohn and Moscheles first met personally, the boy had, so to speak, a ready-made esteem for his master, an esteem which everything in the two men

* *Vide* Grove, vol. ii., p. 254.

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served to confirm and deepen in after life. And long after the relation of teacher and pupil had come to an end, when Moscheles had recognized heartily that the other was his superior, and Mendelssohn had ceased to be unconscious of the fact that he himself was really the stronger man of the two, his original admiration for Moscheles's musical nature, his entire confidence in the soundness of his musical judgment, still survived. He felt, to the end, that Moscheles was the man who would be sure to reëcho his own opinions on musical matters with the least variation, the man to whose judgment he could submit his own compositions with the greatest certainty of sympathy, and one to whose every new work he could look forward with no disturbing fear of disappointment.

Abraham Mendelssohn, the Composer's Father.

We find, accordingly, in his letters to Moscheles, a complete frankness of expression, whenever he touches upon the subject of music, that is somewhat different from his manner with other musicians. Not that Mendelssohn ever cared to conceal his musical opinions from anyone, except, as was the case in his intercourse with Berlioz, when they might be apt to wound the feelings of the person addressed; he was quite as unguarded in giving vent to his musical likings and dislikings when writing to other friends. But the judgments on music we come across in his letters to his sister, to Ferdinand Hiller, and others more nearly of his own age, often seem to have a certain didactic flavor; one feels, one scarcely knows why, that he gives his opinion with a certain tacit emphasis, as upon something which it were well for his correspondent to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. In his letters to Moscheles nothing of this spirit appears; whatever he writes about music seems set down not so much for Moscheles's sake as for his own; it is the free outpouring of a mind that craves, and feels sure of obtaining, a sympathetic response to its own thought.

This completeness of musical sympathy between the two men, the reverence in which the younger held his whilom master, and the almost unbounded admiration with which the latter regarded his former pupil, must have counted for much in consolidating their friendship. Indeed their mutual esteem as artists, the implicit confidence each placed in the other's musicianship and single-minded devotion to his art, really lay at

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the bottom of their intimacy. Mendelssohn felt, from the first, that Moscheles, the experienced and travelled artist, was the man who could best give him practical advice to help him on in his career in a practical way, and, moreover, that he could follow such advice blindly, without fear of finding himself in a position inconsistent with his own artistic dignity. The following letter gives earnest of this confidence:

BERLIN, January 10, 1829.

DEAR SIR:

Let me begin by apologizing for troubling you with this letter.

The kindness and friendship you have so often shown me will not, I know, fail me on this occasion, more especially as I come to you for advice on a subject of which I know you to be the most competent judge. The matter on which I want your kind opinion is this:

I intend to start at the beginning of this year, and to devote three years to travelling, my chief object being to make a long stay in Italy and France. As it is desirable, for several reasons, that I should spend a few days in Berlin about the middle of next December, before leaving for Rome, I intend to devote the eight and a half months of the present year, during which I can absent myself, to visiting those cities of Germany I am not acquainted with, such as Vienna and Munich, and then, if possible, I would extend my journey to London.

The object I have in view is, not to appear in public, but rather, to be musically benefited by my tour, to compare the various views and opinions of others, and thus to consolidate my own taste. As I only care to see what is most remarkable in these two cities, and to become acquainted with those eminent in the world of art, not, as I said before, to be heard myself nor to appear in public, I trust the time I can devote to my travels will not prove too short. Now, the question which I want you to decide is this: whether it will be better to begin or to end with London. In the one case, I should be in Vienna early in April, remaining there till about the middle of July, and go, first to Munich via the Tyrol, and then down the Rhine to London, where I could stay till December, and return by way of Hamburg to Berlin. In the other case, I should take London first in April, remain till July, then go up the Rhine to Munich, and through the Tyrol to Vienna, and thence back to Berlin. Evidently the former of

Mendelssohn's Mother.

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these tours would be the more agreeable, and, as such, I would willingly select it, but, in following the latter, should I not have a better chance of seeing the two capitals to the fullest advantage, the season in Vienna coming to an end, as I am given to understand, in May, whereas in London it extends all through June and even beyond.

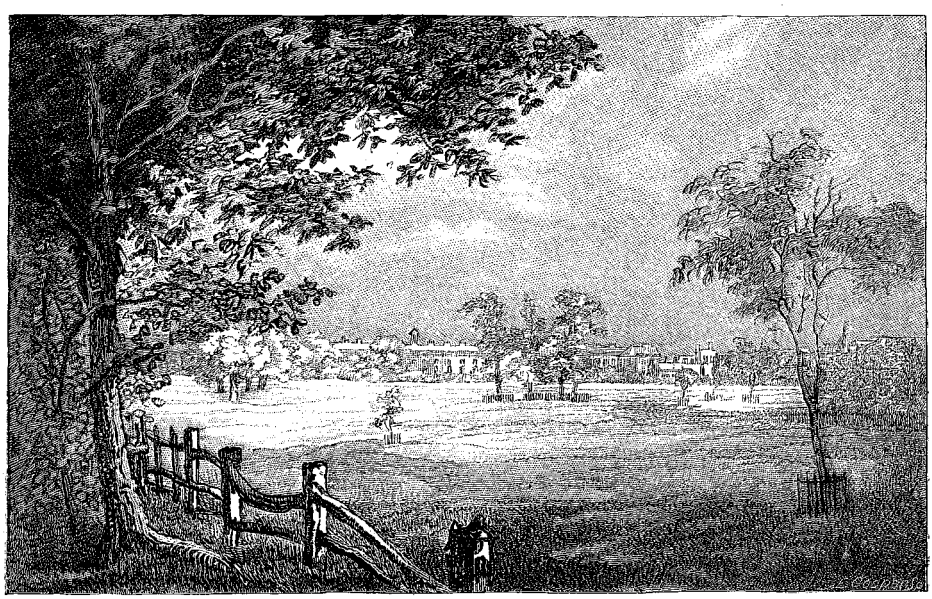
You who have so long lived in both cities, and who are so well acquainted with musical men and matters in both, will best be able to solve my doubts, and to answer a question of so much importance to me. You have given me such constant proofs of your kindness and readiness to oblige, that I feel confident you will not discontinue your friendly assistance, but once more give me the benefit of your advice.

I have to thank you for the second book of your splendid 'Studies.' They are the finest pieces of music I have become acquainted with for a long time; as instructive and useful to the player, as they are gratifying to the hearer. Might you not feel disposed to publish a third book? You know what service you would be rendering to all lovers of music.

With best regards to Mrs. Moscheles, I have the honor to remain, yours most respectfully and truly,

F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

As Mendelssohn was ever ready to ask advice of Moscheles, so was the latter not slow to welcome the opportunity of introducing to the musical world of London so brilliant a *protégé* as Mendelssohn. Even at this early date, he could have had no illusions as to the real character and strength of the young man's genius. Several years later, he wrote to him, mentioning Thalberg: "In 1826 I gave him some instruction, and, at that time already, I became aware that he would little need me, to do great things, *sans comparaison* like a certain Berlin youth who soon threw aside all leading strings, and donned the purple." But his generosity was equal to his artistic integrity, and no unworthy fears of seeing a stronger rival appear above the horizon could, for a moment, stand in the way of his doing all in his power to advance his young friend's interests. Indeed, it was chiefly Moscheles who paved the way for Mendelssohn's first successes in England, that is, for the first conspicuous public recognition of the young composer's genius. How



Regent's Park. (From a sketch made by Mendelssohn in an autograph album presented by him to his godchild.)

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Fanny Cäcilie Hensel (born Mendelssohn).

heartily and thoroughly Mendelssohn appreciated his helpful kindness may be seen from the following letter, written after his return from his first visit to England. This letter also shows the high esteem in which he held Moscheles's talent.

BERLIN, January 9, 1830.

DEAR MR. MOSCHELES:

I have written to Mrs. Moscheles, and asked forgiveness for my protracted silence; allow me to refer to that letter, and to hope that the reasons therein detailed may plead for me with you; * at the same time I cannot refrain from assuring you personally how truly I feel myself indebted to you, and how grateful I am for all the kindness you have shown me. You received me in London in a way I could never have expected, and gave me proofs of confidence and friendship of which I shall never cease to be proud. If, hitherto, I had looked up to you with admiration, how much more so now, when, on closer acquaintance, I had the happiness to find in you an example fit in every respect to be followed by any artist. You know best yourself the value of a kind reception in a strange country, and the immense advantage of an introduction through you, especially in England. If that country made a most favorable and lasting impression on me, since, for the first time far away from home and friends, I could spend such happy hours,

* *Vide* letter to Mrs. Moscheles, dated Jan. 6, 1829, (by mistake, it should be 1830), published in Harper's Magazine, Feb., 1879, p. 427.

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it is you I have to thank, to you I shall always be grateful. Might I but have some opportunity of proving how deeply I feel my obligation. I hope I may soon meet you again in some corner of the world, and find such glorious pieces of music as this time. The symphony is quite present to my mind, and I can play some of it by heart, especially the first and third movements; but that is very insufficient, and I look forward with impatience to the publication of this masterpiece. Will you not soon give it to the public? You must yourself know how surely you can reckon on a brilliant success, and on the admiration and warmest sympathy of every musician. For my part, I should be truly happy to see the score published, and am convinced that in this feeling I should be joined by all who love music. Will you not soon let a second one follow? Maybe you are at work on one already; it would be truly delightful if you gave us more pieces in the same spirit, imbued with such earnestness and depth; all real lovers of music would hail them with pleasure.

I mean to leave here for Italy as soon as my foot will permit me to travel, and request your permission to write to you occasionally on music and musicians; should your time allow of your sending me a few words, you know how much pleasure it would give me.

With best wishes for your welfare and happiness, and trusting you will preserve a kind remembrance of me, I remain,

Yours most sincerely,
F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

O "*Tempus edax rerum!*" "*Tempora mutantur!*" and all the doleful saws that recall the changefulness of affairs on this earth! Where are these symphonies now? And where much of the music of a far other sort—Berlioz Fantastic Symphonies, "Francs-Juges" overtures, and the like—for which Mendelssohn found words of blame mainly? Berlioz, Liszt and others of that ilk are now to the front, and their works find other meed than blame. But this is a digression; more of it further on!

Here is another characteristic letter:

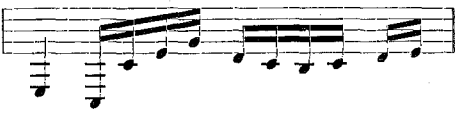
BERLIN, February 27, 1833.

[See the drawing reproduced on p. 140.]

DEAR MOSCHELES: Here they are, wind instruments and fiddles, for the son and heir must not be kept waiting till I come; he must have a cradle song with drums and trumpets and janissary music; the fiddles alone are not nearly lively enough. May every happiness and joy and blessing attend the little stranger; may he be prosperous, may he do well whatever he does, and may it fare well with him in the world!

So he is to be called Felix, is he? How nice and kind of you to make him my godchild *in forma*. The first present his godfather makes him is the above entire orchestra; it is to accompany him through life; the trumpets when he wishes to be famous, the flutes when he falls in love, the cymbals* when he grows a beard; the pianoforte explains itself, and should people ever play him false, as will happen to the best of us, there stand the kettledrums and the big drums in the back-ground.

Dear me! but I am ever so happy when I think of your happiness and of the time when I shall have my full share of it. By the end of April, at the latest, I intend to be in London, and then we will give the boy a regular name, and introduce him to the world at large. It will be grand!

To your Septet I look forward with no small pleasure. Klingemann has written out eleven notes of it for me, and these I like ever so much.

I can quite imagine what a bright, lively finale they would make. He also gave me a good description and analysis of the Andante in B-flat, but, after all, it will be still better to hear it. Do not expect too much from the compositions I shall bring with me. You will be sure to find pregnant traces of moodiness which I can only shake off slowly, and by dint of effort. I often feel as if I had

* A pun on the German word *Becken*, which means both *cymbals* and *basin*.

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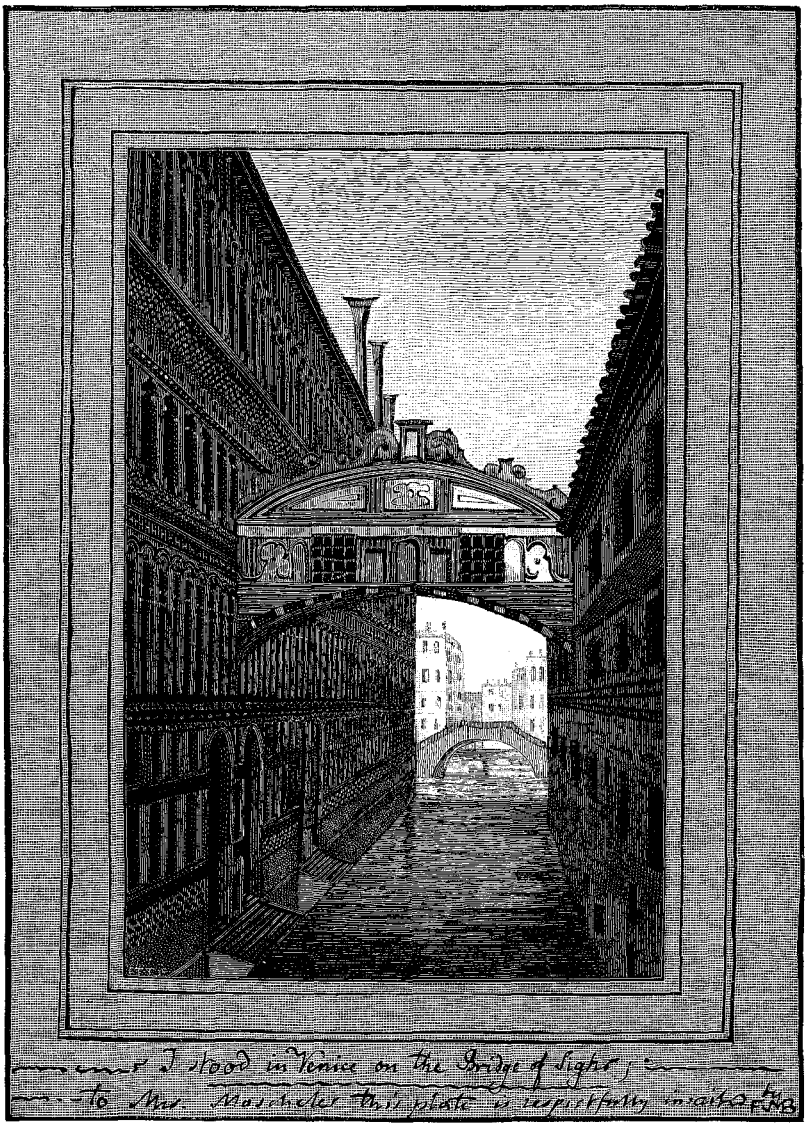

The Bridge of Sighs. (From a water-color drawing by Mendelssohn.)

never composed at all, and had to learn everything over again; now, however, I have got into better trim, and my last things will sound better.

Nice it was, too, that your last letter found me, as you said it should, alone and in the quiet of my room, composing to my heart's content; and now I only wish my letter may find you some quiet evening at home, with your dear ones well and happy around you. We shall see whether I am as lucky at wishing as you were. I am in a hurry, and must end; I had but half an hour for my letter, and that beautiful picture has taken up all my time; besides, I have nothing further to say but this: I wish you joy, now and hereafter, and may we soon meet again. My friends here send their kindest remembrances and congratulations; they are all well but my father, who suffers constantly from his eyes, and is, in consequence, much depressed; this reacts upon us; and we pray that

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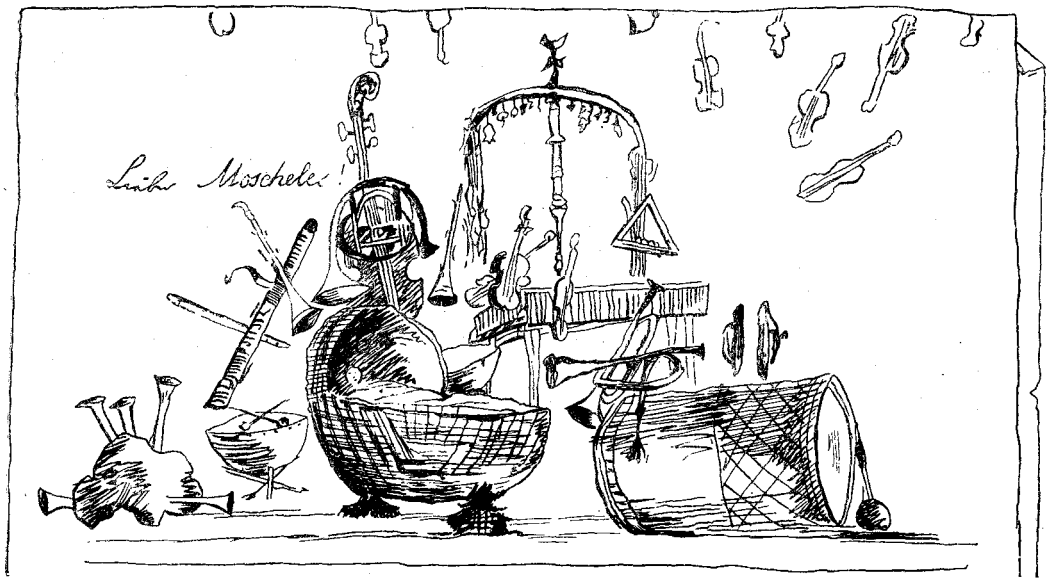

Fac-simile of the drawing in Mendelssohn's letter of Feb. 27, 1833 (p. 138).

there may soon be a change for the better. My sister and I now make a great deal of music; every Sunday morning with accompaniment; and I have just received from the bookbinder's a big grass-green volume of 'Moscheles,' and next time we are going to play your trio. Farewell, farewell, and remain happy. Yours,

F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

About his own musical doings, even about the ins and outs of his own professional life, Mendelssohn writes little, as a rule. His breaking his customary silence on such matters makes the following letter one of the most interesting, in one way, of the whole correspondence; it, for once, opens a window through which we can catch something more than a hasty glimpse of him in the midst of professional duties.

DÜSSELDORF, February 7, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Pardon my long silence; I know how guilty I am, but I reckon on your indulgence. I am so deeply buried in my work and papers that, even now, I think I should not have emerged from them, were it not that a special circumstance obliges me to write to you. So let me pass over the last four months, and all my excuses into the bargain, remembering what a dear old friend you are, and how ready to forgive.

Thus encouraged, I fancy myself in Chester Place,* and wish you 'good evening.' What I have to say is this:—I have ventured to dedicate to you, without asking your permission, a piece which is to appear at Simrock's—a piece I am just fond of myself.† But this is not what I was going to say. I had thought how nice it would be if you met with it during one of your trips to Germany; but now my Rondo Brillant‡ is just finished, and I have the very greatest desire to dedicate that also to you; that, however, I do not venture to do without your special permission, for I am well aware that, by rights, it is not style to ask leave to dedicate two pieces at once, and perhaps you will think it rather an odd proceeding on my part, but I cannot help it, I have set my heart upon it. In general, I am not very partial to dedications, and have seldom made any; but, in this case, they are to convey a meaning, inasmuch as, not having been able to send you a letter for a long while, I wanted, at least, to let you have some of the work I have been doing. Write me a line on the subject, as the Rondo is to appear in Leipzig too, and,

* At Moscheles's house in London.

† The Fantasie in F-sharp minor ("Sonate Ecossaise"), Opus 28.

‡ In E-flat, for pianoforte and orchestra, Opus 29.

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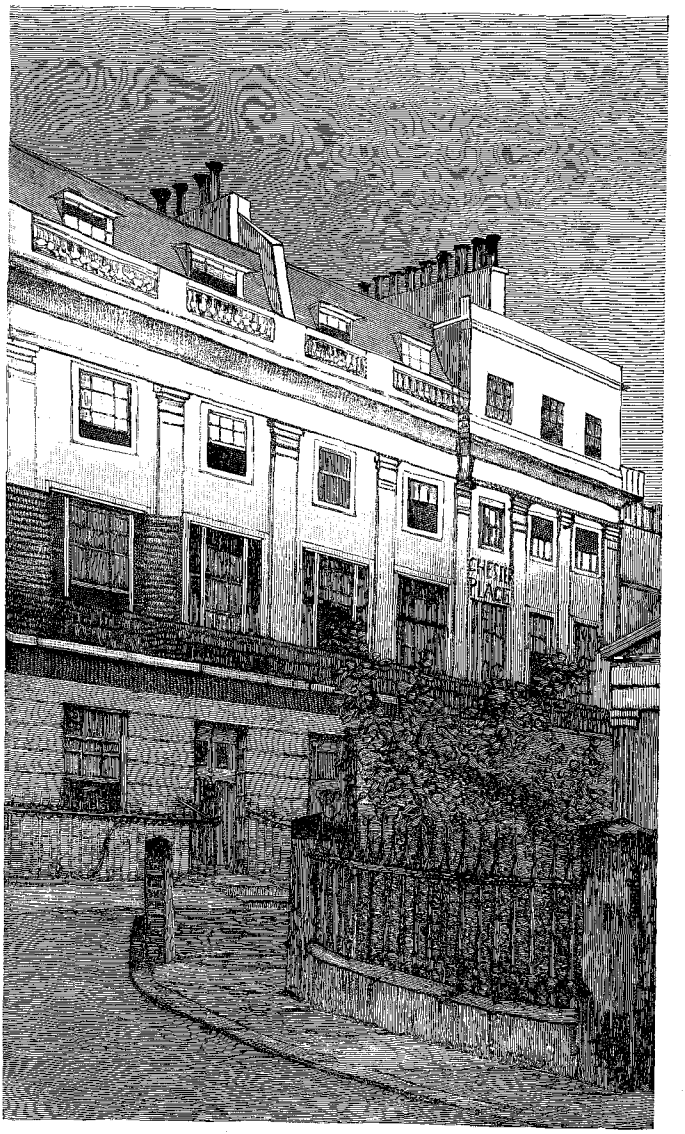
once you have penned that line, you may feel inclined to add another, or, perhaps, a few more, as you did in your last kind letter for which I have not thanked you yet.

Klingemann is not prodigal of words, so that I have heard but little of London friends, and particularly little of those in Chester Place. What do you all look like? What can Felix say? Does Serena remember her humble servant with the carnations? And how fares the Sonata for two performers? Do give me full particulars about that and your other work. I would ask Mrs. Moscheles to let me know all about it, but I feel she must be so angry with me that I don't think I can summon courage to write to her. The last of your compositions I heard of was the Impromptu for Mary Alexander, and, since then, I am sure you have produced all manner of delightful things. My own poverty in shaping new forms for the pianoforte once more struck me most forcibly while writing the Rondo. It is there I get into difficulties, and have to toil and labor, and I am afraid you will notice that such was the case. Still, there are things in it which I believe are not bad, and some parts that I really like, but how I am to set about writing a calm and quiet piece (and that, I know, is just what you advised me to do, last spring) I really do not know. All that passes through my head in the shape of pianoforte music is about as calm and quiet as Cheapside, and when I sit down to the pianoforte, and compel myself to start improvising ever so quietly, it is of no use—by degrees I fall back into the old ways.



Chester Place. (From a drawing made by Mendelssohn—given in an autograph album by him to his godchild.)

My new Scena, however, which I am writing for the Philharmonic, will, I am afraid, be only too tame. But so much self-criticism is not to the purpose, so I stick to my work, and that means, in plain language, that I am well and happy.

I feel particularly comfortable in this

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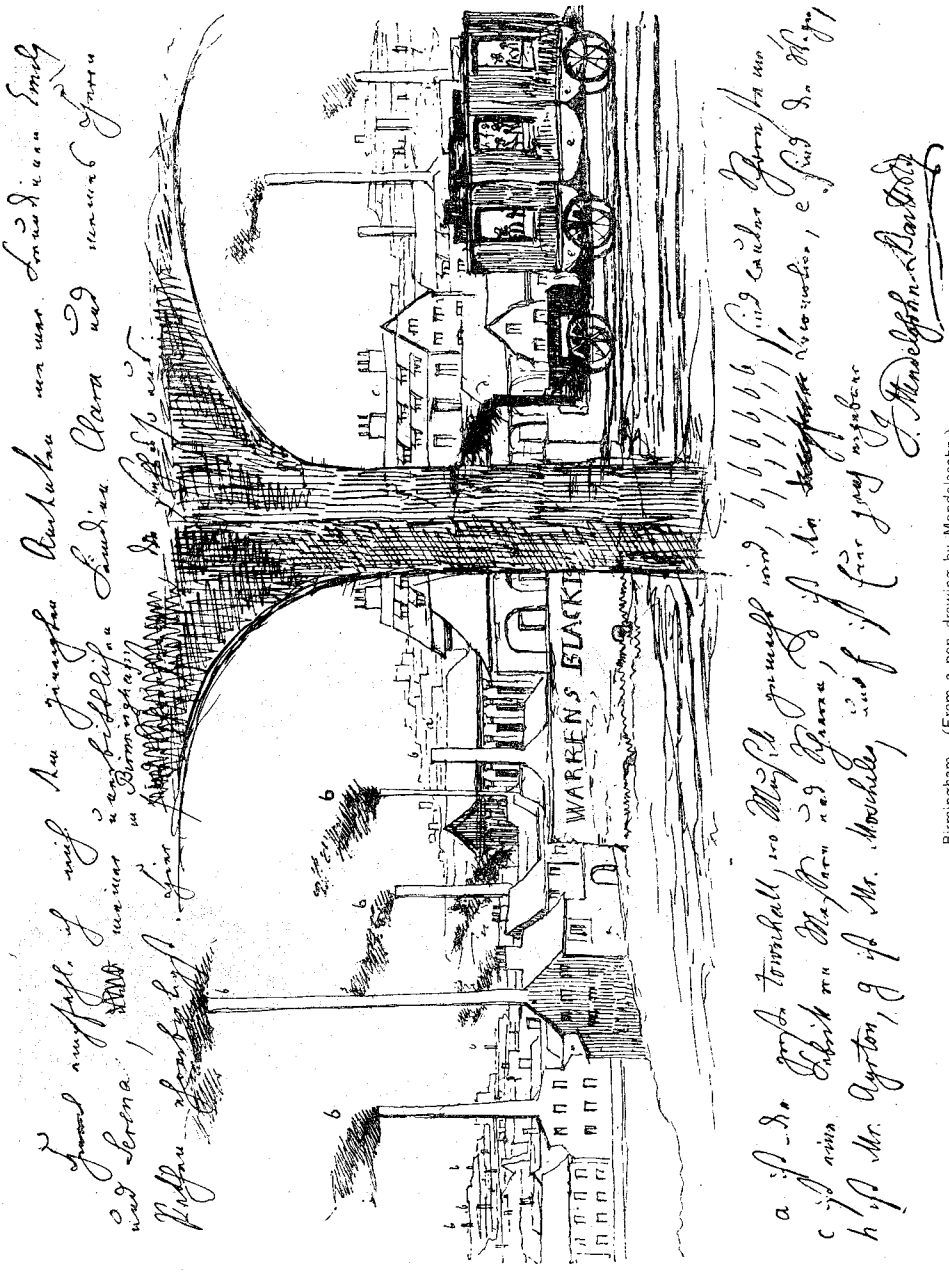

Birmingham. (From a pen drawing by Mendelssohn.)

place, having just as much official occupation as I want and like, and plenty of time to myself. When I do not feel inclined to compose, there is the conducting and rehearsing, and it is quite a pleasure to see how pluckily things go; and then this place is so charmingly diminutive that you always fancy yourself in your room; and yet it is complete in its way. There is an opera, a choral society, an orchestra, church music, a public, and even a small opposition; it is simply delightful. I have joined a society for the improvement of our stage, and we are now rehearsing the "Wasserträger;" it is quite touching to see

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with what eagerness, what appetite, the singers pounce upon every hint, and what trouble they will take, if anybody will be at the pains of teaching them: how they strain every nerve, and really make our performances as perfect as can be imagined, considering the means at our disposal. Last December I gave "Don Juan" (it was the first time I conducted an opera in public), and I can assure you many things went better and with more precision, than I have heard them at some of the large and famous theatres, because, from first to last, everyone concerned went in for it heart and soul; well, we had twenty rehearsals. The lessee of the theatre had, however, thought fit to raise the prices on account of the heavy expenses, and when, at the first performance of "Don Juan," the curtain rose, the malcontent section of the public called for Mr. Derossi like mad, making a tremendous disturbance; after five minutes, order being restored, we began, and went through the first act splendidly, constantly accompanied by applause; but lo! and behold! as the curtain rises for the second act, the uproar breaks out afresh, with redoubled vigor and persistence. Well, I felt inclined to hand the whole concern over to the arch-fiend—never did I conduct under such trying circumstances. I countermanded the opera which was announced for the next night, and declared I would have nothing more to do with the whole theatre;—four days later, I allowed myself to be talked over, gave a second performance of "Don Juan," was received with hurrahs and a three-fold flourish of trumpets, and now the "Wasserträger" is to follow. The opposition consists mainly of beer-house keepers and waiters; in fact, by 4 o'clock P.M. half Düsseldorf is intoxicated; anybody wanting to see me must call between 8 and 9 in the morning; it is quite useless attempting to transact any kind of business in the afternoon.

Now what do you think of such a discreditable state of things, and can you have anything more to say to such boors as we are? . . . . . Blagrove was here; I took him to our Choral Society, where we were just rehearsing the choruses from "Alexander's Feast;" our performance produced the most excellent effect on him—it sent him to sleep.

. . . . . .

I hear from my mother that the Gipsies' March, or rather the April Variations, are out. Is that the case, and, if so, could I have a copy of them? I hope you have done a good deal of patching and polishing up to my part—you know, I am thinking of those restless passages of mine. The whole of the last movement wants repairing or lining with a warm melody; it was too thin. The first variation, too, I hope you have turned inside out and padded. Don't I speak as if I were Musikdirector Schneider? And can't you send me one of Mori's annual jewels? But I must really take courage and another little sheet of paper, and write to your wife, for I haven't half done—good bye—till we meet on the next page.

Your

F. MENDELSSOHN.

Elsewhere he writes:

"My oratorio * is making rapid strides; I am working on the second part, and have just written a chorus in F-sharp minor (a lively chorus of heathens) that I thoroughly relish myself, and that I should so much like to show you; in fact, I am ever so anxious to hear whether you are satisfied with my new work. I have lately written some fugues, songs without words, with words, and a few studies, and should of all things like to take a new concerto for the pianoforte with me to London, but of that I know nothing as yet. You once said it was time I should write a quiet, sober piece for the pianoforte, after all those restless ones, and that advice is always running in my head, and stops me at the outset; for, as soon as I think of a pianoforte piece, away I career, and scarcely am I off when I remember: 'Moscheles said . . . etc.,' and there's an end to the piece. But never mind, I'll get the better of it yet, and if it turns out restless again, it will certainly not be for want of good intentions." †

The following passage, from a letter dated: Frankfurt, July 20, 1836, is not

* "St. Paul." † Dated Düsseldorf, Dec. 5, 1834.

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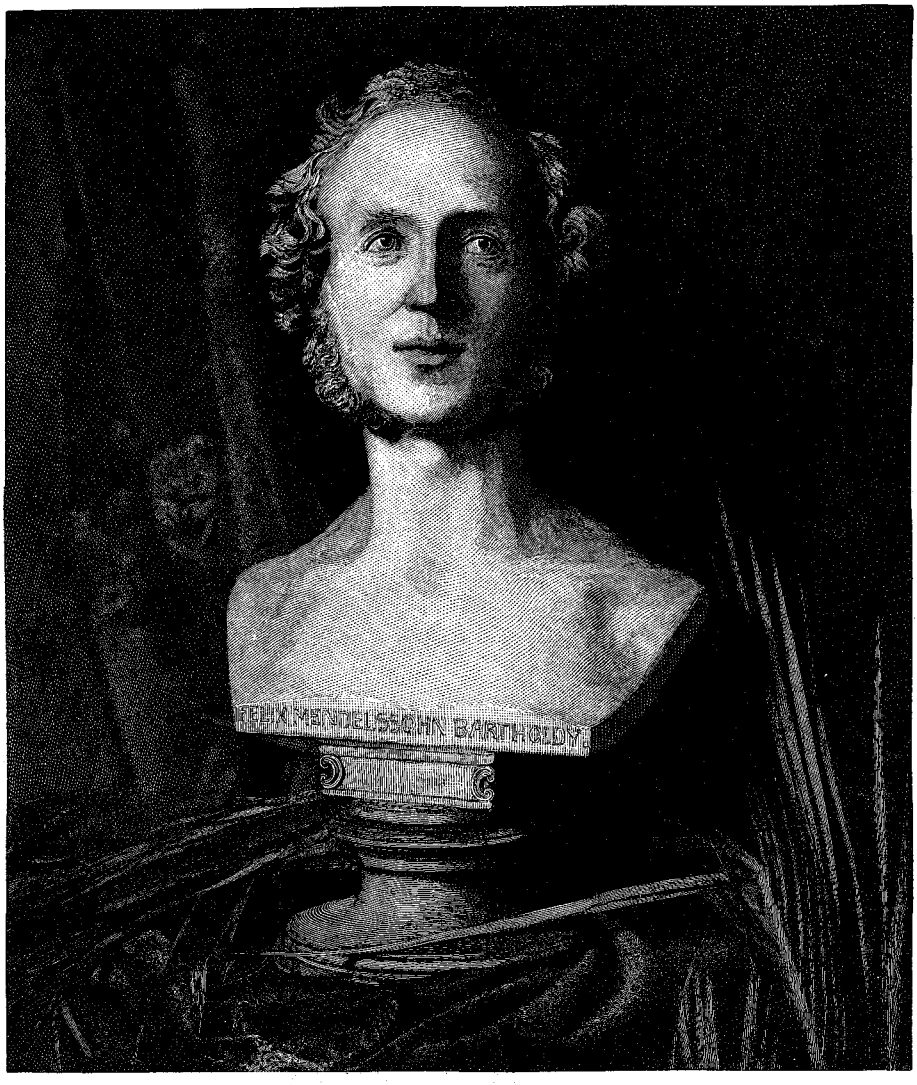

Mendelssohn. (A bust from life.)

without a certain pathos. It hardly needs comment, so well does it express the state of mind to which many another earnest and high-souled musician has been brought, in other places and other times—that feeling of powerlessness to do good, for lack of the coöperation of others.

"Altogether this is a queer country. Much as I love it, I hate it in certain respects. Look at the musical men of this place, for instance; their doings are quite shameful. Taking the size and importance of the place into account, there is really a fair muster of excellent musicians here, men of reputation and talent, who might do good work, and who, one would think, would do it willingly—so far, that is the good side of Germany—but the fact is they do nothing, and it were better they did not live together, and grumble and complain, or meditate over their grievances enough to give one the blues. Now Ries has left here, too, and is by this time in England, I suppose; he considers he does not meet with due appre-

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ciation, and finds fault with the musicians, and yet does nothing to improve them. Alcys Schmidt takes his ease in the country, sighs over mankind in general, a poor race at the best, full of envy and malice—forgetting all the while that he too belongs to it. Hiller is here just now; people discuss wildly whether he is a great pianoforte player or not, but they don't go to hear him, and fancy that makes their judgment all the more impartial; so he too is leaving for Italy. The only man who succeeds is Guhr, who knows least, and isn't good for much, but he has a will of his own, and enforces it *bon gré, mal gré;* the whole town lives in fear of him. But all this is bad, and the Bundestag should interfere, for, where so many musicians congregate in one place, they ought to be forced by the authorities to give us a little music, and not only their philosophical views on the subject."

If in Mendelssohn's letters to Moscheles we find, upon the whole, comparatively sparse expressions of musical opinion—for, with all the warm affection and esteem with which they brim over, they are, for the most part, business letters, at bottom—what we do find is singularly and instructively indicative of his artistic point of view, and this, too, in a phase which is all too liable to be overlooked nowadays. Now and then, especially in the earlier letters, he shows himself in the familiar *Davidsbündler* attitude.* As, for instance, when he writes:

"Do you think that I would not hear Miss Belleville because she is not a Bellevue, or because of the wide sleeves she wears? I was influenced by no such reasons, although I must admit that there are certain faces that cannot possibly belong to an artist, and that are so icily chilling that the mere sight of them sends me to freezing point. But why should I hear those variations by Herz for the thirtieth time? They give me as little pleasure as rope-dancers or acrobats; with these at least there is the barbarous attraction that one is in constant dread of seeing them break their necks, and that one finds that they do not do so, after all; but those pianoforte tumblers do not so much as risk their lives, but they do our ears, and that I, for one, will not countenance. I only wish it were not my lot constantly to be told that the public demand that sort of thing. I, too, am one of the public, and demand the very reverse. . . . I stopped at home because I felt happiest in my own room, or with friends, or in the garden which, by the way, is beautiful this year. If you do not believe it, come and see for yourself; that is the conclusion I always arrive at." †

Or again:

"And what do you say to their hissing little Herz? Why, that testifies to a high degree of culture! Has he consoled himself with guineas and Misses, or was it too crushing? You are particularly silent on the subject, and yet it is true, and Moritz Schlesinger will not be slow to triumph. Well, if he will only abstain from writing variations for two performers, or, if that is too much to ask, if he will only avoid winding up with those rondos that are so frightfully vulgar that I am ashamed to play them to decent people, then, for aught I care, let him be made king of the Belgians, or rather Semiquaver-king, just as one says Fire-king. After all, I like him; he certainly is a characteristic figure of these times, of the year 1834, and as art should be a mirror reflecting the character of the times, as Hegel or someone else probably says somewhere, he certainly does reflect most truly all salons and vanities and a little yearning and a deal of yawning and kid gloves and musk-scent which I abhor.

"If, in his latter days, he should take to the Romantic, and write melancholy music, or to the Classical, and give us fugues—and I should not be surprised, if he did—Berlioz can compose a new symphony on him: "*De la vie d'un Artiste,*" which I am sure will be better than the first." ‡

* The *Davidsbund* was an imaginary society—"which was a *more* than secret one, since it existed only in the head of its founder,"—founded by Robert Schumann. Its aim was to combat the then considerable influence of the "Philistines," Herz, Hünten and their colleagues.

† Dated Berlin, August 10, 1832.

‡ Dated Düsseldorf, June 28, 1834.

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Here we recognize at once the *Davidsbündler*, the fighter against mere outward show and trivial glitter in art, the man whose first maxim might well have been the motto afterwards inscribed on the walls of the Gewandhaus concert-room in Leipzig: "*Res severa est verum gaudium.*" To be sure, the passages cited are but hints; but they are all sufficient hints to recall to our minds the picture of Mendelssohn in the militant attitude with which we are most familiar. But this particular attitude of Mendelssohn's, although eminently characteristic, was not, upon the whole, the most noteworthy one he assumed in face of the general musical production of his day. It was the one in which we still instinctively think of him, but there was another, far more profoundly significant of the true cast of his musical nature, of the true bent of his genius, which most of us are now too prone to overlook. What Mendelssohn had to combat, in his character of *Davidsbündler*, was an intrinsically weak, trivial and ephemeral thing; all that could make it worthy of the determined antagonism of such men as Mendelssohn and Schumann was that it had the force of fashion on its side in their day. But no one nowadays doubts for a moment that it would soon enough have died a natural death of itself, without any interference from the *Davidsbund*. Such things as the Herz concertos and Hünten's variations come into the world with the seeds of *caries* already sown in them, and any penetrating eye could see at a glance that that finely polished enamel was foredoomed. Indeed, this whole war of the *Davidsbündler* against the Philistines seems to us now as rather a waste of powder, and we are a little inclined to wonder at how such very strong men could care so much about the matter. But there was something else against which Mendelssohn's whole soul revolted with a far more deeply rooted aversion than against the trivial "Philistinism" of Herz, Hünten & Co.; something which had, at least in his day, little power of fashionable popularity to aid and abet it, but which, Mendelssohn may have had a secret, unacknowledged foreboding, was destined to grow and flourish. The "Philistines" could, at worst, arouse him to outbursts of petulant ill-humor, at best, to sputterings of sarcastic fun; but hear in what Jeremiah strains he speaks of another phase of the musical production of his day! As before, the letters to Moscheles furnish only hints at what his feelings were, but these hints are big with meaning.

"What you say of Berlioz's overture * I thoroughly agree with. It is a chaotic, prosaic piece, and yet more humanly conceived than some of his others; I always felt inclined to say with Faust: [here some words are wanting] for his orchestration is such a frightful muddle, such an incongruous mess, that one ought to wash one's hands after handling a score of his. Besides, it is really a shame to set nothing but murder, misery and wailing to music; even were he successful, he would simply give us a record of atrocities. At first he made me quite melancholy, because his judgments on others are so clever, so cool and correct—he seems so thoroughly sensible, and yet he does not perceive that his own works are such rubbishy nonsense." †

Here is another sample, which, although not bearing quite so directly upon the case in point, is still suggestive, and in the same general direction:

"I quite agree with you in all you say about Neukomm's music. Is it not wonderful that a man of such taste and refinement should not be able to transfer these qualities to his music? To say nothing of the fundamental ideas of his compositions, the working-out seems so careless and commonplace. . . . Then, again, that constant use of brass instruments! As a matter of sheer cal-

* "Les Francs-Juges."

† Dated Düsseldorf, April 1834. This was in reply to a letter from Moscheles, in which we find the following:

"After yours, I had Berlioz's overture, 'Les Francs-Juges,' to conduct. We were all curious to know what French genius could create. I say French, for, so far, no other country but France has recognized Berlioz as a genius. But oh! what a rattling of brass, fit for the Porte-Saint-Martin! What cruel, wicked scoring, as if to prove that our ancestors were no better than pedants! And oh! again, for the contrast of the middle subject, that would console us with a vaudeville melody, such as you could not hear to more advantage in 'L'Ours et le Pacha,' or in the 'Viennese in Berlin.' Then comes the mystic element, a progression of screeching harmonies, unintelligible to all but the March cats. To show that something terrible is agitating the fevered brain of the composer, an apoplectic stroke of the tam-tam shakes to shivers the efforts of the whole orchestra, as also the auditory nerves of the assembled audience. . . ."

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culation, they should be sparingly employed, let alone the question of art! That's where I admire Handel's glorious style; when he brings up his kettledrums and trumpets towards the end, and thumps and batters away to his heart's content, as if he meant to knock you down, no mortal can remain unmoved. I really believe it is far better to imitate such work than to overstrain the nerves of your audience who, after all, will at last get accustomed to Cayenne pepper. There is Cherubini's new opera, 'Ali Baba,' for instance, which I have just been looking through. I was delighted with some parts, but in others it grieved me to find that he should chime in with that perverted new tone of the Parisians, winding up pieces, in themselves calm and dignified, with thunderclap effects, scoring as if instruments were nothing, and effect everything, 3 or 4 trombones blasting away at you as if the human ear could stand anything. Then the finales, with their uncouth harmonies, tearing and dashing about, enough to knock one up. How bright and sparkling, on the other hand, are some of the pieces in his former manner, from 'Faniska' and 'Lodoïska,' for instance; there really is as wide a difference as between a man and a scarecrow—no wonder the opera was a failure. To an admirer of the old Cherubini it is really annoying that he should write such miserable stuff, and not have the pluck to resist the so-called taste of the day and of the public (as if you and I were not part of the public, and didn't live in these times as well, and didn't want music adapted to *our* digestive capacities)! As for those who are not admirers of the old Cherubini, they will not be satisfied anyhow, do what he may; for them he is too much himself in 'Ali Baba,' and, after the first three notes, they spot their man, and set him down as a 'vieille perruque,' 'rococo,' etc." *

But here are three passages more to the point:

"What you say of Liszt's harmonies is depressing. I had seen the thing at Düsseldorf, and put it aside with indifference, because it simply seemed very stupid to me; but if that sort of stuff is to be noticed, or even admired, it is really provoking. But is that the case? I cannot believe that impartial people can take pleasure, or be in any way interested, in cacophony; whether a few reporters puff it, or not, matters little; their articles will leave no more traces than the composition. What annoys me is that there is so little to throw into the other side of the balance, for what our Messrs. Reissiger & Co. compose is different, but just as shallow, and what Heller and Berlioz write is not music either, and even old Cherubini's 'Ali Baba' is dreadfully poor, and borders on Auber. That is very sad." †

And again:

"What you say about Berlioz's symphony is literally true, I am sure; only I must add that the whole thing seems to me so dreadfully slow, and what could be worse? A piece of music may be a piece of uncouth, crazy, barefaced impudence, and, with all that, have some go about it, and be amusing; but this is simply insipid, and altogether without life.

"Some studies of Hiller's I saw the other day I could not bring myself to like either, and I am sorry for this, because I am fond of him, and believe he has talent; but Paris, no doubt, is bad soil." ‡

"Looking through new music, as you constantly do, have you come across anything good? I have not met with anything that I quite liked. A book of mazurkas by Chopin, and a few new pieces of his are so mannered that they are hard to stand. Heller, too, has written two books of songs that he had better left unwritten. I so wish I could admire it all, but it is really so little to my taste, I can not. A few things there are, too, by some Berliners and Leipzigers who would like to begin where Beethoven left off. They can 'clear their throats' as he does, and 'cough his cough,' and that is just all. It seems to me like riding across country after

* Dated Düsseldorf, Dec. 25, 1834.

† Dated Berlin, Aug. 13, 1835.

‡ Dated Düsseldorf, March 25, 1835.

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the rain; on horseback they can dash along splendidly, even if they do get splashed, but when they try to walk, they get stuck fast in the mud." *

These, as I have said, are mere hints; but, taken together with what we know of Mendelssohn, of his artistic aims and principles, they are very eloquent to whoever has ears to hear. Through them all there runs a current of abhorrence of a musical something—call it essence, spirit, tendency, if you will—which had begun to show itself in his time, and which it were sheer blindness not to recognize as essentially identical with the dominant musical spirit of the present day. Mendelssohn did his best to stem its progress; it aroused a far more strenuous opposition in him than anything the mere "Philistines" could do, and both by precept and example—in his compositions, in his playing and conducting—he fought against it, tooth and nail. No doubt he combated it as something utterly bad and vicious, rather than as something he feared might, in the end, prove strong and victorious. He only saw the beginnings of it—in Liszt, Berlioz, and others—and his faith was too strong for him seriously to fear that it could ever thrive, for to his mind it was as a blasphemy against all that he held most sacred, all that he believed to be most true and eternal in music. He could not foresee that Brahms—that is, the Brahms we now know, the Brahms of the C minor symphony—would one day come out of Schumann, that the Berlioz spawn was to hatch out Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Bizet, and who knows whom else? that all the occult forces, then secretly at work, were to bring forth a Richard Wagner, with his "Nibelungen," "Tristan," and "Art-work of the Future." These were all hidden from his sight behind the impenetrable veil of the future. But the seeds, the first germs of these he did see, and, although he was far from rightly estimating their real vitality, their inherent power of growth, he abhorred them with a deeply rooted abhorrence as he would the thing unclean. What were the mere polite trivialities, the drawing-room commonplaces of the Herz and Hünten "Philistines," in comparison with this new spirit in music, which, if it were not exorcised, would drag the whole art down to utter destruction and ruin? To him the exorcism seemed simple enough, a thing that would be merely a matter of time; to his faith, founded on Bach, Handel, and Beethoven, this spirit might well seem moribund, even in its infancy, yet none the less detestable, for all that, and something in the extermination of which it might, upon the whole, be well to assist Nature.

Do not think, for a moment, that I am stating the case too strongly. Of the few surviving musicians who were once intimate with Mendelssohn, who remember him in the daily activity of his musical life, I am very sure, there is not one but would agree that, if Mendelssohn were suddenly to return to this earth to-day, and to see our musical doings, hear the compositions we take delight in, know the men whom we crown as heroes—our Wagners, Liszts, Berlioz's, Brahmses, Dvořáks, Rubinsteins—he would think to find himself in the midst of the crumbling ruins of a devastated art, the shattered and prostrate columns of a desecrated temple. Remember, also, that I am expressing no personal opinion; I am judging no one, neither Mendelssohn nor the men who have come after him, in many ways almost supplanted him. I am merely trying to show how the general musical production of our day, above all, how the reigning musical spirit and tendency of our day, would appear, if viewed through Mendelssohn's eyes. And I am impelled to this attempt by a far more serious and weighty motive than for the mere sake of performing a feat of imaginary resuscitation of a departed ghost, like that of the spirits in Dean Swift's Glubdubdrib. No, there is more behind it than that!

This new musical spirit which breathes through almost all of our contemporary composition, which sets our responsive hearts a-beating, but which Mendelssohn would have looked upon as veritably *to pneuma akatharton*, has brought with it—and necessarily, too—a corresponding style of musical

* Dated Düsseldorf, Feb. 7, 1835.

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performance. This some of us are only too prone to forget. We are quite conscious of the gradual changes that have come over the face of the art of music—that is, the art of composition—from the time of Bach down to our own. These we cannot well forget, for it happens, now and then, that we hear works by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Berlioz and Wagner at one and the same concert. But how many of us take the trouble to think that, as the style of composition changed, from age to age, the style of performance which the composers had in view, when they wrote their works, must have changed in exactly the same ratio? This is a matter that it were well to ponder on a little. Think you that Mozart meant his G minor symphony to be played in the same way that Beethoven demanded for his "Eroica"? that Mendelssohn imagined the duet between the Widow and Elijah as sung with the same emphasis that Wagner heard in his mind's ear, when he wrote Brünnhilde's lament over Siegfried's dead body in the "Götterdämmerung"? Not a bit of it! The prevalent style of singing and playing that is characteristic of a musical epoch dogs the footsteps of the prevalent style of composition in that epoch with inveterate pertinacity. Only the very greatest performers—that is, those who are the best and most cultivated musicians—can, even at intervals, extricate themselves from the toils of that style of performance which the spirit of their time winds around them; and even they cannot always do it. The difference between musical performance to-day and a generation or two ago is something far more intrinsic than is implied in a mere increase or decrease in technical skill; it is a difference in spirit, in purpose, in general musical point of view. To take but a single instance, I remember a wholly trustworthy ear-witness telling me once that Liszt's playing in his Parisian period, when he dazzled the then musical world, not merely by his genius and virtuosity, but by the tremendous and almost exaggerated effects he produced, would strike us now as the height of classic purity, as sheer Arcadian simplicity, compared with the playing of Rubinstein.

Now, as Mendelssohn's whole nature was revolted by that spirit which has so taken possession of the musical production of our time, so is it unquestionable that the style of performance which the works of our contemporary composers demand is not that which he would have cared to see applied to his own works. And this fact should, by no means, be forgotten. Indeed it takes a certain effort, a certain voluntary assumption of a quasi-archaic point of view, in most of our performers and conductors to-day—excepting the few, the very few, who are still in perfect sympathy with Mendelssohn's musical instincts—to enable them to reproduce his works in the spirit in which they were written. And that Mendelssohn was very much of a purist in matters of musical performance, even for his own time, is indubitable. He once said that he could not play Chopin well, for he could not bring himself to "play out of time." In this matter, he was even more strict than Moscheles himself. One day when Mendelssohn and Moscheles were playing, in Leipzig, a four-hand piece by the latter for their own amusement, Moscheles began to coquet with the theme of the Rondo in the elegant salon fashion. Mendelssohn's eyes began to dart fire, and at the second or third return of the theme, which Moscheles persisted in playing in the same *rubato* style, he gave his partner a nudge in the ribs, with the horrified exclamation: *"Aber, Moscheles! was machen Sie denn da?"* (But, Moscheles! what are you about?), and when at last, the theme reappeared in *his* half of the keyboard, he played it with triumphant emphasis, in strict time. This little anecdote was told me by an eye-witness, who was turning over the music for the two players.

Now, although many of Mendelssohn's works have lapsed from the concert room to-day, a goodly number of them—and very important ones, too—still hold their own, and bid fair to do so for some time to come. And it behooves all who are interested in music to see to it that they are given, if given at all, in the style which belongs to them. That this is no such easy matter may be appreciated by those who have witnessed the woful distortions his violin concerto—to take one instance out of many—

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has been made to undergo at the hands of more than one distinguished violinist, of late years, or who have heard what virtuoso atrocities have been committed upon some of his simplest Songs without Words by aspiring—and perspiring—pianists. But still, with good will, perseverance and, above all, with understanding, much can be done. If any, or all, of the more modern composers succeed in ousting Mendelssohn's works from the concert room, and relegating them to that dusty oblivion in which the works of many another composer of genius sleep in peace, and with little immediate hope of resurrection, the world will have no right to complain, for it will be its own fault if such a thing comes to pass. But, so long as Mendelssohn is played and sung, let it, in heaven's name, be in the Mendelssohn way! Let no reflections from Liszt, Berlioz, Wagner, Rubinstein, or no-matter-whom disturb the spirit in which his works were conceived, and in which they should be brought into complete being, that the ears of men may hear them!

[The selections from Mendelssohn's Letters will be concluded in the March number.]

BALLADE OF THE KING'S WAY.

By Andrew Hussey Allen.

MANY there be that wait for him,
Of damsels blithe and courtiers gay,
Far down the highway's distance dim,
From morning green to twilight gray.
He passeth by their light array—
The damsels fair the knights between—
No "*Vivat!*" doth the king betray,
For lo! he passeth by unseen!

Many there be that wait for him,
That wait and beat on the breast and pray,
Beside the rushing river's brim—
"A shrift! A grace! An hour's delay!"
No mercy doth their prayer repay;
Their outstretched palms, their suppliant mien,
He heedeth not—and blind are they,
For lo! he passeth by unseen!

Many there be that wait for him,
Or here or there. He will not stay!—
With footstep firm and visage grim,
Relentless on his iron way,
He leadeth the hours day by day,
From twilight gray to morning green,
And they that wait—wait as they may,
For lo! he passeth by unseen!

ENVOY.

"To-morrow he will come," they say,
"And golden guerdon shall we glean!"
But day by day the days decay,
For lo! he passeth by unseen.

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FIRST HARVESTS.

By F. J. Stimson.

CHAPTER IV.

ARTHUR HOLYOKE'S DREAMS.

WHEN the living poet and the dead came out to see the stars once more, the Florentine found himself upon a grassy slope, alone in the early morning, with his silent guide. So, when Tannhäuser, after his ten years' sojourn in the Venusberg, broke through the walls of the mountain in a rift made by a prayer, he too found himself on the brow of a green and sunny mountain valley, filled with the long-forgotten breath of morning; and, in place of the devil's music, a shepherd piping to his sheep. So, reader, you in flesh and blood, as I hope, may follow me, in the story, to the time of dates and daylight, and a place—the time, September, 1883; the place, the village of Great Barrington, far down in Berkshire in old Massachusetts. The early morning shadows still reached long across the green carpet of meadow in the intervale; the shadows of the houses, and of the great masses of elm foliage, and of the tall spire of the meeting-house up on the hill; the undulating masses of greenery that robed the lower hills were striped here and there with autumn scarlet, like a blackbird's wing; and the silver lace in the meadow grass, and the long silken cobwebs in the air, and the rich violet-blue sky, shading off to pink like an onyx near the horizon, were precursors of the coming glory of the day.

No one was stirring in the village. In the ploughed uplands a few farmers were idly walking, hither and thither, like generals on the battlefield of their success, tightening a sheaf of fodder or replacing a yellow squash or two that had rolled off from a summit of the great golden pyramids standing, piled like cannon-balls, in the cornfields. But the day of sowing was over, and the day of reaping was over, and little remained but to sit and look at the crops and grow fat. Up on the hill, the roads were empty—who should travel when there was no need? Even the plodding oxen-teams were idle in their stalls, being fattened and coddled, perhaps, for the annual cattle-show. So that Gracie Holyoke and Arthur had the beautiful Stockbridge road, and the morning look of the mountains, all to themselves. They rode at a sharp canter, but with little conversation; at least, so a groom might have thought, riding behind them; as the two heads never seemed to turn inward. But there was no groom, and the chestnut horses had a way of riding so closely side by side (being in this constantly drilled) that to turn one's head was hardly necessary.

Were these two in love? A city groom, used to ride behind many a preening pair in their smart T-cart, seasoned and wearied with his master's catechism of flirtation, which he had so often overheard; being there in theory to play propriety, but in fact, as he well knew, only as a license to flirt, much as a policeman is stationed in the Park for the skating when the ice is thin—such a groom would have said No. For they hardly ever look at one another. But perhaps an older groom, good dan Cupid himself, the blind passenger who perches like dark care on so many a horse's back, and drives dark care away—he might answer Yea: for they are not flirting.

Now, there are several legitimate states of being in love, as, videlicet, to be in love and know it, to be in love and not know it, to know that she loves you and to think that you love her, to be in love, but with another person than the one you think:—but to know it and not be in love is but a modern and puerile intellectual trifling: this we call flirtation. And in that these two were surely not. Were they then simply indifferent to one another? Un-

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likely—so early in the morning. And surely, the cosmic chances are all in our favor: is it not the normal relation, to be in love? Given, a young man of twenty-one and a lovely girl some few months younger—and the uplands, and the forest, and the sun, moon, stars, storm and springtime—and show me one such younker not in love and you will show me a wretched fellow you had best avoid.

No such selfish saint or sordid sinner can this slender Arthur be, who turns in his saddle and shows the clear-cut New English profile with the delicate but winning smile. But see, the smile has faded into earnestness; leaning yet farther from the saddle, he is looking up into his companion's face, and seeming to be searching for something there. Does he find it? Ah, Cupid, good dan Cupid, were you right once more? or were we both too hasty—for she has not blushed, but the one rounded cheek we see, as we press after them, grows quickly pale, and we can just make out the dark eye-lashes that droop quickly down, breaking the contour; and now they do not speak again, but ride at the run in mutual silence—oh, a silence that is surely mutual, if ever silence was—and we have much to do, being old and no longer in love, to keep behind these two, who do not dally. This was all that happened in the ride. Only, coming home, and both dismounting (she without waiting for his aid) and he taking her hand to say good morning (as he had done a hundred times before, that very summer) the color mounted in the young girl's face (as it had never done before) so that she turned the face aside which was too near her heart and ran indoors in haste and left him there.

This was all that happened on that ride—it was all that had ever happened—but in it, Arthur Holyoke had made bold to ask his cousin to become his wife; and she had bade him wait till evening for his answer; and then they both had ridden home. A city groom would have seen nothing of it all; yet these things had been done. A short probation, you will say, until the evening only; and Arthur hardly thought of it as such, but walked home briskly, hat in hand, castle-building; his dark gray eyes turned inward, and the wind making free with his curly, undecided-colored hair. For what probation was there more, after all their lives had so far been together, than living on together, man and wife? Not that she loved him then so much as he loved her—but that was to be expected. She loved him more than he deserved, he knew; but then, that is true of most pairs, and the men must needs not waste their pity, but resign themselves, as it is the way of women. And Arthur walked along the straight garden path that led from door to highway in Judge Holyoke's old place, switching off the prim asters with his riding-cane. For his uncle's house was built in the days of gardens, not of lawns—can we not imagine the large contempt with which the dwellers of a prairie would regard a barbered rood or two of grass?—and the flowers were part of Gracie's presence there, and she of them.

Arthur was not too stout, but strong and graceful, almost Greek in figure as in face; a strange, strong scion of that narrow-chested clergyman-father, so stout in spirit, but so fragile in this world, who had died and left him to his uncle's care, the Judge. There are many such: it seems our people (like some mute, inglorious poet) have had their period of pale and interesting youth, and now are comfortably stout and genial, in their easy-going middle age, the wasting spiritual fires quelled: like a sometime tractarian clergyman, now optimistic in a fat living. Arthur, however (not to carry the analogy too far), was spiritual enough in his way, though not the orthodox; delicately balanced, mobile, imaginative, Celtic more than Saxon, and rather Greek than either. Nor could you truly say that his way wanted depth, unless depth means sluggishness or stillness. Arthur was a New-Englander, and New England is in reality the essence of all things American, in germ and future; and the people, the crowds, are already rather Greek than English. Irreverent, fond of novelty and quick—in politics, if not in art, they are Athenian. The public of Aristophanes is the public of the American burlesque; of lions, fair ladies, lecturers; of advertised politics, priests and prophets, of the

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mind-cure and of the secular Sunday newspaper.

Arthur Holyoke had been brought up by the Judge, chiefly on the simple plan of keeping him in the country and giving him plenty of books; a most admirable plan, never to be enough recommended. The Judge spent his winters in the city; then Arthur was kept at boarding-school; one of those quiet little boarding-schools of the wooden Doric variety, now disappearing. The Judge travelled abroad, or went to England or to the West, every summer; Arthur was left at Great Barrington. One winter Arthur had passed in Boston with his uncle, and had attended lectures at the Institute of Technology; it was the winter that Gracie had been away with her aunt in New York. This happened in one of these years when the whim of Hellenism seemed, in Boston, to be permanently eclipsing the Hebraism which has really made that city; and Arthur was intoxicated by the new atmosphere, as a hardy wind-flower might be in the rich sweet air and tempered light of a grapery. You do not make grapes of blackberries by putting them under glass; but you modify them considerably. If you had asked Arthur what was to be his profession, he would have answered engineering; but his inward consciousness was that he should be a great poet. But he knew the pitying contempt with which the world regards its contemporary failures—and its contemporaries are always failures—in that line; and in spite of his assurance that he had it in him (while others had not) he did not mean that it should be known until it was known only to his glory. These dreams had blended with his dreams of life with Gracie, until it was hard to say which was more the cause and which the effect; they grew apace together. To-day his dreams of love had the ascendant; and he wandered about the country many hours, rapt in his love and her. They would live where? in the city, of course; in New York, where was the largest focus for his genius. That, too, was the place where the most rapid fortune was to be made; for, of course, they must have money, and the money must be made quickly, that he might get his leisure and return to his poetry again. For this was to be the ultimate, the crown of his life. Engineering would not do; some quicker way than this must be found; banking, or railroads. The years of business would be irksome, no doubt; but then, with Gracie with him!

So the boy wandered, through the afternoon, working many a gorgeous variegation on the themes of love and fame; with but the least substratum of gold among them, as if to give strength to the pigments of his fancy. Meantime, Gracie, on her part, had been thinking, now happily, now in shades of sadness, oftener still in prayer. Yet she went about the household on her usual duties, passing silently like the daylight through the long library, where the old Judge sat over his briefs and closely-wrought opinions, nor ever noticed so slight a thing as a young girl's mood.

Arthur found her in the garden, when he came, in a favorite place of hers, sitting on an old stone seat by the little brook, where it was most densely overshadowed by the flowering shrubs. She had that serious look in her dark eyes which he loved best in them, and she neither blushed nor smiled when he took her hand and sat him down beside her. Arthur had often fancied that at this time a flow of speech worthy of a Petrarch would be his; but as it was, the simplest words alone seemed strong to him. "The day has seemed so long to me!" Perhaps he thought it true; but it was not. The day had seemed short, and full of dreams. She made no answer; but, in a moment, turned her head and looked at him, gravely, as it seemed to Arthur, fondly, as it might have seemed to an older man. "I do not think we ought to be engaged," she said; and this he could not make her unsay in all the afternoon.

But the old tragicomedy was re-enacted, which is so old, and will seem so new to our great-grandchildren; and Arthur knew, at the first, that she loved no one else; and at the last, he knew, or might have known, that she loved him. But the *yes* she would not say, but only, *wait;* and when he urged, But you may care for some one else? she only said, "I shall care for no one else, Arthur"—and at the last it grew to be but a pleas-

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ant play, so sure he was of her. It was settled between them that he was to go to New York and make his fortune and hers; and that then he was to come back and ask her father's consent; or sooner perhaps, if the fortune was too slow in coming. She would not write to him, she said,—but she would answer a letter now and then—and he kissed her once for the first time, under the old lilac bush, before they left. And more, a thousand times more, he felt in love with her than he had even been that morning; and so they came out of the greenery into the broad sward with the long slanting shadows of the sunset, he still holding to her hand.

They were close on the Lenox road; and he had to drop her hand in haste, as an open carriage came swinging by, bearing an old acquaintance of ours—Mrs. Levison Gower and a guest of hers from Lenox. The guest must have made some quick remark to Mrs. Gower about them; for they both turned and looked at the young people, and she bowed to Gracie; and then the light wheels whisked by, leaving but the dust, and the crisp sound of the horses' trot. Arthur had noticed the glance, but did not speak of it; he saw that Gracie was blushing again. He forgot even to ask who Mrs. Gower was, as he took Gracie's hand again in his; and together, slowly, they went down the broad garden-walk.

CHAPTER V.

OF GRACIE HOLYOKE AND OF HER HEART.

A MAN'S grand life, says some one, is a dream of his youth realized in and by his later years; what then shall we say of a woman's? Think not on this; but let your soul answer. The answer should be there, in the hearts of all; but whether it comes from memory, from things now half forgotten, or from within, or from some birth-dream had in childhood, who shall say? Yet is it there; like a child's dream of a star; happy he whose manhood sees the star, its dream not yet departed. And all of us have fancied women so, at some time in our lives; have we never known one such? For but one such is enough, mother, bride or daughter. Some slight girl whose maidenhood was a sweet bloom, like Mary's lily in the Temple; and then we may have lost sight or knowledge of her, for a time. And then perhaps we have met some other woman, some old woman, with white hairs; not the same, of course, and yet it seems as if we could have pieced together their two lives and made them like one brook, that we have known in places only, which brings soft fields and flowers. And be sure that there was in between some womanhood, some mother's life, not known save to her sons and God, not preached in meetings and conventions; deep hidden in some human fireside, like the brook that makes so green a summer wood—Such lives are white and shining, like a dream of God's made real on the earth.

And all the world seems thirst, and lust, and envy, and desire; the fires of heaven are put out, and all men struggling, trampling, for the colored stones of earth; and yet such blooms do come upon it. But they blossom stilly, like silent lilies born above the meadow-mire. White and pure they shine, and breathe in heaven's sunlight, and give out heaven's fragrance, borne each upon its slender stem above the blind, black bog.

The day after this, Gracie had an errand, up in a little town beyond the hills. Arthur asked that he might go there with her; then they both might ride instead of driving. So they started, after luncheon; the new brown leaves lay crisp beneath their feet, and the light that flooded the valley was like yellow wine. Their way lay up over the hills to the eastward, and then, cresting their summits, along a rambling grass-grown road, between the crumbling stone walls and old unpainted farmhouses. What paint the farmers had to spare, they put upon the barns; a poor powdery stuff, weak in oil, and leaving but a brushing as of red earth upon the seasoned boards; the windows of the farmhouses looked out forlornly upon the fields already lonely, grim and unrelieved by any curtain. The places where gardens had been used to be, were common for the hens; along the fences for a hundred yards on either side of every house was a littering of chips where the wood-piles had been, but the piles were scant this year, and of

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half-grown birch; the reason was easy to see, for the great hills rolled off around them denuded of timber, save here and there a new growth of scrub oak. Beside each house the old well stood, its sweep pointing to the sky, but now disused and replaced by a patent log-pump, painted a garish blue.

Arthur rode very close to Gracie today; there was an exhilarating space and sweep to the free wind that brought bright color to their cheeks, and their clear eyes sparkled as their glances soared far over the brown downs and rested with delight upon the distant skyline. There is something about our New England uplands like the barren worn-out plains of Old Castile; yet these two might have stood for a youth and future that one cannot hope from Spain.

They came out from the table-land down into a combe that had been worn for itself by a little stream now dry; as they ambled down the winding grass-grown way, the trees began again about them, oak and pines, then firs; a house or two was passed, and then a little school-house, the houses boarded up, and the school-house closed. They came down upon the turnpike, which had come by the longer way, around the hills; here was a bit of a village, a blacksmith's house, a country store and an old hotel. The weather-worn wood of these seemed older than any thatched and plastered cottage in old England.

Gracie's pensioners lived in a little house close by, the blacksmith's wife and her six children; she had some medicine for them, and Arthur a few newspapers. While Gracie went to see them, Arthur led the horses to the inn; there was a swinging sign of George Washington over the door, which the pride of each successive owner had kept well varnished ever since the memorable night when he had stopped there,—though nothing else about the place was in repair. No one came to the door as Arthur walked up, and he tied his horses to a well-nibbled rail, and went in. There was a long bare entry leading from the front door, with a row of doors; each with a tin sign above it, "office," "dining-room," "ball-room" (now half obliterated), and "bar." Arthur opened the last one, and went in.

There was a high black stove with a hard-coal fire, in the centre of the room; around it on the floor a square wooden tray, filled with sand. The walls were covered with gay posters, a cattle show, an advertisement of melodeons, of a horse stolen, of an auction sale of a farm, farming utensils, a horse and cow, many sleighs and wagons and some household furniture. An old man sat in one corner, in carpet slippers, with a newspaper, and a look upon him as if he had not been out-doors that day.

"Well, Lem?" said Arthur, "business quiet, eh?"

"There ain't much business, Mr. Holyoke," said the hotel-keeper, without changing his position, "'xcept what's in here." And he pointed to the bar, and the pitcher of water, and the row of tumblers behind it.

"I want you to give my horses a feed," said Arthur, "we came over from Great Barrington."

"Came over from Barrington, did ye?" said he. "And what's the news in town?" And without waiting for an answer, the old man rose and hobbled to the side door. "Mike!" he cried, "Mike!" There was no answer. "I guess the feller must ha' gone to Lee," he added, grumbling. "There's a cattle show there, to-day."

"Let me go," said Arthur; "I'll look after them."

"You'll find the feed in the bin," said the innkeeper, relapsing into his stuffed chair, with a sigh of relief.

"And what's the news from your son, Mr. Hitchcock?" said Arthur, when he came back.

"Lem's still out in Ioway," said Mr. Hitchcock. "There ain't much call for a young feller of sperit to be loafin' around here. I brought him up for the business; but I guess the old place'll have to keep itself after I am gone."

"Still at your old books, Mr. Hitchcock, I see," said Arthur, taking up a well-worn copy of Tom Paine. "Why, I didn't know you read French!" And Arthur turned over with interest the leaves of a book the other had just laid down; it was a volume of Voltaire.

"I l'arned it when I was a b'y in college. Perhaps ye didn't know as I was a college-bred man?"

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"I might have known it," said Arthur. "But you didn't send Lem there?"

"No," said the other, shortly. And then, with a chuckle, "They've pretty much all come to my way of thinking, now. D'ye notice the old meetin'-house as ye came along? They've had to shut it up, ye know. Have a cigar?" And Mr. Hitchcock brought two suspicious looking weeds out of a gaily pictured box, and extended one to Arthur. The latter took one, knowing the old man would be mortally offended if this rite of hospitality were passed by.

"Whose house was that I saw boarded up?" said Arthur, for the sake of something to say.

"What!" said the old man, "ain't ye heard? That's Uncle Sam Wolcott's. The old man was livin' there with his daughter and her little b'y." And Hitchcock took a comfortable pull at his cigar.

"Yes," said Arthur, "I remember now."

"The child's dead," said he.

"What?" said Arthur. "Dead?"

Hitchcock nodded assent. "Killed him, ye know."

"Killed him? who—"

"The grandfather—Samuel Wolcott. Killed him with an axe, Sunday week. Them air gospel folks got him crazy."

The old man spoke with a sort of grim satisfaction, and Arthur looked at him in amazement. "Great heavens! you don't mean to say he murdered him? Where's the mother?"

"Lucky for her she warn't there at the time, I guess. Fust time I ever knew o' church doing a critter any good."

"But where is she now?"

Hitchcock waved his hand in the direction of the biggest poster, "*Farm for Sale.*" "Gone back to her husband's folks, I guess. And when she come back, she found old Wolcott a-hangin' to a rafter in his barn."

"But what possible motive—" began Arthur aghast. "Had he no other family?"

"He had a sister—I never heard what became o' her. She married a feller by the name of Starbuck, from New London way, an' I mistrust he turned out bad. I guess the old man got kinder disperited. An' then the gospel folks—But he was the last of the old Wolcott family, an' they was gret folks in their day. So they put him an' the infant in the family tomb, and sealed it up."

Arthur looked at the old hotel-keeper, and then out at the empty street. Gracie was coming along under the elm-trees, the yellow leaves falling about her in the autumn wind. "I must be going," said he.

"Have a little something hot, before ye go?"

"No," said Arthur, "thanks, I guess not." And he made haste to get away, feeling the spirit of the place come over him like a pall.

"Well, good-bye?" said the other. "Always glad to see ye. But we've all got to come to it. Some day, ye'll find me hanging to the beam up there, I expect." Heedless of which gloomy prognostication, Arthur made haste to get to the stable and brought out the horses. They mounted, and rode some time in silence.

"Did Mr. Hitchcock tell you?" said Gracie with a shudder.

Arthur nodded. Something in the terror of the place brought out his love the stronger, as he looked at her, the tears in her deep gray eyes. "I wonder that we had not heard of it," said he; "but these places are so out of the world."

"Poor man, I have so often wondered if we could do nothing for him," said she. "I went there once; but he almost ordered me out of the house."

"Hitchcock says it was some religious mania," said Arthur.

"He never went to church when I knew him," said Gracie. "He cared most for his sister; and I think her husband turned out ill. Poor people, does it not seem cruel they cannot be taught to live? They could be so happy here, in this lovely country, if they only knew."

"We are happy, are we not, dear?" said Arthur.

"Yes, Arthur. It almost seems wrong—" and Gracie looked out over the hills ahead of them, where the sun was already low in the sky.

"Are we going home, now?"

"I want to stop a moment at the Kellys—that Irish family, you know."

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Instinctively, they had taken another road back, leaving the old meeting-house and the now ended homestead on the right; and as they came up on the brow of the first hill, they passed a large wooden cross, painted freshly, with a gilt circle and the mystic letters I.N.R.I. in the centre. A short distance beyond this was a square old-fashioned farm-house, with a fine old doorway, needing paint like all the other houses. But the yard was full of pigs and hens and chickens; and about the door a half-score tow-headed children were playing. These ran up to Gracie as they rode up. "Mother's in the kitchen," said the biggest of the girls, putting a finger in her mouth. The boys stood still, and stared at them, abashed.

Gracie went in; and Arthur stood and looked about him. The fields were already stubble; but lit up with yellow piles of squashes; a noise of cattle came from the rambling old stable; and behind the house was a low peat-meadow, fresh-ditched and being drained. The healthy Irish stock had grown luxuriantly, where the older line was dying out. Gracie came out, smiling. "She is a nice old body, Mrs. Kelly," said she. "And now, for home!" and they put their horses at the gallop, and were soon up on the bare downs again. And Arthur, like a man, began to plead his suit once more.

CHAPTER VI.

THE JUDGE SUMS UP HIS CASE.

Judge Holyoke sat in his library, trying to reconcile good law with good conscience by distinguishing the present case, in which the plaintiff was clearly in the right, from a former one in which he had been as clearly in the wrong. The opinion was a hard one; and the Judge had got no farther than the summing up, when there was a knock at the door. The Judge always wrote his opinions with ease and clearness when law and right coincided; but when they did not, he would lie awake of nights to produce an opinion which would remain a marvel of learning and obscurity. His high brow wrinkled a little when he heard the knock at the door; he hated to be disturbed while in the agonies of judicial creation; and as Arthur came tentatively in, he looked at him sternly, as upon a counsel who ventured upon an unexpected motion, with a curtly short-cutting *well?*

(He has come for a larger allowance, thought the Judge; he knows that he is of full age, and wants his full income.)

(How shall I ask him for his daughter, thought Arthur. Well—at all events, he must know that she is mine.)

Arthur sat down, still hesitating. The Judge waited impatiently, though he thought he knew what was in his mind; for it was part of his legal training never to give his own ideas until he had fully extracted those of the other side. Thus, mutual misunderstanding like that of a scene in a comedy was averted; for when Arthur did begin, it was to the point.

"Uncle John," said he, "I am engaged to Gracie."

Uncle John was in fact more staggered than if he had moved him for a non-suit; but his judicial calm was as unruffled as if it were but a *similiter* in pleading. "And is Gracie engaged to you?" he answered, illogically, but to the point, in his turn. And Arthur's hesitation in replying gave him time to hastily adapt himself to the issue and make up his judicial mind; which was, as usual, that the court would reserve its decision. Arthur, however, hesitated but for a moment; and then with a faint blush mantling his ingenuous face, "I think, sir, she might be, if you would consent."

"But, dear me," said the Judge, "I don't consent! Don't understand me for one moment as consenting! Where's Gracie? Did you tell her of this—of this surprising motion of yours?"

"No, sir," said Arthur, "I thought—that—"

"That you wanted an *ex parte* hearing? Now I can't pronounce a decision, sir, in the absence of the parties; and Gracie has not made her appearance in this suit as yet!"

"I'll go get her," said Arthur, promptly.

"No, sir, you'll do nothing of the sort," said the Judge, appalled at this evidence of collusion between the parties. "You'll

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go away from here for some years before you get her ; and then—"

"And then?" said Arthur, eagerly.

The Judge looked at him curiously over his round spectacles. "What do you propose to live upon?"

"I am coming to that," said Arthur. "I have fifteen hundred a year—"

"Two thousand," said the Judge, absently.

"Two thousand?" said Arthur, "I did not think it was so much." And he began rapidly to calculate how much farther the extra five hundred would carry them.

"Well," said the Judge, "you don't propose to marry my daughter and live in Boston on two thousand a year, do you?" But, secretly, it seemed to him the proper thing to do.

"No, sir," said Arthur ; ("Oh," interpolated the Judge, rather disappointed.) "I—I have decided to go to New York and enter a banking-house. And, in that, sir, I want to ask your help—and your advice."

The Judge was silent a minute. "In order that you may use the one and decline the other, I suppose, with thanks. Well ;—and granting this point (for the sake of argument)—What next?"

"Then," said Arthur, "I shall try to make some money ; and then, if I succeed—will you give your consent to our engagem— to our marriage?"

"Dear, dear," thought the Judge, "how persistent he is ! I haven't given my consent to your engagement as yet," he answered. "Why do you wish to go to New York?"

"I don't know, sir," said Arthur, taken by surprise. "At least, it is a larger field—one may get on in the world more rapidly—and I thought, with my engineering training, as agent of a banking house I should be sooner able to support a wife."

"Do you think Gracie would be happier there than in Boston?"

"I don't know—we had not got to that yet, sir," said Arthur, cleverly enough. True, they had not ; and the Judge smiled a little.

"I mean, in case we should consider this most preposterous scheme?" he added. "Do you mean to be a banker all your life?" he asked, suddenly.

"Oh, no, sir—at least, that is—I should like—"

"Suppose I should ask you to take some practical position on a railroad in the far West?"

"I think I should rather be in New York, sir.—But, of course, I should want to follow your advice."

"Would you give up the New York plan entirely, if I asked you to?"

"Yes, sir," said Arthur. "If you gave me Gracie."

The Judge paused. Arthur sat, twirling his light straw hat in his hand, but looking earnestly at his uncle. "Shall I send her here to you, sir?" he said, finally, finding the suspense intolerable.

The Judge looked at him gravely, over his spectacles.

"On the whole, I think New York will be the best place for you. I will write to Mrs. Livingstone about it to-night. But not a word of this to Gracie, mind. And now, good-night."

Arthur got up ; but he hesitated nervously at the door, before turning the handle.

"And suppose—suppose she asks me, sir?"

"You will tell her I unqualifiedly disapprove of the whole project," thundered the Judge in his most court-like manner ; and Arthur must fain go content with that answer. But he met Gracie in the parlor, and told her that her father would not give his consent as yet ; but that he had written to New York, and would find him, Arthur, a place in some banking-house.

And so, these two went on to talk of more important matters ; or rather, Arthur did ; as, how long he had loved her, and how much, and how he had come to speak upon just that day ; until Gracie, hearing nothing from her father, feared that he might be ill or worried, and gave Arthur his dismissal, and with more formality than usual. A certain constraint was between these two now, most new and delightful, to Arthur, at least ; but quite different from the old cousinly ease.

Meantime, the Judge had dropped his papers from him and set to considering this last case, that was so much nearer home. He had no objections—of course,

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he had no serious objection to his daughter's marrying Arthur—if Arthur was good enough for her; for cousinship is but a slight objection in New England. The Judge had always looked up to his elder brother, the clergyman, as being far his own superior; but somehow, with his son and his own daughter, it seemed otherwise. The Judge strenuously kept out of his mind any consideration of Gracie's leaving him, lest it should bias his decision; he felt an odd desire to submit the case to some one else, as one in which he was too much interested to sit.

Perhaps in every middle-aged or elderly mind, there is a slight impatience with the matrimonial doings of the younger, as being always somewhat premature and ill-considered. When one's own life is neatly rounded off, when one has duly weighed its emptiness, and properly resigned one's self to it; when that resignation, which once seemed so unlike content, has become a habit; there must be a certain impertinence,—you being so ready to say *enfin!*—in any one's starting up and crying *recommençons!* Of course, Judge Holyoke knew that Gracie would some day wed—of course, he wished her to be well, *i.e.*, happily married—but not exactly here—not now—not to this one nor to that one. Not that he doubted that Arthur was in earnest—or that he spoke the truth in saying Gracie loved him—nor did he think that they were both too young to know their own minds. It is the fashion to scoff at first loves, but the Judge believed in them; whether rightly or wrongly, we cannot say; but this was part of that which made him trusted, even by the prisoner upon whom he was passing sentence; and yet, a just judge, too.

But somehow, things had changed so much since the Judge was young, that he did not see how any one could soberly contract to see them change much further, or take the risk of any new beginning. He himself had been a Rousseau, a Robespierre, a Lovelace with a dash of folly and Tom Paine, to the worthy people of the town where he then sat, the people who were then sleeping in the hillside yonder; and yet, how fine a town these same good folk had made, in the days when he was a young law-student under old Judge Sewall! But in middle life, the world and its movement had passed him; and now, the gay folk and the band were almost out of sight ahead of him, and he behind with the feeble and the stragglers, the old and the obstructive, and no longer any hankering to be drum-major.

For it seemed as if the old prizes had lost their lustre; and there were no longer any public for a man; an honest one getting so little applause, in this world's stage, and the general taste being vitiated, and too coarse to relish the finer flavors of the human soul. He believed Arthur to be an honest man, with the education and breeding of a gentleman; more he did not ask, his smartness, or his faculty for getting on. The old Judge had little of the avarice miscalled of age; he thought too little of the worth of money for one who grieved so much that it alone had worth; perhaps Arthur, in his way, thought as much of this. With Gracie married, he at least might well go off the stage. Many creatures live but to their time of reproduction; this is all that nature seems to care; and the time which is given to live with and cherish his children to nature would seem but surplusage. He had lived and married; he had found all that even his youthful ambitions had dared to formulate or hope; but was he quite content? Somehow, the sky, so blue in the morning, had grown troubled and overcast toward the twilight. There was no one thing he could say was wanting; he had done what he had sought to do; he had been honored more than he had hoped; he would leave—what? A few well-wrought opinions, valuable until the next statute; a reputation as a nice old-fogy; a few poor dollars, some books, and——

The door opened softly, but the Judge did not hear it; and his daughter entered and placed her soft hand on his. He started, as if he had been dreaming. Gracie was troubled by his absence of mind, and feared she might be the cause; she looked at him, not timidly, nor inquiringly, and yet so that the old man's eyes grew softer as he looked at hers. "No, dear, you did not disturb me,—neither you nor Arthur," he added, at

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her half-spoken word. "Tell me, do you care for him very much?"

"No more than I do for you, dear," said the girl; but in her manner the Judge could read her silent strength of love. And more was said between them; but come, we are not fit for such scenes, you and I; let us go out gently and leave these two alone.

Meantime, Arthur, the cause of all this, was sleeping quietly, with the sleep of a hunter of any manner of wild-fowl, and the dreamlessness of insouciant youth. For Gracie loved him—that was clear, both to happy Arthur and the wakeful Judge.

. . . . . .

There is a curious timeliness in our modern ailments; a timeliness which would be still more striking if we could know the elements of each man's life. In older times, men wore out slowly, by labor or by rust; they set about dying deliberately, as they worked their land or managed their daily concernments. But in these days of steam and dynamite, our mode of death is sudden, quick and certain, like an explosion or a railway catastrophe; less like the processes of nature than those of man. Paralysis, like nihilism, has developed in the nineteenth century, and chooses, as if by some secret intelligence, its moment with a terrible skill.

So, one such night as this, and not long after—of the exact date I am not sure—death came upon the Judge, as he was sitting with his papers, working late at night and lonely, striving to fashion human statutes to fit diviner laws, that justice might be seen of men.

EPHEMERON.

By Mrs. Fields.

"Behold," she said, "a falling star!"
I followed where her vision led,
And saw no meteor near nor far;
So swiftly sank the lustre, dead.

In silvery moonlight stood she there,
Whiter than silver gleamed her hand,
And gleaming shone her yellow hair,
While dusky shadows filled the land.

She seemed a slender flickering shape,
Framed in the blackness of the porch.
How should a child of night escape!
A foolish moth that loved the torch!

Out of my dusk I came to her:
Voices were stilled, anear, afar;
I stood there lost, her worshipper;
What eye beheld that falling star?

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THE MAN AT ARMS.

By E. H. Blashfield and E. W. Blashfield.

II.

LET us look at the footman, who, at first "a poor cipher to help swell the numbers of kings' armies," became later a factor, and at last a power. In the early centuries he was often a mere bondsman, but, bond or free, he was vassal to some overlord, laic or ecclesiastic, and had to draw sword for castle or abbey. To say draw sword is to credit him with over much wealth, for in the black early times, "the iron tenth century," when, as Stendhal says, "every man wished two things, first not to be killed, next to have a good leathern coat," the footman was by no means always lucky enough to have a sword: called from his fields by some superior, he fastened his pruninghook to a long pole, and cutting him a stout bludgeon, hardened its end in the ashes of his fire until it became his mace-at-arms, and went out to repel some invader, fighting side by side with every able-bodied man in his district, young or old, even the monks, with gowns kilted to the knee, bearing their good share of the blows. Such was the early mediæval footsoldier; only a poor fellow armed with a club or a spear, who ran from the knight while the latter was on horseback, and who, once the horseman was down, cut his throat with his boar-knife. Rudely equipped as he was, something greater than he fought with him, and the history of the footman is also the history of individual liberty. He first appeared in Italy, where feudalism had never become deeply rooted, and where the antique tradition of the legionary who conquered the world was still strong. The liberty he enjoyed was the gift of the free city to the serfs, the free city which really deserved its name and which, unlike the Flemish or German burg, had no suzerain close at hand to enforce his will, but owed a nominal allegiance to a far off Emperor, who had to come over the Alps to exact homage at the sword's point. When even that light yoke became intolerable and in the twelfth century the Lombard league of free towns prepared for war with the German, each city freed and armed the serfs of its contado, or surrounding country, who fought side by side with nobles and burghers

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and shared with them the glories of Legnano. Cæsar after Cæsar dashed himself in vain against the iron wall of civic liberty, and the German knights, the bravest in Europe, clad in complete steel, found their match in the lightly armed militia of the burgs. Even when the Emperor had been conquered, soldiers were still needed in the ceaseless wars between neighboring towns, and to destroy the power of those great lords and imperial vassals, whose castles and retainers were a perpetual menace to the republics. So liberty generated liberty, and out of the struggle against a great despot arose another struggle against petty tyrants; the nobles were forced to become law-abiding townsfolk instead of robber-princes preying on merchants and travellers; their estates, sometimes divided, sometimes confiscated, were not preserved for hunting, as in France or Germany, but laid out in thrifty olive orchards, vineyards, or cornfields. Feudal tenure and villeinage, rudely attacked in the twelfth century, steadily declined during the thirteenth and disappeared in the fourteenth. The peasant, no longer a serf, was a hired laborer, or a farmer paying no rent or taxes, and sharing the produce with the proprietor of the farm; through thrift and prudence he might become a land-owner; in any case he had an interest in the soil he cultivated; while in war-time, more fortunate than the townsman, he often received a sum equivalent to his daily wages for services in the field. So when war was declared, and he laid down spade and mattock for shield and pike, he had something to fight for, and *patria* to him had become more than a word. As we look back eight centuries upon that descendant of the Roman legionary, the citizen of the free Italian burg and first organized infantryman in mediæval warfare, we see amid the ranks of whatever republic it might be, and behind the triangular shields, whether they bore the lion of Florence, the wolf of Siena, or the griffin of Perugia, towering above all the battle the Palladium of the Commonwealth. This was the caroccio (XIV.),

XI.—*a*, Chevalier Bayard.
(Passegardes at shoulders; and bears' paws shoes.)

b, Swiss Mercenary.
(Fluted cuirass with tassets; costume, woollen; shoes, steel.)

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the standard-bearer of the city, and much more than that, a real strategic point, the nucleus of the infantry, their support and safety. It was a large platform upon wheels; above it from a thirty-foot mast or yard floated the banner of the town, and it was drawn by oxen, two, four or six in number.

The slow pace of these animals gave its strategic importance to the caroccio. Come what might, the banner was to be surrounded and defended, and the slow movements of the bullocks not only precluded the possibility of a rapid flight, but prevented the almost equally dangerous chance of its defenders' rashly breaking their ranks in a moment of success, to pursue too vehemently or too soon.

Archbishop Heribert of Milan is said to have instituted the caroccio—it was painted vermilion, wheels and all, while the housings of the oxen and the dress of the driver, who was always a man of consequence and served without pay, were of vermilion cloth. The Florentine caroccio was followed to the field by La Martinella, a bell placed upon a wooden tower on another wheeled platform, and which rang for thirty days before the commencement of hostilities, "for greatness of mind, that the enemy might have time to prepare himself." The cars went out only when the whole force of the commonwealth was to be employed, "and with these two pomps of the caroccio and the campana," says Malespini, "the pride of the old citizens, our ancestors, was ruled." In those days of "greatness of mind," of bloody reprisals and savage hand-to-hand fighting, warfare was very picturesque. We can imagine a free burg, such as Florence or Milan, at a moment of sudden invasion or attack. Such a town was like a huge castle, its slits of streets were like the high-walled corridors still seen in ruins of Rhenish or French feudal chateaux. From each of the narrow thoroughfares, the townsmen poured forth; the banners of the quarters were carried to their respective rallying-points, and every able-bodied man from sixteen to sixty had to follow them. When the great bell rang the general alarm, the

XII.—Battle Order, Fifteenth Century.

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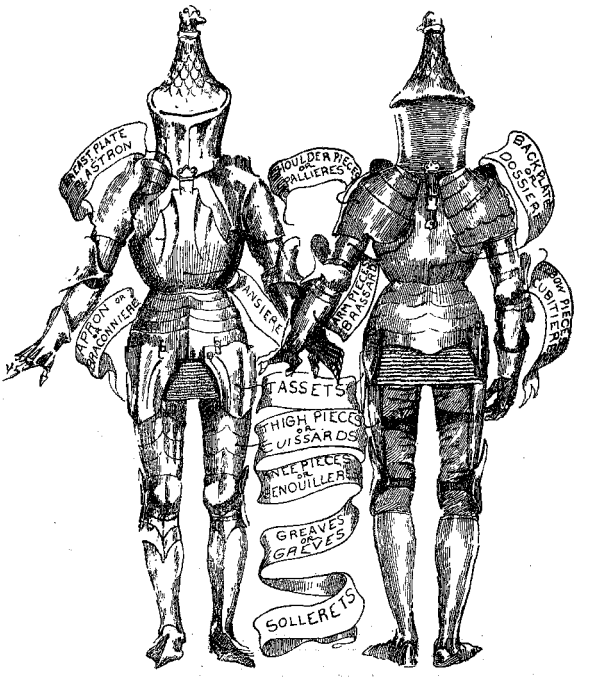
artisan dropped his hammer, the painter his brush, the shop-keeper his woollens or his silks; shield and sword were unhooked from the wall, and the headpiece was buckled on. The petty officer hurried to collect his fellow craftsmen and group them under the banner of the linen-drapers or the hosiers. The noble families mustered their sons and brothers and cousins, the horses issued from under the arches of the great palaces, and, surrounded by servants and retainers, all armed to fight for St. John and the Florentines, the Buondelmonti and Bardi Amieri or Cavalcanti marched under their separate blazons to the square. Everyone went; Dante armed himself among the Alighieri; the apprentices of Giotto left their drawing and color-grinding and hastened to the quarters of the painters' guild, to serve under the banner which they had made themselves. Orgagna and the Gaddi hurried to the palace of the Priors to be ready at hand with their knowledge of entrenchment and fortification; and all the time the great bell clanged, the sharper hammering of La Martinella continued, and the trumpets of the republic swelled the uproar, sounding from the platform of the caroccio, which, bearing upon it a few of the bravest and noblest knights, rolled slowly through the city gates. Once in the pitched field, the Feditori, or heavily armed cavaliers, began the attack, the second or heavy division supported them, while the reserve used the baggage-wagons, in case of necessity, as a kind of movable redoubt, behind which broken ranks could reform. There is a fascination in looking back upon an army which at various epochs enrolled such soldiers as Dante, Michael Angelo, Brunelleschi, and Ferrucci. Sometimes a whole Homeric train of war-chariots emphasized the classical descent of the Italians. The Milanese sent three hundred cars to the field, and the people of Asti are said to have had a thousand, each holding ten men. Thus in Italy the burgher with his heritage of experiences from Cannæ and Thrasymene, from Pharsalia and Philippi, had become a stout infantryman early in the twelfth century, but on the other side of the Alps the French knights rode scornfully through the ranks of the peasants, hardly deigning to lower their lances against the "foot pad churls" until, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, they received a lesson.



XIII.—Armor of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick.

In 1302 some Flemings, who were weavers, tailors and merchants, and hence naturally cowards and rogues, resisted the payment of exorbitant taxes. Their suzerain, the French king Philip, called the Fair, with his brother of Artois, his lord high constable, Pierre Flotte, and an army of nobles, met the rebels in the flat Flemish country near the town of Courtrai. Since the burgesses must needs pay for horses and armors, they put both to their own uses. They had trained their companies behind the city walls, and wonder of wonders! their infantry did not run away.

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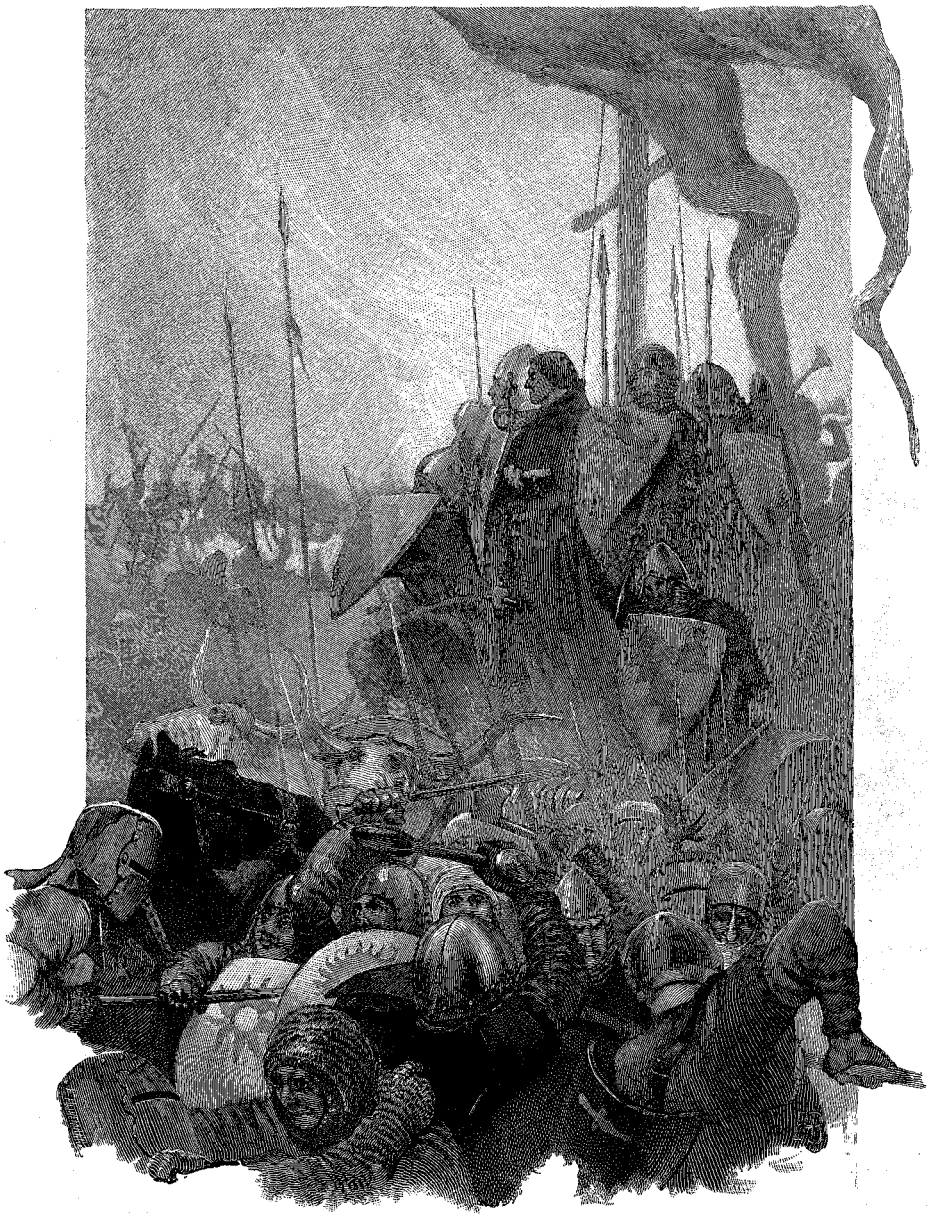

XIV.—The Italian Caroccio.

The Flemish bills, hooked into loose sword-belt or shield-strap, were terribly efficacious in dragging the knights from their saddles, and the ditches threw the horsemen into disorder. Philip fought in person, but after seeing prince and constable go down before the commoners, the crowned helmet gave way with the rest, and only a judicious use of the royal spurs saved them from being hung up with the hundreds of others in the churches, to be a sight for all Flanders and give a name to the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold. Almost before the belfries of that same Flanders had ceased to call the victory to each other, the spears of the foot-soldiery were again seen glinting through the Scotch mists

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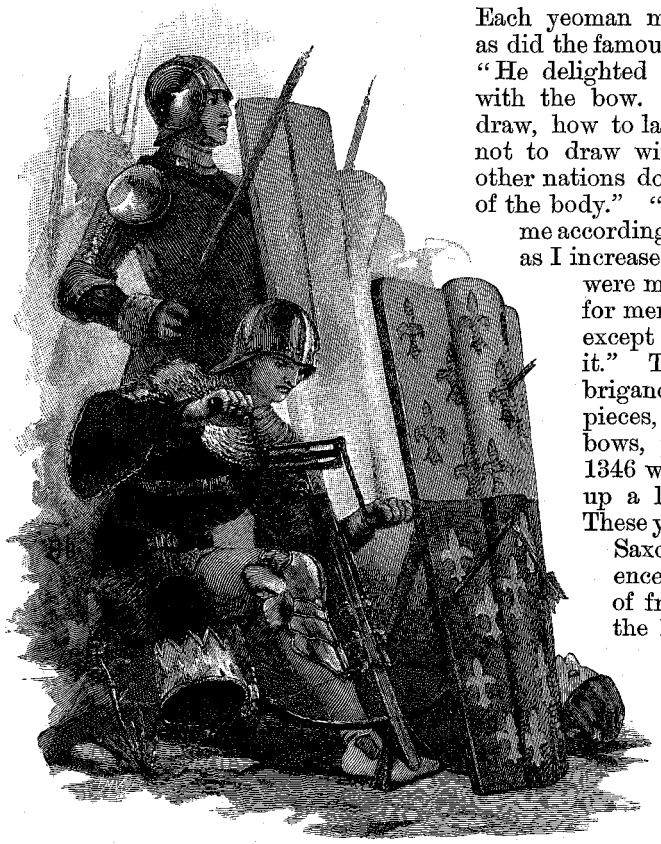
about the banner of Robert Bruce at Bannockburn, where among the planted stakes, "the horses that were stickit rushed and reeled right rudely," and where another crowned helmet was nearly captured upon the person of the English Edward II. Thirty-two years afterwards (1346), the battle fought near the little village of Cressy, or Crécy, in Ponthieu, showed the foot-soldier as a power which not only surprised all Europe, but changed European tactics.



XV.—*a*. Crossbowman.
(Salade; linked collar and apron; brigandine; steel knee-pieces; woollen sleeves and tights; pavis, or shield; quiver, of goat skin.)

b, Pikeman with Pavis.
(Salade; shoulder, elbow, and upper arm, of steel; cuirass, a brigandine.)

The English axe, the axe of Hastings, had given way to the bow. The descendants of Robin Hood shot at the butt on their festival days, and practised on the king's deer in the great forest preserves which William made over the wasted lands of the Saxons. As poachers and soldiers alike, marvellous stories were told of their marksmanship, and like Locksley, of Ivanhoe, before the walls of Front de Bœuf's castle, they could ring every joint in their enemy's armor with their cloth-yard shafts. Each yeoman might say of his father as did the famous Hugh Latimer of his: "He delighted to teach me to shoot with the bow. He taught me how to draw, how to lay my body to the bow, not to draw with strength of arm as other nations do, but with the strength of the body." "I had my bows bought me according to my age and strength, as I increased in them so my bows were made bigger and bigger; for men shall never shoot well except they be brought up in it." These archers in their brigandines and light headpieces, and with their long yew bows, poured into France in 1346 with Edward III., making up a large part of his army. These yeomen, in whom the old Saxon spirit of independence, the old Danish right of free speech, had survived the Norman conquest, were well treated and respected by their commanders. The Genoese crossbowmen in the French pay found that their bowstrings had been slackened by a shower and broke before the more terrible storm of arrows from the English ranks—which came so thickly "that it seemed as if it snowed." "Kill me these Genoese rascals," said Philip to his knights, who, cutting their way through the flying auxiliaries, were overwhelmed in turn by the awful snowstorm, till all fled in disorder, all except the two dukes, eleven princes, eighty barons, twelve hundred knights, and thirty thousand soldiers who lay dead upon the field. In a day the English archer had become the central figure of European warfare and had raised up a

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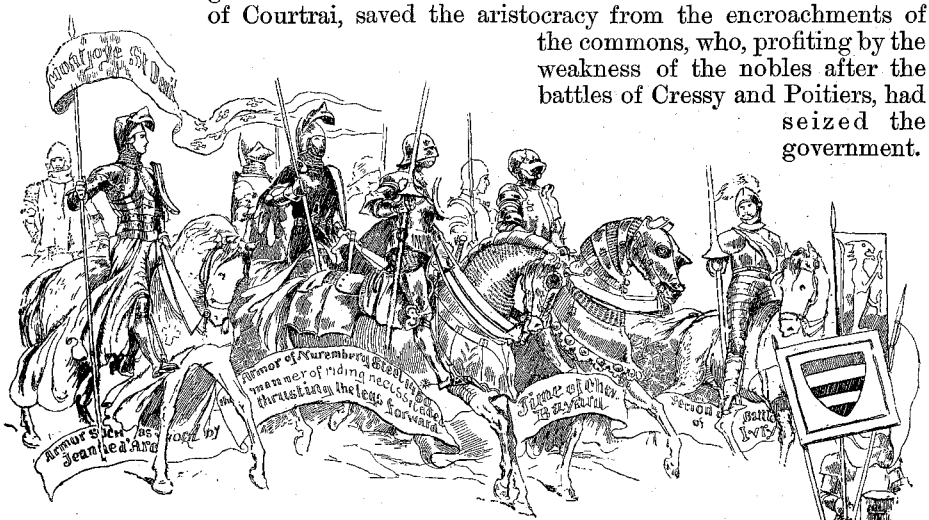
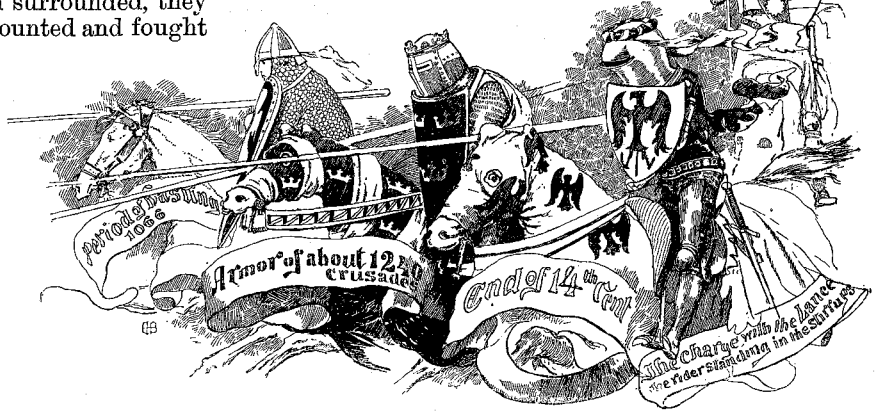
spirit of panic terror that was only exorcised by the enthusiasm of a nation in arms which followed Jeanne d'Arc to battle, seventy-five years later.

More than this, he had struck feudalism with a mortal shaft, "and from the day of Cressy it tottered slowly but surely to its grave."

It was, however, two centuries dying. The lesson had to be written again and again in their own blood, before the French nobles could spell out its meaning, for the conflict between footman and knight was deeper and more significant than a mere question of tactics; it was a struggle between the old order of things and the new, between Feudalism and Democracy. Dull as they were, the knights soon learned this, and Froissart tells us that the victory of Roosebeke, where the French gentlemen crushed the Flemish artisans and effaced the shame of Courtrai, saved the aristocracy from the encroachments of the commons, who, profiting by the weakness of the nobles after the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, had seized the government.


Armor of Nuremberg Steel
manner of riding neck & thrusting the legs forward
Time of the Black Prince
Armor given to Jean de Arc

Elated by this victory, the hard-headed French nobles, not yet schooled by Flemish pikeman or Saxon archer, must needs go as far as Nicopolis for another lesson and charge so furiously into the Turkish ranks as to leave the rest of the army far behind them; and though, when surrounded, they dismounted and fought



like true Franks, cutting away the yard-long points of their steel shoes to the astonishment of the enemy, they were exterminated before the infantry could reach them. So strong, however, was tradition, so hard to discipline was the *furia Francese*, as the Italians called it, that a hundred years later, at Fornovo,

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XVI.—Maximilian Armor.

(Horse armor with chamfron crinet; poitrel; flanchards and crupper-piece.)

Charles VIII., most fortunate of knights errant, pursued the flying Italians so hotly that he distanced his own chivalry, and if his war horse Savoy had not fought as well as his royal master, the king would have been taken and a brilliant victory spoiled.

As it was, this battle decided the fate of Italy. Many things had changed since *Campaldino* and *Monteaperti*. Since the fourteenth century, the burghers, who found handling the pen and the florin more profitable than wielding sword and pike, had abandoned warfare to the professional men at arms. These made a trade of war, sold themselves to the highest bidder, and served under *Condottieri* as mercenary as themselves; in such hands a battle became an affair of skill, as scientific and often as harmless as a game of chess. To take as many prisoners and as much booty as possible was the object of contending armies, and as one of them when outmanœuvred promptly ran away, it was achieved with but little resistance or

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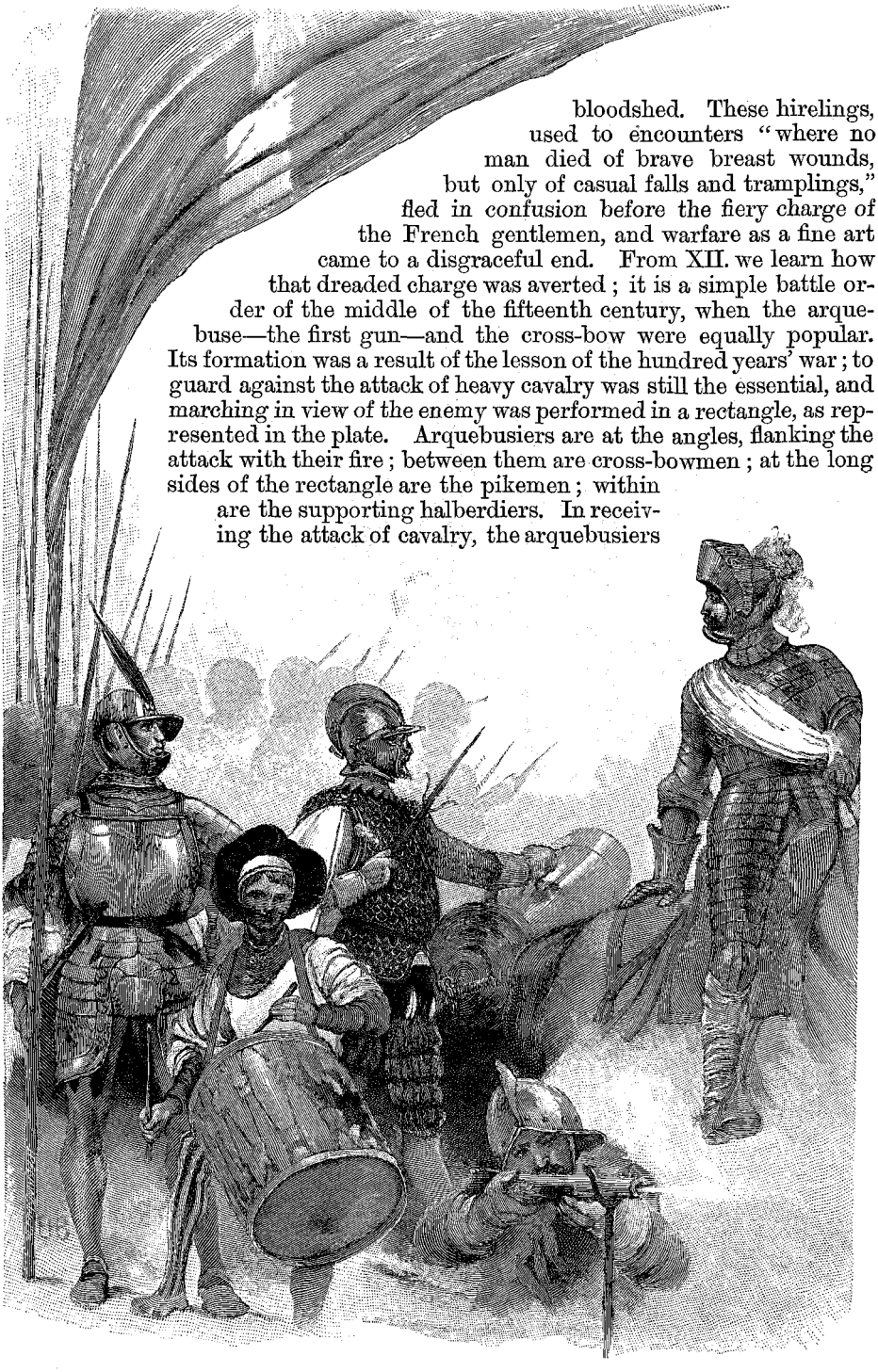
bloodshed. These hirelings, used to encounters "where no man died of brave breast wounds, but only of casual falls and tramplings," fled in confusion before the fiery charge of the French gentlemen, and warfare as a fine art came to a disgraceful end. From XII. we learn how that dreaded charge was averted; it is a simple battle order of the middle of the fifteenth century, when the arquebuse—the first gun—and the cross-bow were equally popular. Its formation was a result of the lesson of the hundred years' war; to guard against the attack of heavy cavalry was still the essential, and marching in view of the enemy was performed in a rectangle, as represented in the plate. Arquebusiers are at the angles, flanking the attack with their fire; between them are cross-bowmen; at the long sides of the rectangle are the pikemen; within are the supporting halberdiers. In receiving the attack of cavalry, the arquebusiers



XVII.—*a*, Regiment of Picardy; *b*, Drummer of Lansquenets; *c*, Artillery Officer, 1555; *d*, General Officer, 1590.

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XVIII.—*a*, Gentleman in Half-armor of 1550.
(Morion; cuirass and tassets.)
b, Arquebusier, 1580.
(Morion; cuirass and tassets; and powder-belt slung over shoulder.)

and bowmen, after firing, retired between the ranks of the pikemen to reload, and the rectangle became a hedgehog, the pikemen advancing the left leg and placing the pike-butt against the right foot on the ground. The cavalry flanked the rectangle at right and left, and in the latter the men, when stationary, faced outward. Such a formation was called a battle—whence our modern battalion.

In the cross-bowman (XV., *a*) we might see the counterpart of the delightful Denis of Burgundy, of "The Cloister and the

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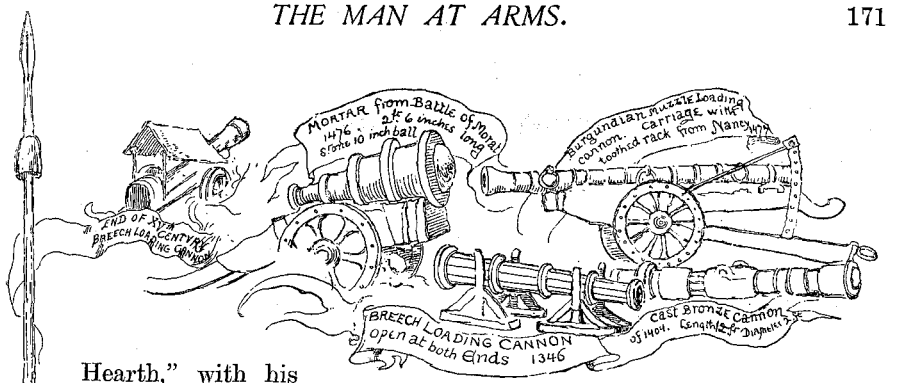
MORTAR from Battle of Morat 1476
2 ft 6 inches long
8 stone 10 inch ball
END OF XVth CENTURY BREECH LOADING CANNON
Burgundian Muzzle Loading cannon. Toothed rack from Nancy 1477
BREECH LOADING CANNON open at both Ends 1346
CAST BRONZE CANNON of 1404. Length 12 ft Diameter 5 ft

Hearth," with his heavy weapon, good against bear or robber or soldier, in the days when, in spite of danger, "the divell was dead." There, too, is his pavis, the great wooden, leather-covered shield, fastened upright in the ground, and behind which, with his foot in the bow-stirrup, he could bend the heavy steel by a system of windlass and pulley wheels, and shoot away merrily. Though he could send but one bolt to six shafts of the archer he was nevertheless of great importance in mediæval fighting and was principally used in sieges and to cover entrenchments. Take away cross-bow and pavis and give him the long-bow, and he might be the cockney 'prentice archer, Nicholas Alwyn, who, in Bulwer's romance, steadied his wavering comrades at Barnet field with, "What will the girls say of us in East Gate and the Chepe?" Behind him is a pikeman (XV., *b*).

Foot-soldiers generally wore the brigandine, lighter and cheaper than a plate cuirass. It was made of small pieces of metal, quilted into or sewn upon cloth or leather. The day of the arquebuse had not yet quite come, in Denis's time, but the bow was at its zenith, and in the game of war the pawns began to put the king in check. In the earlier centuries an army was a collection of feudatories who came, each with his vassals, at the call of their prince. Later, mercenaries were added. In the pauses of the hundred years' war these soldiers, having nothing else on hand, ravaged the country. To suppress such bands, the levying of troops was forbidden, except by royal order, and under Charles VII. and Louis XI. regular companies of lances were formed—a lance meaning six men, including the knight, his page, varlet, footmen, and two archers.

1515 to 1715
STEEL WAR HAT
CROMWELLIAN TROOPER
ENGLISH GENERAL of the ROYALIST ARMY 1648
Armor of Gaspard de Coligny 1550

XIX.—*a*, Armor of Gaspard de Coligny, 1550; *b*, Time of Charles I. of England.

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XX.—Spanish Armor. Time of the Invincible Armada.

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The former paper upon the man at arms left the knight at the middle of the fifteenth century, when armor was at its best. In XIII. the singularly elegant and well adjusted armor of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, we have the harness which, with slight modifications, lasted through the wars of the Roses, was battered to pieces at Tewkesbury and Towton, served the king-maker at Barnet, and bore the Boar's crest of Richard of Gloucester.

It served, too, the Spanish knights who took Grenada in 1491, and was dinted by the last blows struck in that long romance of three thousand seven hundred battles fought against the Moors by Christian cavaliers, who filled Spain with fortresses, gave Castile its name, "the castellated," and stood so incessantly upon the brink of combat, that in the rough earlier centuries, the war-horse was stalled at night in the sleeping-chamber of the knight and lady.

We may costume all the knights of Bosworth with XVI., may frighten Richard with such armored phantoms, may see "seven Richmonds in the field," and at last the king's body, the crown stricken from the helmet and lying under the historic hawthorn bush; one had almost said before the footlights, so suggestive of Shakspere are these English armors of York and Lancaster.

Figure XVI. is too simple for the taste of the most lavish prince in Europe, but its general lines follow the armor which in 1477 was borne away by the Swiss as they left the stripped body of another famous ruler, Charles the Bold of Burgundy, "the great duke of the west," lying in the frozen swamps outside the walls of Nancy. The flutings, which make this armor very strong, came into use somewhat later than the battle of Nancy. It was popular at the end of the fifteenth century, and was called the Maximilian harness, after the penniless emperor dear to the Germans and celebrated in the famous triumph of Albert Dürer. For the first time, the breast-plate was made in a single piece, and passe-gardes, or upright pieces of metal, appeared at the shoulders, while the solerets were the broad shoes called "bears' paws." By the time of Charles the Bold artillery had become a real power. The Bombards that at Cressy* "threw with fire, little balls to frighten the horses" developed into the bronze cannon which rumbled into Italy with Charles VIII., a sight to the novelty loving Italians, but causing some uneasiness even to those who claimed alliance with the most Christian king. The first pieces were mortars and small cannon of bars hooped together. They were wrought-iron breech-loaders, open at both ends, and in the old prints they look extremely deadly and dangerous—to the man who had to fire them. These were the cannon of the fourteenth century; after them came cast-iron pieces containing fire-chambers, also put in at the breech; last came muzzle-loaders of bronze.

Artillery developed especially during the latter part of the hundred years' war—when the fighting was largely confined to sieges; and in the hands of the burgesses cannon continued to improve, till in 1425 they had attained a range of more than 500 metres. The squat little mortars and long cannon taken from Charles the Bold by the Swiss, and exhibited in the museum of Lausanne, are rough looking affairs to us; so are the rusted pieces fished up from the Mary Rose and other wrecks of the old times; —but they seem finished, in comparison with the first hand-cannon or guns.

The latter were brutal in workmanship at a moment when the fashioning of steel was at its highest point. This is not hard to understand—cannon, to some extent legitimate successors of the mediæval war-engines, were condoned by the chivalry—though they disliked them. But they hated the hand-cannon and the bullet, which, cast by some working-man and fired by a commoner, beat in the blazon upon the noble's cuirass as if it had been a doublet of coarse serge. The cross-bow makers naturally opposed the gun vigorously, and the captains disliked an engine which disturbed their tactics and was as rude a breaker of prejudices as of bones.

So the weapon which in a hundred years was to change the face of warfare was, till after the middle of the fifteenth century, made only by the rudest artisans and found only in the hands of the

* Authorities disagree. Viollet-le-Duc believes they were not Bombards but light cannon carried on mule-back.

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humblest soldiers. The new fire-arms at first were made without a stock, then provided with a stock held under the arm; at last a shoulder-butt was added, till arquebuse, matchlock, wheel-lock and musket followed each other and took their place in modern warfare, to the history of which they belong, rather than to a paper upon the ancient man at arms.

As the capacity of the arquebuse grew, the hand-to-hand weapons declined in favor. At Fornovo, in 1495, the heavy lance, which had been almost laid aside as a weapon, was used with effect, and recovered some of its prestige; but between that date and 1525 the individual prowess of splinterers of lances showed itself for the last time. Charles VIII. fought single-handed among his enemies at Fornovo. Francis I. charged at Marignano. Bayard distinguished himself at Ravenna; but the battle of Pavia proved to the most zealous cavalier that the true strength of an army lay in its infantry, and that cavalry should only be used as a support for the latter.

The bow was at last thrown aside; the arquebuse, which could now be fired from the shoulder by means of a cross-butt, had proved itself superior in Spanish hands, and after the disaster of Pavia the armorers were unable to fill the orders for the new fire-arms which poured in upon them from all quarters. In the French ranks every tenth man was a halberdier, and there were two arquebusiers to every three pikemen. In the time of Louis XII. (XI., *a*, in the Museum of Artillery, representing Bayard) armor was made heavier to resist bullets, an upright passe-garde appeared at the shoulder-pieces, breast and back were at last, after so many experiments, protected by single plates, the sword-hilt, until then a simple cross, received a guard, and the head-covering, the armet, was provided with a visor composed of several pieces; from the cuirass and over the tassets fell a pleated skirt. Armed in this fashion, a procession of well-known figures might pass before us: Gaston de Foix, from the exquisite tombal effigy in Milan; Giovanni de' Medici of the Black Bands, as Titian painted him; the young Charles V., leading his terrible Spanish infantry; the heroes of the last siege of Florence, with Ferrucci at their head; Henry VIII. and his monk-hunting soldiers; Howard, Earl of Surrey, rhyming sonnets within his visor; Bayard, giving the accolade to his king after the victory of Marignano; Cæsar Borgia, welcoming his doomed guests at Sinigaglia. Cortes and Columbus wore its like; and in the sack of Rome just such an armor on the Constable of Bourbon, if we may believe a braggart, went down before the cannon-shot aimed by Benvenuto Cellini.

In XI., *b*, is one of the Swiss mountaineers, so rashly oppressed by Charles the Bold. They rolled down upon him with their two-handed swords and their morning stars—taking from him "at Grandson his prestige, at Morat his baggage, and at Nancy his life." Every sovereign bid for them, and they were to be found in all armies. They are the lanzknechts of Dürer's and Schongauer's prints, grotesque and terrible, dirty and splendid, in their slashes and their feathers, with their gay banners and their long drums. With beards and plumes alike curling to their waists, with parti-colored garments, one leg in tight striped hose, the other, maybe, in full hanging folds—they stand, like ferocious, armed harlequins, watching a martyrdom or flagellation in some sixteenth-century engraving, or mount guard over an initial in a black-letter Hans Sachs. The etchers of Nuremberg and Augsburg loved them, but to the Italian artists they came as destroyers, joining in the sack of Rome the license of the mercenary to the hatred of the Lutheran.

Of the native bands in the French army, that of Picardy (XVII., *a*) was earliest organized as a regiment. These Picards wore the burgonet, articulated shoulder-pieces or pauldrons, long tassets, and a very convex breastplate.

By 1548, in spite of the bitter opposition of the Constable Anne de Montmorenci, simple steel armor was superseded by chased damascened or gilded steel; it was easier to keep clean, and gratified the splendor-loving taste of the time. The officer of artillery of about 1555 (XVII., *c*) wears a cuirass of dark-colored steel covered with a silver pattern representing scales. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had been prodigal of wealth

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on baldric and trappings, and the Count de Foix, giving his horse's housings to the cathedral of Bayonne to be made into robes for the image of Our Lady, had been esteemed a royal donor. The knights of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries had set precious stones in helmet and girdle; the sixteenth century enriched the steel itself, hammering it sometimes into ugly imitations of slashed doublets and trunks, now chasing and engraving it, representing scenes from the Bible or the Greek myths upon casque and buckler, fashioning helmets into dolphins, lions' heads, and grinning masks, covering whole armors with sculptured stories, silvering, gilding, enamelling in colors, and fulfilling every extravagant fancy. The forges of Milan and Nuremberg were famous; the Italian helmets and morions, the German corselets, had a European reputation. Many museums possess magnificent specimens ordered by princely patrons from Cellini, Goujon, Negroli, the Milanese Gamber, and the most celebrated smiths of the time. These panoplies seem more like gorgeous pieces of goldsmiths' work than the shells of fighting animals. Until the sixteenth century armor developed in a logical way, its forms were governed by the necessities of war, changes in it were the result of practical experience and actual experiment on the battle-field—not decided upon in the office of the minister of war. After the sixteenth century it became fantastic and meaningless, a gala costume rather than a harness; the greatest captains opposed its use, but the nobles clung to it as a mark of distinction. After it was made bullet-proof, it became so enormously heavy that at the end of the sixteenth century Lanoue complained that gentlemen of thirty were already deformed by the weight of their armor.

In spite of the huge armors of Henry VIII., of Anthony of Burgundy, and of some others, the average size of the modern man is greater than that of the soldier of the middle ages and the Renaissance, if we can judge from the armors preserved in the museums of England and the Continent, which are, with few exceptions, small and narrow, especially the leg and thigh pieces.

Throughout the middle ages armor was international, its analogies being far greater than its differences with different nations; yet the latter were quite sufficient to be worth mentioning.

In general, the heaviest armors seem to have come from the North and worked their way gradually South. The somewhat negative character of mediæval equipment strikes the modern mind. It seems more calculated for defence than for aggression or activity. Not only is the lightly clad soldier of to-day close to us, but we revert to the Greeks who resisted Xerxes and the Romans who conquered the world, clad in armors which were light, indeed almost trifling in weight, when compared with those of the mediæval knights, and say to ourselves that Epaminondas and Scipio, in their open head-pieces, light thoraces, and greaves, looked more like preux chevaliers, than do Richard Cœur de Lion in his great pot-helmet and clumsy long hauberk of chain, or Warwick in his complete suit of plates—visored and covered all over like a rhinoceros.

But there were reasons for this, and the development of armor was logical rather than phenomenal. The Roman was an infantry-man, and except in the middle of the fifteenth century, the mediæval infantry-man was not armed more heavily than the legionary. Above all, the Romans, once their evenly matched struggle with Carthage was over, opposed a perfect system of military discipline to disorderly and undisciplined peoples, and, having conquered them, kept them in order by trained garrisons and wise moderation. Their armor, relatively light, was superior to that of their enemies. When Cæsar's legionaries charged in light helmets and breastplates upon the Gauls of Vercingetorix, they found helmets still lighter than their own, and often no breastplates at all. So, too, with Picts, Britons, and Germans. The Roman was always the better armed, and his equipment was peculiarly fitted to fighting in the closed ranks of the legion, where the great overlapping square shields formed a wall or tortoise. Mediæval Europe, on the other hand, was a continuous battle-field of nations, nearly matched as to knowledge, wealth, and mode of attack.

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Had one nation, as in the case of the Romans, distinctly preponderated by discipline and excellence of arms over all the others—conquering one after another—it would have been quite contented with its equipments, and there would have been no occasion for the rivalry which kept the smiths of North and South hard at work forging armors strong enough to resist the weapons of the last campaign, then making swords and axes heavy enough to batter them to pieces in the next engagement, till shell and weapon were alike mighty to resist and attack; and at the battle of Roosebeke, in 1382, as Froissart tells us, the hammering in the infernal forge "of axe and sword and mallets of iron upon the bassinets was so great and high," "that I have heard that had all the helmet-makers of Paris and Brussels been working together at their trade they could not have made a greater noise."

English and French armors always resembled each other, and in the fourteenth century they were identical. With the former the angles of elbow- and knee-guards, helmet and gauntlets, were more salient than in the French armors, but the Germans exaggerated these points and sallies still more and retained the ridged salade after the smoother armet had become popular on either side of the Channel. The heaviest armors came from Germany, and the earliest suits of plates, which appear in the MS. of Tristan and Isolde long before they were known to the south and west of the Rhine. If they defended their bodies carefully by armor, they did not spare them in action, the German knights being typically gallant and reckless. Defensive armor was defective with the Italians till they came into contact with the northern nations. They clung instinctively to classical tradition. The head-piece was always relatively small and elegant; they rarely covered the face, and seemed not to feel the need of protecting the neck as did the other peoples. Their bassinets sloped backward more than those of the French; their salade was very elegant in shape, while some of the latter helmets are almost exactly like those of the Greek hoplites. In XVIII., *a*, we have the last complete armor just before the greave was abandoned and the buff boot adopted. It is the harness of 1550 to 1559, of Henry II. in France, of the last years of Charles V., and of the beginning of the wars of religion. As we have seen, by 1550 armor was in full decline. Up to that time its modifications had been logical, to meet exigencies and to protect its wearer against new weapons, but after 1550 the "style" of the cuirass became that of the latest doublet—the waist was high or low, the ridge of the breastplate flattened or convex, according to the last fashion at court, and when we see the cuirasses of Henry III.'s time hammered into the shape of the Punchinello paunch (*ventre à la polichinelle*) so dear to the king and his Mignons, we feel that the armorer's anvil is in undignified proximity to the tailor's goose. The half-armor of 1572 (XIX., *a*) was still exceptionally elegant and graceful. The gentleman of the time of Charles IX. in France and of Elizabeth in England wears a damascened morion and cuirass, while the heavy sword has grown lighter, and is here very long, for thrusting rather than cutting, and has a complicated hilt. To the student of history no figure in the series is more suggestive than this one. It shows us the armor of the English Renaissance, of the Spanish decadence, of the Dutch war of independence, of the French Huguenots and Leaguers, of the Portuguese, Spanish, and English mariners. We find it everywhere in the old world and the new, on the Atlantic, the northern seas, and the sunny Greek waters. This man (XIX., *a*) might be De la Mole, or the swashbuckler Count Annibal de Coconnas, exactly as Queen Margot saw them ride out of the Louvre on parade-day, long before all Paris rushed to their famous execution. Men in such armors dragged out Coligny and massacred him. Such as he were the Guises and all the chiefs of St. Bartholomew's Day. Take away the order of St. Michael that he wears, tan his complexion with the sea-winds, and he might be Raleigh, Drake, Essex, or Kingsley's stout Amyas Leigh, plunging through the forests of the New World. He might ride with Mary Stuart as she galloped, by night, with pistols at her belt, or, his steel blackened to the liking of a sombre Spaniard, he might burn

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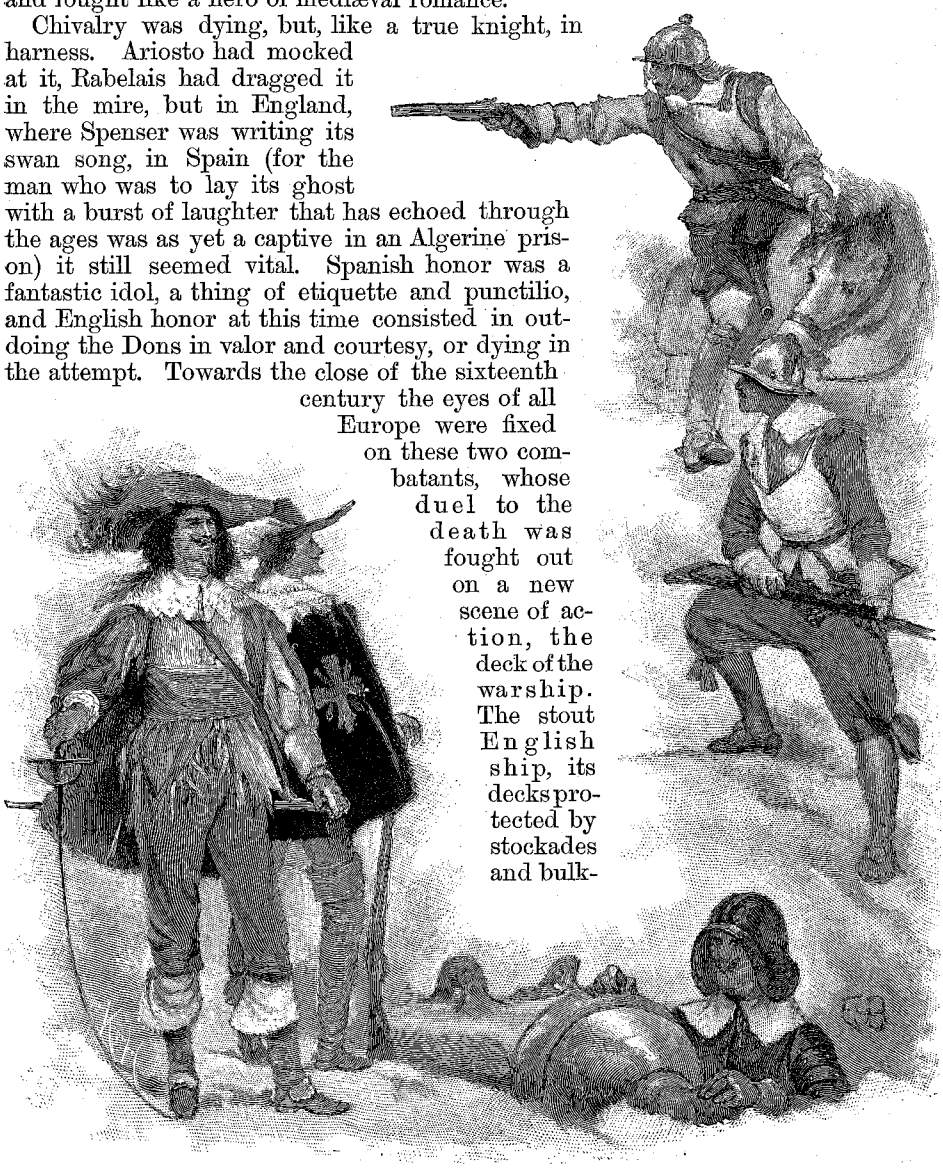
and torture with Alva in the Low Countries, or, sailing with the great Armada, leave his bones and his armor upon the Irish coast. Any of these he might be, for navigators, inquisitors, poets, playwrights, and fighters of every description wore the breastplate and burgonet in the days of good Queen Bess, of Philip II., and the Guises.

When the forges of Milan were full of morions and cuirasses like those in XIX., *a*, the slowly flowering English Renaissance was in full bloom. The English gentleman at home talked Euphuism with Lilly, studied verse-making with Sidney and Spenser, wore big pearls in his ears and a whole manor on his back, and spent days in the Cockpit or the Globe Theatre, but he was terrible enough abroad where he "singed the Spanish king's beard" and fought like a hero of mediæval romance.

Chivalry was dying, but, like a true knight, in harness. Ariosto had mocked at it, Rabelais had dragged it in the mire, but in England, where Spenser was writing its swan song, in Spain (for the man who was to lay its ghost with a burst of laughter that has echoed through the ages was as yet a captive in an Algerine prison) it still seemed vital. Spanish honor was a fantastic idol, a thing of etiquette and punctilio, and English honor at this time consisted in outdoing the Dons in valor and courtesy, or dying in the attempt. Towards the close of the sixteenth century the eyes of all Europe were fixed on these two combatants, whose duel to the death was fought out on a new scene of action, the deck of the warship. The stout English ship, its decks protected by stockades and bulk-



XXI.—*a*, *b*, White and Black Mousquetaires of Louis XIII.; *c*, *d*, Cromwellian Soldiers; *e*, Engineer Officer.

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heads which divided it into a number of separate forts, its captain some sturdy commoner or newly made knight, its crew trained from childhood in the use of arms, befriended and even consulted at times by its officers, younger sons of noble families or gentlemen adventurers who could not refuse, at least when they sailed with Sir Francis Drake, "to set their hands to a rope," or "to hale and draw with the mariners,"—this ship was opposed to the great gilded Spanish galleon. Clumsy and unwieldy for sea fighting, the galleon was wonderfully picturesque, with its chapels and pulpits, its paintings, and holy images, its companies of soldiers drilling and exercising, its Flemish gunners, its poor mariners, who were "slaves to the rest to moil and toil day and night, not even suffered to sleep or harbor under the decks." Fellowship between the overworked crew and officers whose knightly gauntlet would be dishonored by handling anything but a sword hilt was rendered impossible by the pedantic etiquette that was stifling Spanish genius. There were always plenty of morions and breastplates on board, and many stout men at arms to wear them, whether the galleon sailed eastward against the Moslem or westward towards New Spain; full of soldiers, too, were the plate-ships homeward-bound, laden with pearls and gold, for at any moment the English pirates, descendants of the old Vikings, Frobisher, Carlisle, or Drake, might swoop down upon them. Crowded with fighting men as well were those 200 royal galleys which, in the Gulf of Lepanto, on October 7, 1571, destroyed the Turkish fleet and saved Europe from a Moslem invasion. From their decks, before the fight began, these soldiers could look down on their young commander, Don John of Austria, could hear him as his light galley darted from ship to ship, exhorting them as soldiers of the cross to do their duty, promising them a glorious immortality if they lived or died. One of them, a poor Spanish hidalgo, has won that immortality which was promised him, but not only by his exploits at Lepanto. When we look up at the tattered banners, trophies of the great sea fight, that fill with faded splendor the Church of the Cavaliers of St. Stephen in Pisa, it is of that soldier that we think first of all. Don John, of whom the pope said, bursting into tears of joy, "there was a man sent by God and his name was John," and the gallant captains, Doria Colonna and Veniero, are but memories, but Cervantes is a household word and part of our life of to-day.

Redoubtable as they were to the Turk, the galleons were generally outsailed, out-manœuvred, often sunk or captured, by English craft of half their size; indeed it was in these sea-fights against overwhelming odds that the English sailor more than once proved himself the peer of Charlemagne's paladins. Authentic accounts of their adventures read like a romance of chivalry.

Don Diego Garcia held a bridge against an army, but Sir George Cary's ship, the Content, fought single-handed for sixteen hours with four huge men of war and two galleys, though most of the time she had but thirteen men fit for service; and two "valiant Turkey merchantmen," with three small consorts, crippled a whole fleet of Spanish galleys sent to intercept them. The chronicles tell us that Earl Waltheof, son of Siward Beorn, kept the gate of York against the French army, but Sir Richard Grenville engaged alone with a Spanish fleet of fifty-three sail, repulsed the enemy fifteen times, and sunk four galleys; nor would he strike his colors until his powder was gone, his masts and sailing tackle had been shot away, his sailors were all killed or wounded, and he himself was dying! Most glorious of all was the defeat and dispersion of that great Armada, too soon styled the Invincible, which, on the 19th of July, 1588, the Scotch pirate Fleming saw off the Lizard sailing towards him in a great crescent which measured seven miles from horn to horn. Naval warfare has perhaps seen no such sight as that running fight of a week going flaming up the British Channel—now nearing the English cliffs, where an armed population trooped along trying to keep pace with the battle, now running over towards the Dutch coast, where Protestant Hollanders hung like panthers upon the skirts of Parma's fleet, foreseeing salvation or ruin in the day's chances of war.

Out from all the harbors to join the

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admiral came every Englishman who had a purse to equip a ship and a sword to defend it. Northumberland, Oxford, Cecils and Blounts, and with them the gallant Catholic gentlemen of England, so forgetful of persecution and ill usage, so mindful that behind their government was their country, that Elizabeth who had hung Papists gave her whole fleet and hopes into the hands of the Catholic Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral.*

What a sight, too, must have been the galleons, and such a water-spider as a great galliass, whipping the waves with three hundred oars,—the poor slaves chained to the handles hurled from their seats in heaps as some English ship, her main and foreyards lowered to prevent boarding, swept by the galliass's side hardly a pike's length off, snapping the oars by the score, smashing her chain-shot into pulpit and picture and gilded lantern, sweeping the three gun-decks, sailing round and round the unwieldy Spaniard, till the great banner shot away floated upon the water,—the banner so big that one hung as a trophy in Leyden church from the groined roof to the pavement.

Under Francis I. of France, the morion, burgonet, and cabasset were already the helmets of the arquebusiers and pikemen, and they became the distinctive head-dresses of the wars of religion, whether of Catholic or Huguenot, of soldier of emperor, elector, or stadtholder. The Protestant arquebusier (XIX., *b*) "wears white to prove the purity of his conscience." In those days of tergiversation, of a recanting king and of incessant campaigns, the white may have become somewhat smirched. Under Henry IV. armors of dark-brown colored steel were popular; the shoulder-pieces were immense; the tassets extended from the high waist to the knee-pieces and buff boot. The complete armor no longer existed with the gentlemen (XVII., *d*) who at Ivry "charged for the golden lilies;" it was still less complete under the son of Henry IV., and upon the "Ironsides" of Cromwell, the Puritans of Naseby and Marston Moor (XXI., *d*, *e*), only the lobster-tail helmet, the breast and back-plate—or, with the footman, the morion and gorget—remained. Nevertheless, during the first half of the seventeenth century, the armor XVIII., *b*, may still be considered typical and was much worn not only by general officers, but by certain especial corps. It was the armor of the thirty years' war, of Tilly and of Wallenstein, of Charles I. of England, and of many another of Vandyke's noble sitters. The wounded Hampden may have worn it as, drooping over his horse's neck, he rode away to die. Cromwell is generally represented in a lighter armor, more like his own Ironsides, but the Germans apparently clung to the long tassets; Gustavus Adolphus, "The Lion of the North," wore them, and we see the cuirass and its armpieces over the scarlet robes of the great cardinal as they blow in the wind upon the wooden boom that Richelieu built against blockaded La Rochelle. The rank and file of European armies had lightened their armor, and when the psalm-tune mingled with the scabbard-rattle, and the charge swept after the cavaliers at Dunbar, there was no more iron upon the troopers than on those who dashed upon the squares at Waterloo, or who parade to-day on the Unter den Linden. But, however useless in Europe, in New England and against the Indian arrows armor still served "the courageous captain of Plymouth" as well as it had Cortez and Pizarro. Louis XIII. clung to it, and his black musketeers wore cuirass and armpieces —during a campaign, but old prints show us Athos and d'Artagnan as in XXI., *a*, *b*. Engineers still went to the trenches in head-piece and cuirass (XXI., *c*), and gentlemen had their portraits painted in full panoply; but in the middle of the seventeenth century, armor had had its day.

And it has had its analogies. Have not we, in the last twenty-five years, repeated in another field three centuries of experiments? Were not the light cruisers of Drake and Hawkins circling about the huge Spanish galleons a foretaste of what may yet be to come?

When the Merrimac steamed down into Hampton Roads, crushing the Congress and the Cumberland, it was the barded knight destroying those lighter

* See Kingsley's fine description of what has been called "Britain's Salamis," in "Westward Ho."

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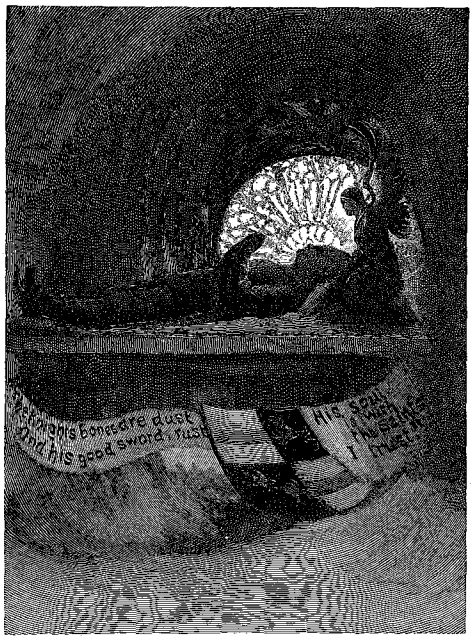
armed; and since then, in the armoring of ships, improvement has followed improvement.

In the old times the individual shut himself up in a shell, which he thickened and strengthened to resist projectiles, till, condemned to be immovable or risk the chances of bullets, he cast away his armor.



To-day, instead of one, we shut up many in a floating iron shell. Every year sees a heavier gun and a heavier target. Again it is the costly knight whom a single shot sends down with all his wealth of armor. Shall we not, too, perhaps, with our great ships of war, cast off, as did the knight, first the greave and soleret that impeded the feet, then another and another piece of iron, till to the 140-ton gun we oppose only speed and activity?

If so, we shall have repeated the experience of the middle ages. The knights of Cressy and Agincourt will stand to us not merely as entertaining historical figures, but as teachers; and the faint echo of the splintering lances of the crusaders will come to us charged with a lesson.

LOVE'S WAYS.

By Henrietta Christian Wright.

TWO paths hath Love for entering lovers' feet,
And one is broad and fair and very sweet,
And every grace of song and flower hath;
The other is a straight and narrow path
Where stones and brambles choke the bitter way,
And songs it hath, but never one is gay.
And some who enter are with roses bound,
And some with thorns, but none may go uncrowned;
And yet, both ways are thronged with eager feet,
And voices, gay and sad, chant—Love is sweet.

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NATURAL SELECTION.

A ROMANCE OF CHELSEA VILLAGE AND EAST HAMPTON TOWN.

By H. C. Bunner

PART II.

RANDOLPH'S communication was not a surprise to his mother. In such matters the maternal instinct needs but a small clew for its wonderful intuitive processes. It is not often that a young man surprises his mother in this sort of avowal. There are such cases, but they are rare. I knew one dear old lady whose son took her aside one day. "I'm engaged," he said. "I know it, dear," the sweet old gentlewoman replied, "and I wish you would tell Sally Hastings that I shall love her as though she were my own daughter." "But it isn't Sally Hastings, mother," said the young man, who had never been a steadfast young man, "it's Miss McIlvaine, from Tonawanda."

Mrs. Wykoff had known for some months that her son was a constant visitor at the Leetes. She knew that there were two girls in the family, and that the younger was a pretty girl, and superior to the rest of the Leetes in taste and education. She knew, also, that however valuable Mr. Leete's aid and advice might be to her son, the young man's enthusiasm for his new work was not great enough to make him forget a social code acquired by inheritance, inculcated in early youth, and ratified by the authority of Harvard College. There was but one interpretation to be put upon his devotion to these new friends.

All this Mrs. Wykoff knew from the little her son had told her. It was little enough. Randolph was not secretive or deceitful, but he rarely talked personalities, and of his own doings he spoke no oftener than was necessary. He had a young man's sensitiveness to the criticism and comment that fall to the lot of the open-mouthed enthusiast. And then his position was not so clear to himself that he could make it clear to others. Do not blame him. If you were falling deeper and deeper into love, and knew that the object of your affections could not be acceptable to your kind parents, would you issue daily bulletins of the progress of your case, with conscientious diagnosis and prognosis? Was there ever a pair of lovers who did not yearn to keep their common joy eternally a selfish secret? Frown all you care to, stern censor—if all the lovers had their way, there would not be desert islands enough to go around.

Mrs. Wykoff knew something, and guessed a great deal, yet she could not act either on the certainty or the suspicion. She knew that she could not oppose Randolph. He had all his father's self-confidence and stubborn courage without—the widow sadly thought—without, as yet, John Wykoff's clear judgment, fine sense of right and wrong, and unselfish devotion to principle.

John Wykoff's wife knew well the Wykoff strain. She had married John Wykoff when his father, by ill-judged speculations, had ruined not himself only but all the Wykoff family, root and branch, and had made himself hated by the whole body of his kith and kin. She had been her husband's best friend and counsellor through all the years that it took to build up again the great shipping-house of Wykoff & Son, and during those years she had led a pinched, narrow, meagre life. Then, when the new fortune was made, and the honor and credit of the old firm re-established, it was her tact that won them admission to the society from which Grandfather Wykoff's recklessness and their own poverty had exiled them. It was her task to renew old associa-

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tions, to strengthen long-enfeebled ties, to close up breaches, and negotiate reconciliations. She had to bear snubs and slights; she had to win her right to respect and esteem in a long and hard fight; and all that she had to do and bear was done and borne, not for her own sake, but for the sake of her husband and her boy. For herself she had no need to take thought; she was a Broadwood, of Philadelphia, and her family thought that she lowered herself when she married the son of a bankrupt Wykoff.

The struggle had ended years ago, and now Mrs. Wykoff was a widow, still handsome, rich in money and in friends. The discipline of her life had not been lost on her. Her nature, that was always sweet, had grown strong in troublous times, and she was, at forty-five, a chastened woman of the world. I think the world makes as many saints as sinners.

She received her son's story with a calm acceptance of the situation that ought to have put him on his guard. To be sure, she cried a little, but only for a moment; and for the rest she was all loving interest and attention. It must be said for Randolph that, having come to confession, he made a good, honest, clean breast of it. He made no attempt to put an imaginative gilding on the Leetes. In speaking of the family he dwelt only on their unimpeachable probity and respectability. Of Celia he could truthfully say that her manners and her speech were correct. If he dwelt too much on her intelligence, on her cleverness, and on her understanding of and sympathy with his hopes and ambitions, it must be kept in mind that Celia was an uncommonly good listener.

"I am thinking of your happiness, my dear," his mother said; "I trust I am not selfish. I could have wished, of course, that it had been someone who — someone whom I knew and loved, but——"

There lurked in this broken sentence an allusion that Randolph understood — an allusion to a cherished hope of his mother's. Perhaps he felt in some way guilty, for he made no direct reply, saying only:

"You will know Celia, mother, and you will love her. You cannot help it."

"I hope so," said the poor woman, with the best smile that she had for the occasion. "When shall I see her? Would

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it not be well for me to call on her mother."

Randolph Wykoff went away from this interview with an easy mind and a heart filled with loving admiration of his mother. She was a wonderful woman, he thought, thus to combine feminine gentleness with masculine common-sense. How kindly and how wisely she had taken it! It did not come into his mind that in the course of that brief conversation he had been led to propose and to pledge himself to two things which he had never thought of before—first, that there should be no announcement of his engagement to Celia—no actual engagement, in fact—for a year to come; second, that the engagement should not be of less than a year's duration from the date of the announcement. These two ideas seemed to have been of his own conception. He knew, or he thought he knew, how much personal annoyance his marriage to Celia Leete would bring him. He had no desire to add to this annoyance, or to be guilty of a precipitancy which he himself could not excuse. His world would be ill-spoken enough; it was not for him to justify unkind criticism. It came to him as the most natural thing imaginable that Celia Leete ought to be introduced to some of his friends, at least, as Celia Leete, before they knew her as his betrothed. And he could hardly get his present business off his hands and feel free to devote himself to a wife short of a year or two of hard work.

Three days later Mrs. Wykoff was sitting in the darkened front parlor of the Leete house on the hair-cloth sofa under the chromo of the "Old Oaken Bucket." On the opposite wall hung the ambrotype of Mrs. Leete's mother, taken at the age of eighty-seven. Mrs. Leete's mother showed a mouth that seemed to be simply a straight line where the lips

turned in. What little hair she had hung in a large flat festoon on either side of her head. A broad lace collar covered her shoulders. It was fastened under the chin by a brooch of vast size, which was, in fact, a box with a glass front, designed, apparently, to contain specimens of the hair of deceased members of the wearer's family, after the depressing fashion of the days of ambrotypes and inchoate civilization. On the face of Mrs. Leete's mother was an expression of stern resolve. She was sitting for her picture, and she was sitting hard.

Mrs. Wykoff was gazing hopelessly at this monument of respectability when

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Mrs. Leete entered the room, red in the face from a hasty change of dress, and agitated by a nervousness the existence of which she would not have admitted to herself.

Why does your thoroughbred collie bark at the tramp or the peddler within your gates, and greet shabbiest gentlehood with a friendly wag of the tail? It is because there is a difference in human beings, just as there is in dogs, and the dogs know it. The human beings know it, too, although there are some who belie their knowledge—who, having learned that the rank is but the guinea's stamp and that the man's the gowd for a' that, go about trying to make themselves and others believe that there is no such thing as an alloy in the world, no counterfeit coin, no base metal.

Mrs. Leete was agitated even to her inmost spiritual recesses when she saw this handsome and well-dressed woman rise and come forward to meet her, with such an easy grace and dignity—with such a soft rustling of her black raiment. It was five minutes at least before the perfect tact that went with these outward and visible things had put the hostess at her ease.

After a little, Celia came shyly into the room, with cold hands and a pale face. Mrs. Wykoff's heart leaped in pleased surprise when she saw the girl of her son's choice. She kissed Celia almost with tenderness, and she felt a genuine thankfulness for the child's delicate beauty and her modest bearing. "I can understand it now," she thought, "and it is better than I had dared to hope."

But presently in came Mr. Leete, in his Sunday broadcloth, with a new collar making him very uncomfortable about the chin, and with him came Dorinda, red as to her bodice and black as to her skirts and wonderful as to the dressing of her hair, and all was not so well with Mrs. Wykoff.

Mrs. Wykoff's visit lasted scarcely an hour, yet, when she had gone, every member of the family except Celia felt that affairs wore a new and less pleasing aspect. There was no longer a delightful certainty about the prospective alliance of the Leetes to one of the oldest and wealthiest families in the country. Three days before, Randolph Wykoff had asked Mr. Leete for his daughter's hand, and the offer had been accepted with no longer hesitation than was absolutely demanded by the self-respect of the head of the house. Since then, all the family had lived in a rose-tinted dream. Now, Mrs. Wykoff's friendly, informal chat had somehow served to marshal before their eyes an array of hard, cold, unwelcome facts. How had it been done? They did not know. They could not blame Mrs. Wykoff; she had been amiability itself. Yet there were the facts, patent to all of them. Why, it was Mr. Leete himself who had advanced the idea that for two young people to talk of marriage after three months of acquaintance was simply absurd. It was he who had said that people—he did not perhaps know what people, but, in fact, *people*—would comment with justifiable severity upon such heedless haste. Certainly the suggestion that at least a year must elapse before the announcement of the engagement had come from him; and none of the house of Leete was sufficiently versed in the subtleties of polite diplomacy to inquire how the notion came *to* Mr. Leete.

It was at Popper Leete, in very truth, that Mrs. Wykoff had directed her masked batteries, and with more effect than she suspected. She had touched lightly on Randolph's youth, his inexperience, his impulsive nature, and she had called attention to the undeniable truth that young men do not always know their own minds. Mr. Leete had taken the hint, and to his mind it had an exaggerated significance.

"I d'no but what she's right," he said to his wife; "mebbe we've been too easy about sayin' 'yes.' She's a business-woman, and she's got a good, sound head. Folks useter say that John Wykoff and wife was as good a business-firm as there was in town. Now, she knows this young feller, an' what do we know about him? Nothin', when you come right down *to* it. We don't know what his ideas are, or what sort of a man he is, anyway. We don't know how he spends his evenin's, or what he does with himself when we don't see him. Now, s'pose he was on'y foolin' with Celia, and was to get tired of her

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an' skip out to Europe, some day eruther? We can't tell. S'pose he was to marry her and then turn out bad? Look at the way them Newport folks are all the time gittin' divorced an' bein' shown up in the noozpapers. How do we know but what he's bean a-makin' up to a dozen girls over there in Europe. Now, reelly, we don't know much more about that young man than if he was a Eu*r*opean himself."

"Oh, Popper Leete," remonstrated his wife, "'tain't so bad as *that!*"

"Well," Mr. Leete insisted, shaking his head in stubborn doubt, "'tain't much better, when you come right down *to* it."

. . . . . .

There are plenty of married couples in the world who can lay their hands on their twain hearts and unanimously declare that the time of their betrothal was the happiest times of their lives. There are other people, however, who can as honestly say that they were never more uncomfortable and generally miserable than they were in the No Man's Land through which civilized matrimony must be approached.

Perhaps the months or years of engagement may be enjoyable to those who enter upon their contract in a business-like and practical spirit, or to those easy-going mortals who take their love on trial, much as they might take a type-writer or a patent lamp. But to two young people dreadfully in love and dreadfully in earnest, this stretch of time is like the trying pause when the soldier on the battle-field waits for the order to advance.

The woman's position is certainly doubtful and disagreeable. She belongs neither to her parents nor to her betrothed—not even to herself. Hers is the proud prerogative of deciding between blue and pink for the dining-room paper, between script and old English for the engraving on the spoons—while, perhaps, her former owners and her future owner are settling on a religion for her and for her children *in posse*.

We do not all of us have to suffer the possible rigors of this state of interregnum. The kindly refinements of modern life make the situation as agreeable as may be. Yet among the gentlest and most delicate of people, it is often a situation at best but barely tolerable. What must it be among people who are not given to yielding to others, and who are given to speaking their minds—those hastily made-up minds which for the most part were best left unspoken?

It was a cocksure and outspoken family into which Randolph Wykoff had tumbled; and one that had well-defined opinions on all matters of personal conduct, and wanted no new lights from any source. And as Randolph himself could be cocksure on occasion, and as he certainly had not come down to Chelsea Village to seek illumination on any dark points of social doctrine, a clash was inevitable, and the clash came promptly.

It came when the chilling truth was first clearly recognized by the Leetes that young Mr. Wykoff was engaged to Celia exclusively, and did not hold himself bound to the rest of the family by any ties so tender. To be sure, Wykoff was the soul of kindly courtesy in his relations with them all, and yet, like the old farmer in *Punch*, sipping airy champagne in place of his accustomed old ale, they "didn't seem to get no forr'ader." When Randolph broke one of Mrs. Leete's teacups, he made the accident an excuse for sending her a full tea-set, so delicate of mould that Mrs. Leete never dared to use it. He gave Father Leete a meerschaum that he had brought from Europe. He adorned Alonzo's scarf with a scarabæus of rare beauty. (Alonzo held the gift but lightly until it occurred to him to have its money-value appraised at a Broadway jeweller's.) He loaded Celia with gifts, and he did not forget to select for her sister, every now and then, a trinket of a fashion more noticeable than he would have held fitting for his betrothed. And as for flowers—he made the dingy house brilliant with the artificial refinements of the hothouse. But beyond courteous speech and an open hand, they soon found that nothing was to be expected of the newcomer in the family circle.

Alonzo had to accept the obvious fact that he would never be put up at Mr. Randolph Wykoff's club, even if he sought such an honor—which he told his own conscience he did not. Dorinda

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saw bright visions fade before her eyes when she learned that Mr. Wykoff, whether he were in mourning or out of mourning, was not in the habit of taking his "lady friends" to the public balls, and that he did not so much as know the "Triton" from the "Männerchor." And Mrs. Leete, while she understood that John Wykoff's widow must live for many months, at least, in strict retirement from the world, yet felt that it had in some subtile way been made clear to her own perception that the hand of society would never be stretched out to the Leetes at the particular request of the Wykoffs.

There was no question about it, Mr. Wykoff had no proper sense of his position as a prospective son- and brother-in-law; and hint and suggestion fell upon his calm unconsciousness of his delinquency as little sparks upon the breast of an ice-bound lake. They did their best to bring him to a knowledge of what they called among themselves "the proper thing;" but neither precept nor example availed aught against his vast, innocent ignorance.

In this he was quite honest, although the Leete family could hardly believe it. It did occur to him, at one time, that he had been made to hear a great deal about a certain Mr. Cargill, soon to be wedded to one of Dorinda's bosom friends. This gentleman had acquired what seemed to Randolph a strange habit of taking his bride-to-be and all her family, including a maiden aunt, to the theatre some four or five times a week. For this ceremony, or operation, Mr. Cargill was wont to array himself, according to Dorinda's account, in a swallow-tail coat, a lavender satin tie, and an embroidered shirt. But beyond a vague wonder if perchance Cargill completed this costume with shepherd's plaid trousers and Roman sandals, Mr. Wykoff saw no hidden significance in the parable.

Thus it came to pass that Randolph, for his contumacious and persistent abiding in darkness, was put under a ban by all save one member of the family. Father and Mother Leete, it is true, visited their displeasure upon him only passively, and far, far more in sorrow than in anger. But Alonzo and Dorinda declared him anathema, and would have none of him. I need hardly say that their parents knew nothing of this unwise severity.

There was a time when Wykoff was welcomed at the portal by Celia's brother or her sister, as it might happen. (It was a convention in the family—one of the "whats" which are "what"—that Celia might not with propriety open the front door to her beloved.) He was allowed to meet her in the hall-way, and they went into the parlor to chat out their private chat. Then they joined the family circle in the dining-room, where the evening lamp shone cheerily on the red cloth that turned the dining-table into a centre-table, and Randolph answered questions about his mother's health, or talked of building-matters with Mr. Leete, or made engaging conversation on topics judiciously selected from the news of the day.

But that time was long past ere the winter had travelled over the brow of Christmas Hill. Now it was always Dorinda who opened the door to him. He did not know it, but Dorinda, on the nights when he might be looked for, took her seat by the dining-room door, on the most uncomfortable chair in the room, and awaited his coming in a gloomy spirit of duty. She always opened the door with the chain up, and peered through the crack as though she were expecting a stranger of murderous intentions. Then she said, with the corners of her mouth drawn down in a painful smile: "Oh, I *beg* your pardon, Mr. Wykoff; I didn't know it was you, to-night." The door was closed, the chain let down, the door swung open slowly, and Randolph was admitted, to face a greeting that rarely varied much in form:

"I don't *s'pose* you want to see the *fam'ly*, Mr. Wykoff; if you'll be so *kind* as to step into the *parlor*, I'll tell my *sister* you're here."

Dorinda had reduced the difficult arts of irony and sarcasm to a few simple formulas of vigorous emphasis, applied to the direct deliverances of ordinary conversation. Yet, had it not been for a certain ring of triumphant satisfaction in her tone, and a sparkle of proud achievement in her eye, Wykoff would perhaps have failed to suspect her intent.

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In the front parlor, dimly lit and chilly—Alonzo was in charge of the furnace—Randolph awaited his betrothed. After what was held a proper and dignified space of time, she was permitted to join him. She came in, often, with a flush high on her cheeks and with a fluttering breath, and hid her head on his shoulder, where he let it lie. He was not an observant young man; he was not a demonstrative wooer, but he felt that his little girl was suffering persecution, and he pitied her.

He had more than Dorinda's depressing salutation to open his eyes. As he sat in the shadowy parlor, waiting for Celia, he heard Dorinda return to the dining-room to announce his coming. Her entrance was followed by a silence. Then came a loud grunt, from far down in Mr. Leete's deep lungs, as if he said, "Oh, is *that* all?" Sometimes a profound sigh was audible through the closed folding-doors, and he could guess that there was a weight on Mother Leete's mind. And regularly, every night that he sat there, he heard Alonzo arise, march through the hall, put on his coat and hat, and go out into the night. And, in doing this simple thing, Alonzo contrived, in every step along the hall, to put a staccato accentuation into the setting down of his heel which could not fail to carry its meaning to the lost soul in the front parlor. It was the righteous man stalking out of the neighborhood of the accursed thing.

But of Celia's sufferings at her relatives' hands, Randolph had an exaggerated conception. Alonzo and Dorinda annoyed her in their different ways, but she was quite able to take care of herself in every sort of family spat. She was gentle of spirit, gentle in her tastes; but she had learned to spar in many wordy contests, and she was now no longer dependent upon the love or the approval of either Alonzo or her sister. Indeed, all minor matters, all the little things of the house which had been important to her a few months before meant nothing to her now. She was leading a life of which her brother, her sister, her father, her mother, knew nothing; she was walking in paths where their petty jealousies, spites, disappointments, and misunderstandings could not follow her.

There is, however, no telling where combatants like Alonzo and Dorinda will stop when they once start on a line of aggressive conduct. It is not enough for them to see that their weapons strike home; to see the punctures, to know, whatever momentary exaltation of soul may stay the physical pain of the victim, that, sooner or later, the wounds must begin to bleed, and the tender flesh to burn with fever. Theirs is a grosser warfare. They must see the suffering, they must hear the cries; they must realize that they have inflicted material damage before they can feel that they have done what they set out to do. Especially must their vengeance be complete when it constitutes what they consider merited punishment—and to judge and to punish is the especial mission of these right-thinking and right-doing people, who, being ever in the right, have but small pity for those erring mortals who have not their light.

So it was not long before Dorinda laid down the foil of polite irony, and took to broadsword-practice. She had been content with the pleasure to be derived from outspoken conjectures as to her sister's probable behavior after she should have joined her "swell friends"—whether or no she would recognize her kinsfolk when she met them on the street—or look at anyone who lived in a frame house—or use baking-powder in her kitchen. But now she relieved her mind with open and vituperative onslaughts upon Randolph Wykoff, his mother, and all that they stood for and represented in the social scheme. She gave up going to the door to let Randolph in, and that duty was delegated to Alonzo, who performed it in absolute silence, with a discourteous hostility in his bearing that, had he not been Celia Leete's brother, would have got him a sound thrashing at the hands of a young gentleman who had been held, in his time, one of the prettiest middle-weight boxers that had ever sparred at Harvard College.

It was a most unpleasant state of things for the engaged pair, and they talked it over at every meeting. Wykoff was for going to Mr. Leete and demanding an abatement of the nuisance; but Celia, who underestimated the strength

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of her position, told him that parental interference would only embitter her persecutors, and make her lot the harder; and her lover unwillingly held his peace. It was Dorinda who brought matters to a climax.

Mrs. Wykoff had been ill. Her lungs just held its own for brilliancy against Dorinda's red bodice of state.

The Cargill and the Cargill-expectant glanced at the Wykoff as he entered and sat down in the farthest corner of the room; Dorinda did not even turn her head, but pitched the conversation in a

were not over-strong, and she had been taken with something that looked like pneumonia. Randolph stopped at the Leetes, late one January afternoon, to tell Celia of his mother's progress toward recovery. He was admitted by the servant—a rare event; for attendance upon the front door was not among that handmaid's many duties. She let him into the parlor, and there he found Dorinda, volubly entertaining a young man and a young woman whom he at once guessed to be the much-vaunted Cargill and his bride-elect. Cargill was a tall young man with a large black mustache. His clothing had that effect of shiny and unwrinkled newness which is rarely to be observed save on the wire frames in the tailors' windows. Huge diamonds sparkled on his fingers, in his necktie, and even in a shamelessly exposed collar-stud. Mrs. Cargill, that was to be, was clad in a blue velvet dress that higher key, so that he might lose no word of it.

"Was you at the Sweatman's sociable?" she inquired.

"Nope," said Mr. Cargill, sucking the big silver head of his cane.

"I heard it was real el'gant," Miss Leete ran on; "I couldn't go—ma 'n' me had to go to a meetin' of the church fair c'mittee. I s'pose you know I'm goin' to have the Rebekah booth at the fair. Hope you're comin' to patronize me. I'll sell you some lem'nade—'f you ever drink lem'nade, Mr. Cargill."

The simper with which this speech was ended was a beautiful tribute to Cargill in his quality of man of the world.

"Ain't sellin' beer this trip?" was Mr. Cargill's jocular inquiry. "Then I guess I'll take lem'nade. Sell a stick with it?"

"Oh, do hush," said the bride-elect, dabbing at him with her muff, and pre-

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tending to be scandalized at his wickedness. "*I* think lem'nade's reel nice, don't you, D'rinda? I'm comin' to get some, 'n' I'm goin' to make *him* pay for it, too."

Two treble laughs and a bass laugh did honor to this witticism, and, when the spasm of merriment was over, Dorinda began again.

"D'you see Mr. Cree at the Sweatman's? *I* think he's one 'f the nicest gentlemen I ever *saw*."

Celia was out; it was a quarter of an hour before she came in, and through that quarter of an hour Randolph Wykoff sat in his corner of the parlor and heard the chronicle of a society that in one way might well be called, as it would have called itself, "el'gant."

This was bad enough, but there was worse yet. The visitors took their leave at last, and Dorinda followed them into the hall-way. She closed the door behind her, but one door was a poor obstruction to Dorinda's voice, and Wykoff heard what probably it was intended that he should hear:

"*Him?* Oh, that's Mr. Wykoff—Celia's friend, you know—he ain't any 'f *mine*. I'd have introduced you, on'y I don't hardly know him well enough. We ain't fine enough for him, 'n' I thought maybe our friends wasn't. Guess you ain't lost much, though."

When Celia came in, Randolph told her, as gently as possible, but definitely and definitively, that thereafter he would come to the house only when her sister was not at home, and he kept his word.

Yet they had to see each other, and so they fell into a bad way of meeting in the streets. Celia contrived to let her lover know that on such a day a shopping tour would bring her through such and such a street at this or that hour; and at the time and place appointed, Randolph would meet her to walk home with her. This unwise arrangement brought itself to a timely end, happily for both of them. Celia's sources of supply were among the marts of fashion that line West Fourteenth Street and the region round about. Thence she could find no route homeward on which a young man like Randolph Wykoff could have the ghost of an excuse for loitering. He therefore suggested to her to make her purchases at the larger shops on Broadway, so that he might join her in the quiet side-streets to the east of the great thoroughfare. Those streets between Union and Madison Squares are, for the most part, given over to boarding-houses and lodging-houses of dull respectability, and although they are not much traversed,

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they lie in lines that anyone might follow who would pass from Murray Hill to—say, for a fine old-fashioned quarter, Stuyvesant Square. And as the Wykoffs lived near Stuyvesant Square, Randolph might well take any one of them on his way home, without drawing undesired attention to the fact of his meeting a young lady, and turning on his track to walk a few blocks with her.

But the Broadway tradesmen have

not the Fourteenth Street idea of "bargains;" and it soon became known in the Leete household, where nothing was done in privacy, that Celia was buying embroidery-silk, and gros-grain ribbons, and cotton-lace, and ruchings, and the like, at prices that were simply scandalous to the apprehension of Fourteenth Street shoppers. Dorinda drew her own conclusions, which were quite correct; she communicated them to her mother; her mother brought the case before Mr. Leete, and he, summoning Celia to his presence, heard the whole story. Up to that point Celia had suffered in silence, obeying that unnumbered commandment which the experience of childhood has added to the decalogue: Thou Shalt Not Tell Tales. Now, there was nothing for it but to uncover the history of her ill-treatment and her lover's at the hands of Alonzo and Dorinda. Popper Leete heard; he constituted himself a dictatorial court of inquiry and judgment, and when the culprits had made their inadequate defence, he laid down the law.

"I want this nonsense stopped right here," he said, sternly; "when your ma 'n' me wanter break off that match we'll do it, an' when we want any help from either of you we'll let you know. What your ma an' me think of him is none of your business, you understand! When he comes here you want to treat him decent and civil. I'm ashamed of you, that a gentleman should come into my house and be treated so by you two young whippersnappers that he can't come to see your sister like she was a lady. Don't let me hear of this nonsense no more; you hear me—no more! An' quit a-naggin' of your sister!"

Mr. Leete's judgment, once put forth, allowed no disobedience, either in letter or in spirit, and as he took pains in his own person to show a proper and dignified courtesy toward Mr. Wykoff, it was not long before Celia and her betrothed were enjoying to the full such comfort as there may be in a forced peace. But it was not a pleasant air to breathe, and though the occasion of their parting was sad in itself, they both felt more relief than either would have cared to own, when Randolph was summoned to Florida, where his mother lay ill. She had gone South to regain strength, after her illness of January, only to catch cold again in six weeks. She was nursed by the two Curtis girls, the daughters of her favorite cousin, and she was well nursed; but her relapse proved a serious matter, and Randolph was sent for. He set out at once, and stayed with his mother until the worst was over, and while she regained her strength. It was in the last of May that he brought her home to the old Wykoff house near East Hampton. During this time he and Celia corresponded with regularity. It was a most satisfying correspondence, at the bottom, as our French friends say; but when Randolph tied up the little package of letters and tucked it away in the safest corner of the trunk that he was packing for the homeward journey, he thought that perhaps it would be a good thing to suggest to Celia that he would be greatly pleased

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if she cared to read one or two books that he had found serviceable in his own studies.

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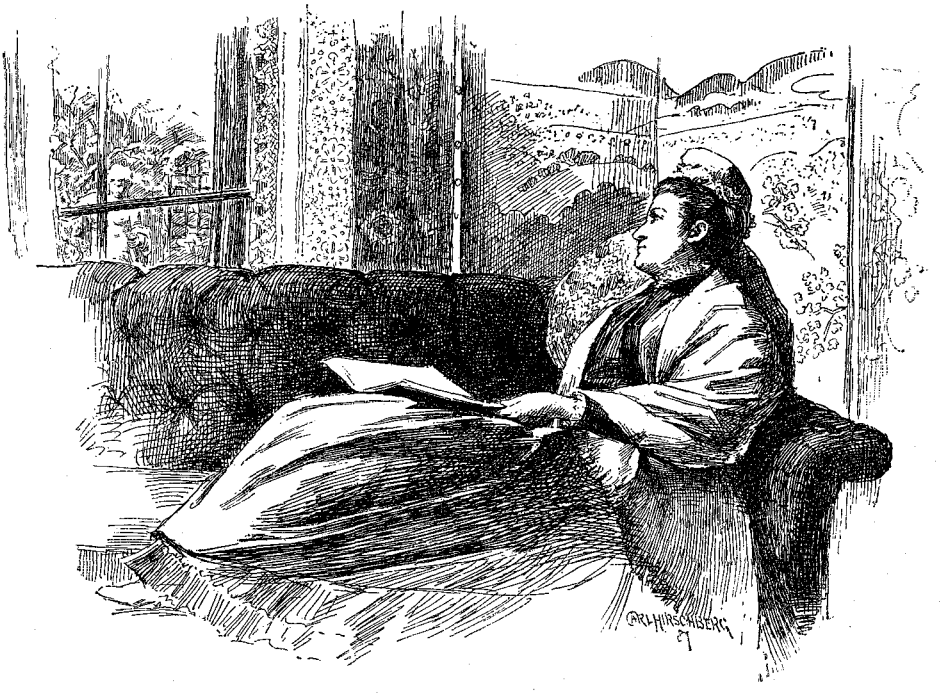
One little incident that took place just before Mrs. Wykoff went to Florida made a deep impression upon Mr. Leete, and set him to thinking uneasily of the future. His wife drew his attention to the fact that Mrs. Wykoff having passed through a serious illness, a call of congratulation, from the head of the house of Leete, would be an appropriate and delicate attention to the convalescent. Perhaps, the good wife suggested, the Leete family had been remiss in such matters of courtesy. Mrs. Wykoff's visit was still unreturned, and, as Mrs. Leete truly said, it was only because Popper Leete had kept saying that he would go with her some day, and had never yet found the day to suit him. *Now*, they didn't both of them want to go streakin' down there together, when Mrs. Wykoff was sick, or sort of sick; and she herself couldn't go, with the church fair to look after; but Popper Leete could go just as well as not, and it would look as if they meant to do the right thing; and if he'd go now, he'd never have to go again, and he might just as well go, and have *done* with it.

Mr. Leete went. Dressed in his Sunday broadcloth, he presented himself at the door of the Wykoffs' great house on Second Avenue, and gave the liveried menial his one card, neatly written in Dorinda's elaborate "Anserian System" handwriting.

Mrs. Wykoff was lying on the lounge in her sunny sitting-room, which looked out on a little snow-covered corner of the garden, where a half-clad Venus snatched at her scanty raiment, and looked as though she would like to be able to shudder, and shake the snow off her bare shoulders.



Mr. Leete had a pleasant call. He soon found himself talking readily with the gentle, gracious lady on the lounge, and he was so much at his ease that he was even able to cast furtive glances at the room and its furniture—rich, yet simple and old enough in fashion to come within the scope of his knowledge. He was so much at ease, indeed, that when Mrs. Wykoff's tea was brought in, he accepted her offer of a cup, and, becoming

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interested in the conversation, dropped the cup on the floor and broke it into many fragments.

He was deeply distressed. It took all Mrs. Wykoff's tact and discretion to make him feel that she saw no uncommon awkwardness in his mishap.

"They are absurd things, those little egg-shell cups," she said, "they are forever breaking. Randolph brought me that set only three months ago, and I think that he and I between us have contrived to break half a dozen cups since then. Don't give it another thought, please."

Mr. Leete did give it another thought, however. He gave it thought enough to privily examine the mark on the bottom of the broken cup. It bore a French name, strange to him; but he succeeded in getting some sort of mental picture of the combined characters. In his own phrase, he sized it up roughly. When, a quarter of an hour later, he found himself in the street, with no clear idea of the means by which his visit had been brought to a painless close and an easy exit, he was already nursing the germ of a great idea.

Why should not a Leete, as well as a Wykoff, replace a broken set of chinaware? Mrs. Wykoff had said that six cups were already gone—Mr. Leete's cup made the seventh. Here was a chance to perform an act of substantial courtesy, and with credit to the family. "I guess I'll do a little suthin' in the crockery line myself," thought Mr. Leete.

He remembered that Randolph's gift of china had come from a well-known shop on Broadway, and thither he went at once. A polite little salesman met him near the door of the long ware-room, and inquired his pleasure. Mr. Leete was conscious of feeling large, ponderous, and solid amid all the fragility. Faïence and Limoges were in front of him, Sèvres and Belleek to right and left, and his eyes rested on nothing simpler or more modest than that sturdy Meissen ware which is still honored under the name of Dresden.

"I want some tea-things," began Mr. Leete, "of the kind you call—" the French word failed him, but his eye lit on the thing itself, a set of the identical pattern, different only in color, lying in state among the satin folds of a huge leather case.

"There—them!" he said; "that's what I'm lookin' for, only I want it in blue."

"We haven't a blue set, sir," said the clerk; "we had one, but we sold it a few months ago."

"D'ye know who you sold it to?" queried Mr. Leete, hiding his detective intent under a mask of simplicity. "Maybe the party would be willin' to sell."

The clerk smiled superciliously.

"I hardly think so," he said; "our trade is pretty much with private customers."

"I'd like to have you make sure," persisted Mr. Leete; "I want blue, an' I'm willin' to pay for it."

The salesman trotted to the back of the shop, and spoke to a clerk at a desk. The clerk fluttered the leaves of a great book, and the salesman trotted back, with a superior smile on his lips.

"I don't think you'll be very successful, sir," he said; "that other set was bought by Mr. Wykoff, son of old John Wykoff, who died last year. You may have heard of him. They're one of the oldest families in the city, and one of the richest. I don't believe they'd be willing to dispose of anything they bought."

"I've heard of 'em," said Mr. Leete, smiling in his turn. He wanted to see that salesman's face when he told him to box up the pink set and send it to Mrs. John Wykoff, Second Avenue. After all, the pink would do as well as the blue.

"What's the price of this set here?" he asked, touching one of the egg-shell cups with a careful finger.

"Four hundred and twenty dollars," said the salesman.

"Eh?" said Mr. Leete.

"Very cheap at that, sir—marked down from four hundred and seventy-five. All hand-painted by one of the first artists in France. Only these two sets ever imported—quite unique."

"Hum!" snorted Mr. Leete, "too bad you ain't got the blue. Good-day."

Out in the street he made a rapid calculation.

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"Four hundred 'n' twenty—cup 'n' saucer's one piece, I s'pose; one ain't good for much 'thout t'other—twelve—teapot, jug, an' sugar's fifteen—wa'n't no slop-bowl—fifteen into four hundred 'n' twenty—twenty-eight dollars. Moses Taylor!"

This is the New Yorker's special oath of astonishment; though why that eminent and sober-minded merchant has received such strange canonization in the calendar of mild profanity no one may know. When he was at home he told his wife all about it, and shook his head dubiously as he drew some uncomfortable conclusions.

"I *don't* see," he said, "that we've got any occasion to travel with folks that c'n smash twenty-eight dollars wuth 'f crockery an' not so much as know it. That ain't any sort of housekeeping for Celia. She ain't been brought up in that way, an' I don't want her to get sech ideas. Twenty-eight dollars! Why, Ma Leete, I'd ruther have her eat off stone china all the days 'f her life—an' so would you."

. . . . . .

And yet Mr. Leete was as much pleased as was his wife when, in July, a letter came from Mrs. Wykoff, at East Hampton, inviting Celia to spend a few weeks at the Wykoff homestead.

"You will have a dull time," she wrote, "for I am still something of an invalid, and, of course, we see no one; but my nieces—I call them so—are spending the summer with me, and they and Randolph will do what they can to make it pleasant for you. Write me that you will come, and Parker, my faithful factotum, will call for you and make you comfortable on your journey."

Even Alonzo felt some tender stirrings toward mercy in the depths of his stern soul; and Dorinda gave it as her opinion that Celia could adequately display her self-respect and sense of independence by delaying her answer for the space of twenty-four hours.

As it took poor Celia that time to prepare a missive sufficiently lofty in tone to pass the family conclave, Dorinda had her own way, and, being placated, entered with an interest only too active and energetic into the preparation of her sister's paraphernalia.

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THE LAW AND THE BALLOT.

By Joseph B. Bishop.

O one can seek an explanation of the demand for a reform in our ballot system, which is heard in so many parts of the country that it may properly be called general, without being struck with two things,—first, that the cause of the evils which give rise to the demand is so obvious, and second, that the advocates of various kinds of political reforms have been so slow in perceiving it. In all cases the demand is found to spring from a profound dissatisfaction with the increasing influence which money is exercising in our elections, especially in the large cities. The complaint everywhere is that the political organizations, or "machines," have grown to such power that they have, in many localities, deprived the people of their right to control their own nominations and elections. When we seek for the source of the power of the machines we find it always in their control of the money which is used in elections, and when we ask why they have the money, we find the original reason to have been that they were given it to meet the expense of printing and distributing the ballots. Why must they do this work? Simply because the State has neglected to make any provision for having it done.

To this neglect of the State all the worst evils of our municipal, state and national politics are so easily and surely traceable, that the first emotion of any inquirer who has gone to the bottom of the subject is one of astonishment that the neglect was not seen and remedied long ago. Nothing is more curious, when one comes to think about it, than most of our election laws, so far as they relate to this subject of ballots. It is doubtful if there is, for example, a better election law in the whole country than that of the State of New York. It is a perfect Gibraltar against any attempt to prevent an honest counting of the votes as cast. The candidate who has a plurality of ten votes in the boxes is just as certain of being declared elected as if he had a plurality of 10,000. Equally admirable are the provisions of the same law relating to the registration of voters in the large cities of the State and the reception of their ballots on election day. These provisions were drawn for the purpose of putting an end to repeating and personating, and they have practically abolished both those abuses. Every precaution has been taken by the State to protect the legal voter in the exercise of his franchise, to exclude all others from exercising it, and to insure an honest counting of the ballots after they have been cast; but no provision whatever has been made for furnishing the ballots themselves. There is a complete lapsus in the law in this respect. Not only is no provision made for the State to do the work of printing and distributing the ballots, but no authority whatever is given to anybody to do it. By what seems to be little less than a joke in legislation, minute directions are given in the law concerning the typography of ballots which nobody is authorized to print. This work, which nobody has any legal authority to do, the political organizations have voluntarily undertaken. If the leaders of these organizations were to agree secretly on the eve of an election that they would not print any ballots, or that they would either destroy or fail to distribute those already printed, there could be no election and nobody could be held responsible for the default. The law reserves for any voter the right to write his own ballot, but how many voters in a city like New York would be able to do that accurately? Again, if the organizations were to enter into a conspiracy to distribute only the ballots of one political party, the candidates of other parties would virtually be excluded from the election, and nobody could be held legally responsible for it.

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The simple fact is that in adapting our election machinery to meet the demands of our growth in numbers, we have overlooked an important point. There was a time when we needed no registration laws and when the counting of the vote did not have to be so carefully guarded; but we passed that long ago and framed the laws necessary to protect the ballot-box against the new dangers which threatened it from those directions. Nothing remains of the primitive system, as it existed in the old "town meetings," except the method of providing ballots. That alone has not been adapted to modern needs. When communities were small, the expense of printing and distributing ballots was so slight that the question of paying it was of no importance. Gradually it became the custom for candidates, as the persons most interested, to pay the expense. From this simple practice we have gone on, practically without change to the present time. Not only has the expense of printing the ballots reached formidable proportions in all our large cities, but to get the ballots distributed at the polls requires the employment of large forces of men. Each party must have its own force, consisting of ballot distributors, workers and watchers, and to pay these large sums of money must be raised, chiefly by assessments or levies upon candidates. Here we have the genesis of the modern political machines which have come to play so dominating and so pernicious a part in our municipal politics, and consequently in our national politics;—for in nearly all the states the decisive influence in politics comes from the cities.

From the nature of the case the machines long since passed beyond the simple work of attending to the printing and distributing of the ballots. It was that work which gave them the excuse for raising funds, and from raising money for the legitimate expenses of an election, it was an easy and natural step to raising some for illegitimate expenses also. The very conditions of their existence formed an irresistible incentive to dishonesty and corruption. In the first place, the machines were made up of men who had gone into politics from no sense of public duty or patriotism, but simply for hire. The more extravagant and dishonest they could make politics, the better living would they get. In the second place, no legal authority had appointed them for their work and they were responsible to nobody for its faithful performance. They had absolute control of the ballots. They could ruin a candidate's prospects by failing to distribute his ballots, or by substituting upon them somebody else's name for his. The more they cheated, the more sources they could find from which to extract pay, either in the form of blackmail or bribes,—the larger would be their profits. They demanded every year more money for their services and had little difficulty in obtaining it. As much of it was given to them to be used for corrupt purposes, they could not be required to give an accounting of its expenditure, since such accounting would make persons contributing it liable to indictment for bribery. What wonder that under these conditions the machines grew more corrupt and dishonest with every election! No responsibility under the laws, no accounting for moneys received, no inquiry even as to its use!—why, there is not a church, or any other institution, religious or secular, in Christendom, whose officers could be safely trusted with such freedom.

But the demoralization long since passed beyond the limits of the political organizations. The continually growing demands for money for campaign uses, or election expenses, has had the inevitable effect of putting up nominations for office to be knocked down to the highest bidder. From controlling the elections the machines have passed naturally to controlling nominations, for no man can have their support who will not promise in advance of his nomination to pay an assessment as the means of defraying the cost of his election. Undoubtedly this evil of assessments has reached its most aggravated form in the city of New York, but it exists in greater or less degree in nearly all the large cities of the land: In New York, as was shown about a year ago by Mr. William M. Ivins, the City Chamberlain, in a remarkable paper before the Commonwealth Club, the ag-

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gregate of assessments in every general election is about $210,000. Single candidates are assessed as high as $25,000, and from that point the rate tapers down to $500. It seldom goes below that point for any kind of office. This is simple bargain and sale. Large as the amount is, it is only about a third of that which the machines in that city have to divide among themselves in an ordinary election, and not more than a fifth or a sixth of what they have in a Presidential election when they become, in close contests, the ready and most effective medium for the systematic and wholesale bribery of voters. The ordinary or regular force of workers in the New York organizations numbers 45,000 men, or about one-fifth of the entire voting population. They have an average of 46 men for every election district in the city, and they can increase this to any limit by hiring as many additional men as the exigencies of a campaign may require. This enormous force, of different party names, is actuated by a common purpose, and its members are always ready to combine for the election of a candidate whose views of public office meet their approval, or the defeat of one whose election would be likely to interfere in anyway with their "business."

The control of nominations and elections in all our large cities has thus passed almost completely out of the hands of what is called the "virtue and intelligence of the community." The voice of what Matthew Arnold calls the "Saving remnant" is stifled absolutely in the nominating conventions, and only occasionally is able to make itself heard in elections. Nothing could be more completely the reverse of the theory of popular government, by means of representative and deliberative assemblies, than the manner in which nominations are made. The so-called nominating conventions are merely assemblages of machine leaders and their workers who formally ratify a ticket which one or more bosses had made up from a list of names of men who are willing to pay the assessments demanded. The popular voice does not enter into the work at all. The men who decide the matter are usually all officeholders who get a living for themselves and their followers out of public office and are personally interested in making the public service as extravagant as possible. A particularly ominous thing, about which a whole paper might be written, is the prominent part which police magistrates are taking in this as well as in other branches of machine leadership. It does not require much imagination to see the inevitable evils which must result from this combination of the powers of political leadership and police magistracy. If we were to trace them out we might find why it is so difficult to enforce liquor laws in our large cities, and thus get a glimpse of the fostering influences under which the liquor traffic has grown to be such a portentous power in our politics.

The effect of offering office for sale, which the machine system really amounts to, has been to limit our officeholders almost entirely to two classes, the rich, and those willing to use public office for personal or partisan gain. Much has been said, and truthfully, of the deplorably demoralizing influence of having the mere possession of wealth substituted for fitness as a qualification for office, but it must be admitted that the harm which rich men have done in our municipal affairs is a mere trifle compared with that done by the political adventurers and speculators. Many of the rich men, who have paid for the privilege of holding office, have done so with a sincere desire of rendering the State needed service; and they have carried out that desire effectively in office. In general it may be said that the very rich man who obtains office through his wealth is content with no other return than the thanks of the public for faithful performance of its duties. It is the man who buys office as a speculation, either for cash down, or in promises of services to the political organization with which he is identified, who is the worst outcome of the system. He pays for a legislative office a sum two or three times the amount of his salary and counts upon "making a good living out of it" by selling his vote or influence on all possible occasions. He gets a nomination for an administrative office by pledging a large part of his salary as an assessment, and intends to get it back again in some way

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out of the office. He will take a judicial office, and either pledge a part of his salary in advance, or promise to use the office to protect the interests of all his political friends, or of those who will contribute to his "assessment." Men of this kind swarm in all city offices, and in our legislatures. They are the cause of swollen payrolls, of extravagant expenditures, of indirect pilferings, of all kinds of jobbery, of the enactment of bad laws and the defeat of good laws. They cost the State ten times over every year the price which they give for their nominations. Until they can be driven out of the public service, economical administration will be impossible and the enactment of just and necessary laws will become every year more and more difficult.

Is not the line from cause to effect drawn with absolute directness through all this demoralization? There is the neglect of the State to provide a method for ballot printing and distribution. This gave the machines the excuse for their formation. The expense of the work gave them the excuse for their assessments and thus led to their control of the money to be used in elections. Their control of the money has given them the control of both nominations and elections; and this in turn has given them the control of the offices and of the public patronage. Is not the remedy as obvious as the cause? As the neglect of the State has been the primal cause of all these evils, so the remedying of that neglect must be the first step toward reform. If the control of the printing and distributing of the ballots be taken from the machines and made the legal business of the State, we shall at one blow take from the machines their excuse for existence and their means of support. The advocates of this reform do not claim that it will work an immediate removal of all the ills which have sprung from the original neglect, but they do claim that it must be the first step not only toward such removal but toward any permanent reform in municipal government. They claim that until the ballot-box shall have been so completely removed from the contaminating touch of politics and politicians that it shall be in practice, what it is in theory, the free and untrammelled register of the popular will, it is useless to hope for relief through such sources as cumulative voting, increase of official responsibility or any other of the many excellent projects which have been so long and so ably advocated. The foundation must be made solid before we can add to the stability of the superstructure.

Steps in the direction of this reform have been taken in at least four States. Wisconsin passed last year a new ballot act, which, though by no means a perfect or adequate measure, contains some of the principles which are of vital importance to the work in hand. Under this act the State is put in charge of the work of distributing the ballots, but the expense of printing them is to be defrayed as heretofore by the political organizations. These organizations furnish the ballots to the State's inspectors of election, who have charge of their distribution and are under oath to discharge that duty faithfully or suffer a fixed penalty. They are to arrange the ballots under their respective political titles in a room hired by the State for that purpose and separated from the voting room by a passage or hall. Each voter enters the first room alone, selects his ballots, and passes to the voting-room, where, if found to be qualified, he deposits them, and passes out at a door provided for that purpose. Each political party is given the privilege of naming two persons to act as challengers and two others to act as custodians of the tickets. The inspectors employed by the State are to select one of the two challengers designated by each political party and designate such a place for them to stand, outside the voting-room, as will give them convenient opportunity to challenge voters. The inspectors are also to select one of the two challengers named by each political party and permit the same to remain in the ticket-room and take charge of the ballots of their respective parties. These are to be the only persons allowed to remain in the room other than those prescribed by law, but they are compelled to take an oath of office, and are forbidden, under fixed penalty of fine or imprisonment or both, to "directly or indirectly solicit, request, or attempt to influence

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any voter to vote for any candidate," though they may at a voter's request alter a ticket in such a manner only as he desires. No one is allowed to accompany the voter to the voting-room, which he enters alone and in which only one voter is allowed at a time. The law expressly provides that all windows shall be so secured as to prevent any person outside from looking into the ticket room. It is forbidden also for any crowd of persons to collect or remain within 100 feet of the voting or ticket-room during an election, or for any person to offer tickets or solicit votes within 100 feet of them.

The chief effects of this law will be, of course, to banish ticket peddlers from the polls, and with them all the other gangs of workers and intimidators; and to insure for the voter freedom from espionage in the selection and voting of his ballots. These are both most important reforms, but they ought to be accompanied by the other reform of having the work and expense of printing the ballots assumed by the State. The Wisconsin act was passed in the winter of 1886–7 and became a law in April last. It applies only to cities of 50,000 or more inhabitants, and is consequently limited to Milwaukee in its application.

The most comprehensive and careful ballot act which appeared last year was one drawn in Michigan, and which passed one branch of the Legislature. This was modelled largely upon the English and Australian acts. It was very appropriately entitled a "bill to preserve the purity of elections and guard against abuses of the elective franchise." It provided for three sets of ballots in as many different colors, a white ballot containing the names of all National and State candidates to be printed by the Secretary of State at the State's expense, a blue ballot containing the names of all county candidates, to be printed by the County Clerk at the county's expense, and a red ballot containing all the names of city candidates to be printed by the city, village or township clerk at the city, village or township expense. Any candidate could have his name placed upon the ballots by presenting to the officer in charge of the printing a certificate of his nomination by any assembly, gathering or convention of citizens qualified to vote for any candidate for such office, provided he present his name 30 days before election if he were a candidate for a State office, ten days before if for a county office, and four days before if for a city office, and on payment of a fee of $50 for a State, $10 for a county and $5 for a city or township office. The ballots were to be of uniform size and to bear the name of State, county, or city and ward printed at the top. The names of candidates were to be printed after the name of the office and in the order in which they were handed in. After each candidate's name his politics was to be designated, and opposite each name, in the margin of the ballot, there was to be a vacant space in which the voter should designate his choice by a (×). The form of the ballot for all offices would be like the following for Governor:

State Ballot.

Governor.....	John Smith	Republican....	×	Vote for one.
Governor.....	John Jones.....	Democrat		
Governor.....	John Robinson ..	Prohibition....		
Governor.....				

The blank space at the bottom was required on each ticket and at the close of each list of names for each office, to enable the voter to write in the name of any person, whose name was not printed on the ballot, for whom he desired to vote.

The provisions of the Michigan bill in regard to the act of voting were in the main excellent. Elections were to be held in districts of not more than 300 voters each. At every polling place there was to be a room in which there were separate compartments in the proportion of one for every 50 voters. This room was to be in sole charge of the election officials who had exclusive control of the ballots, none of which were allowed to be distributed anywhere else. When the voter entered, he must first show that he was qualified to vote, after which he would receive his ballots from an inspector who would place his own initials upon the back of each. The voter was then to retire to

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one of the compartments, which must be so constructed that he would be free from observation, and there indicate by a cross in the margin the candidate for each office for whom he wished to vote. Coming from the compartment after marking his ballots he should fold them so that their faces would be concealed, but so that the initials of the inspector could be seen upon the backs, and offer them to the inspectors who were to put them in the ballot-boxes. No persons were to be allowed in the voting room except the officers of election and policemen, and the number of voters admitted at one time must not exceed the number of compartments by more than five. The time during which a voter could remain in the voting rooms could be regulated by the election officials, but could not be made less than three minutes or more than ten. It was made unlawful for any election officer or any person in the polling room or compartments to persuade or to endeavor to persuade any person to vote for a particular candidate, and the penalty for such conduct was fixed at a fine not exceeding $100 or imprisonment not exceeding 90 days.

These provisions for the secrecy and purity of the ballot are founded upon the principles of the laws which have been put in practice with such signal success in both Australia and England. It has been found in those countries that the simple requirement that the voter shall be alone with the election officers while he casts his vote, has practically put an end to bribery, for no briber will pay money to a voter whom he cannot follow to the polls to see if he votes as he is bribed. Under our present system whole squads of voters are marched to the polls with their ballots in their hands so held that the boss can see them from the time they are received till they are deposited in the ballot-boxes. Under the provisions of the Michigan bill the boss could not get in sight of the polls and could not therefore either intimidate or bribe a single voter. All excuse for machine existence would be taken away, for there would be nothing for the machines to do and no pretext upon which money could be raised for their support. The one serious defect in the Michigan bill was the provision requiring fees from candidates when they filed their names with the officers in charge of the printing. That is an indefensible recognition of the pernicious theory of the present system that candidates ought to bear an expense which really belongs to the whole people.

In no State has the subject under consideration received more serious and thoughtful attention than in New York. It was in New York City in fact that it received the impulse which has brought it to the attention of the whole country. The discussions of the Commonwealth Club last Winter led to the rough drafting of a bill which has been made the basis of a measure which it is hoped the New York Legislature will enact into a law before the present session closes. It follows in the main the lines of the Michigan bill and seeks to secure, in the simplest, most direct, and most effective manner, the complete control by the State of the printing and distributing of ballots. There should also be in it a provision making it possible for a fixed number of citizens, by certifying within a certain period of an election that they wish to vote for the same person for a particular office, to have his name printed upon the ballots for that office. A bill which was prepared in Connecticut last Winter, but never presented to the Legislature, went a step beyond this, and placed a limit to the campaign expenditures of candidates.

The advocates of electoral reform are unanimous in believing that the limitation of campaign expenditures is a most desirable thing to accomplish, but they think it would be wiser to advance a single step at a time. When the State has been put in control of the ballot machinery, the next step in the series will naturally be the passage of a law fixing a maximum limit for the expenditures of candidates and requiring the publication, after election, by the candidates or their agents, of a sworn statement of every item of expenditure. All these provisions are in the English Ballot Acts and the Corrupt Practices Acts, and their complete success in practice has been one of the most signal triumphs of modern legislation. They have lit-

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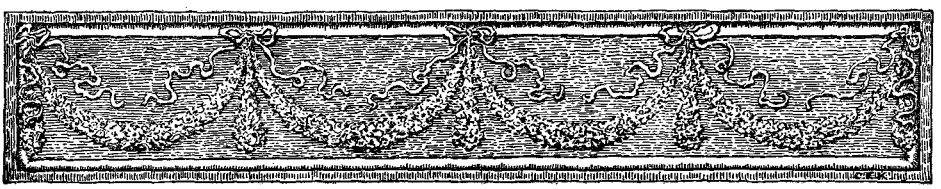
erally exterminated all the many evils which flowed in that country, as they do in this, from the unrestricted use of money in elections. They have also greatly reduced the legitimate expenses of elections, and have thus put public office within the reach of others than the rich. When the law limiting expenditures was first passed the maximum allowed was pronounced too low by nearly everybody, but after two elections had been held under it, the surprising fact was revealed that it was at least one-fourth too high. The last total of election expenditures for Great Britain before the law went into effect was estimated at about $15,000,000. At the first election under the law it dropped to about $3,900,000, and in the second, that of 1886, it dropped to less than $3,000,000, or one million less than the maximum allowed by law. At the last election before the law went into operation, there were no less than 95 petitions against returns on the ground of corruption and bribery. After the election in 1886 there was not a single one. As competitive extravagance and bribery under the old system had had the effect of constantly increasing the extravagance and dishonesty of elections, so had limited expenditure and inability to bribe produced economy. If one candidate does not bribe and corrupt, his rival has no incentive to do so.

Nobody can deny that there is a crying need for such restrictions in this country. The present agitation is confined mainly to measures designed to effect reform in our cities, but the movement must in time be extended to the whole country. The evils of the use of money in elections are by no means confined to the cities. They are found in every state and in almost every election that is held, and they are all traceable to the same source, the payment of "election expenses." Many a United States Senatorship has been decided in this way far in advance of the meeting of the Legislature whose members were to make the choice. The candidate has gone into the primaries which were to nominate the members and has secured a mortgage upon their votes then and there by agreeing to pay the expenses of their campaigns. In this practice alone—for it long ago became a practice—we obtain a hint of the causes which have led, on the one hand, to a steady moral and intellectual decline in the character of our State legislatures, and, on the other, to the appearance of the "millionaire Senator" at Washington. A law limiting expenditures and requiring the publication of the use made of every dollar spent, would put an end to this doubly demoralizing practice instantly, as it would also to any attempt in a national election to capture the presidency by bribing voters in the so-called "close" States. By making the ballot laws so rigid that the act of voting becomes really secret and untrammelled, we shall abolish individual bribery at the polls, simply by making it unprofitable to the briber. By limiting expenditures and requiring their publication, we shall abolish bribing everywhere by forcing the briber into the light and within the reach of the law. The surest way to abolish bribery, in other words, is to legislate not against the poor and ignorant voter who may be tempted to sell his vote, but against the man who tempts him, for it is the latter and not the former who has been found to be in all democracies the worst enemy of free government.



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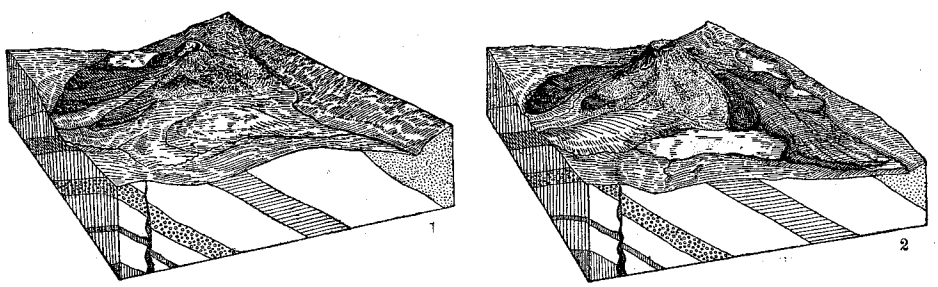
VOLCANOES.

By N. S. Shaler.

THE greater part of the earth's machinery operates, in a quiet manner, with something like the order of movement which we associate with the motions of the celestial bodies. Steadfastly, and without violence of a perturbing kind, the seasons come and go, the continents and mountain-chains rise up, the rivers and seas wear them down, and from age to age the great procession of life moves onward. Even the great perturber, Death, is so ordered in his work that the destruction of the individual or of the species rarely, if ever, breaks the succession on which advance depends. That man is here to-day as the summit and crown of all the life through which he has come to his present state is sufficient evidence that the earth's machinery has never worked with such violence as to throw the delicate mechanism of organic life out of adjustment. This order and harmony of the earth's machinery would appear to be one of its most startling features if we could conceive the gigantic nature of the forces which act upon and within this sphere. But the tumults of the sun, the great temperature of the earth's interior, and the vast weight of the masses of the earth's crust which are slowly bent into the continents and mountains, elude our imaginations. It is only in volcanoes that we may see something of the Titanic energies of the universe. They alone show us by what delicate adjustments of strengths and strains this frail mantle of life is enabled to maintain itself on the surface of the sphere.

Although the popular accounts of volcanic eruptions give the general reader some idea of the great energy of these catastrophes, they afford no adequate conception of the nature of the operations which constitute these outbreaks. Still less do they afford him any knowledge of the history of the craters from which these discharges take place. We will, therefore, begin our inquiry with a brief outline of what is known concerning the history of Vesuvius, the one volcano of which we have a tolerably full account for a period of over two thousand years.

The reader will remember that Vesuvius is situated on the shores of the Bay of Naples. This part of the Italian coast affords excellent harbors, a charming climate, and a fertile soil. Moreover, it has within its broad expanse a number of islands which in the early days afforded admirable strongholds for the small colonies of the Greek folk who for centuries, in a milder way, played the part of the Scandinavians of the later time in



Four Stages of a Volcanic District. (From series of school-models by N. S. Shaler and W. M. Davis.)

1. Two new lava-cones. Lava-stream partly blocking a valley, forming a lake.
2. Smaller cone grown to be the larger, its lava blocking two other valleys; the first lake drained.

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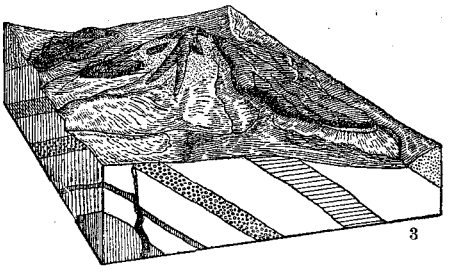
the northern seas. The island of Ischia lying upon the western border of the bay which was in time to receive its name from the relatively modern city of Naples, was in the fifth century B.C. the first seat of this Grecian settlement. At that time, and for about six centuries afterward, the volcanic cone of Vesuvius was not in activity and had a very different aspect from that it has in the present day. It was, as is shown in the cut, a broad, low mountain, not rising more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea. The crater was deep and wide, and to a modern eye would have told its volcanic history by its form; but this history had not been unravelled, and to the people of that time it was a hill and nothing more.



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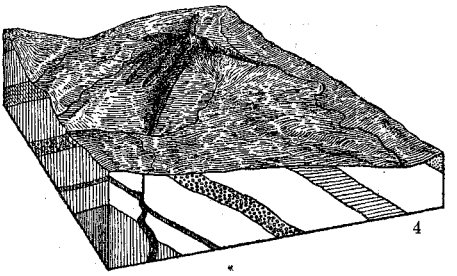

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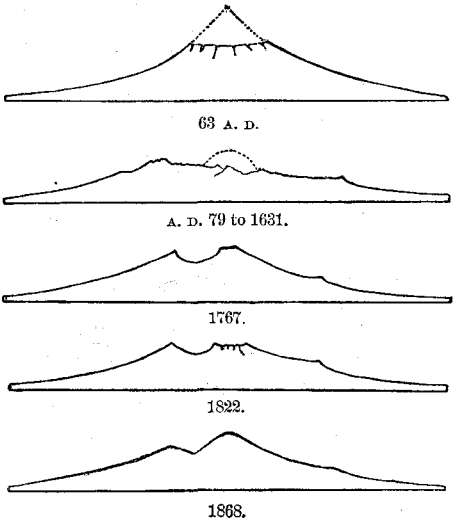
3. Volcanoes extinct; the cones wearing away, showing their roots; new valleys forming; lakes drained; obstructing lavas taking the form of hills.
4. Volcano and lavas destroyed; nothing remaining but the dikes at the old base of the cone to mark its former presence. A study of the lines indicating strata will show the rate of downwearing.

During the long sleep of Vesuvius the settlers on Ischia were afflicted with very serious eruptions from the craters on that island, and at one time were driven away from their settlements by these disasters. In this period, while Vesuvius was at rest, there were perhaps other slight eruptions of volcanic gases in the country west of Vesuvius known as the Phlægrean Fields. It is now evident that the pent-up volcanic powers were struggling to open another way for their exit. They were, however, so unsuccessful that the country remained for centuries but little disturbed. It became the country-seat of the wealthy Roman citizens, who found there exemption from the distractions of the capital. Around Vesuvius itself, along the shore of the bay, and on the vine-clad slopes of the mountain, there were wealthy towns, temples, baths, and all the other rich constructions of that architecture-loving people. Except for the eruptions in Ischia, which was sufficiently remote from the mainland to make its disturbances of no great importance, this Vesuvian district enjoyed an undisturbed tranquillity down to the year 63 of our era. In that year there began a series of moderately strong earthquakes produced by the volcanic gases in their struggle to reopen their long-closed passages to the crater. In August, 79, these subterranean movements became more and more violent until they terminated in a furious eruption.



Diagrammatic Sections through Mount Vesuvius, showing Changes in the form of the Cone. (From Phillips.)

We gain all our knowledge of the circumstances of this great catastrophe

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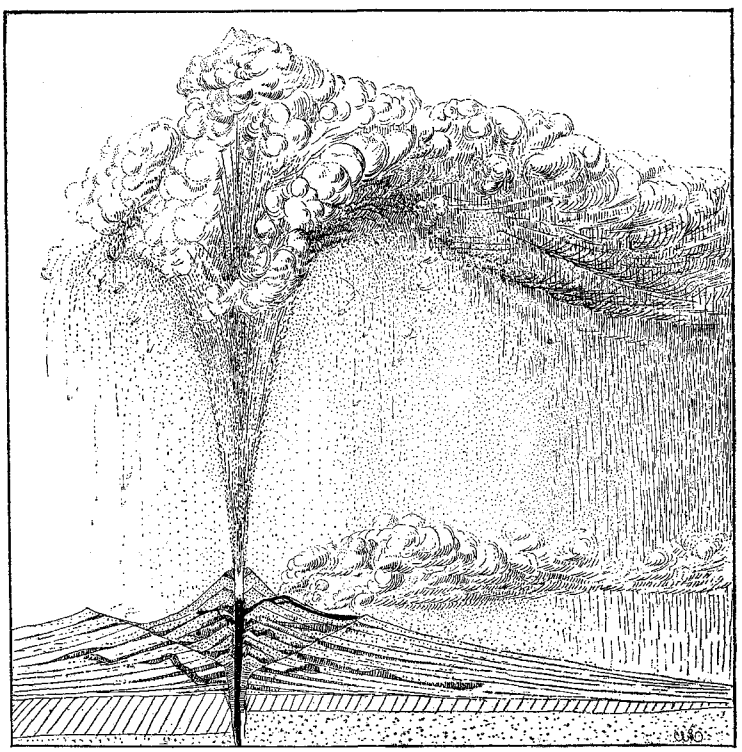
from the letters of the younger Pliny to the historian Tacitus, in which that writer gives an account of the death of his uncle, the naturalist Pliny, who lost his life during the eruption. The elder Pliny was admiral of the Roman fleet stationed in the port of Misenum, now known as Baiæ, on the western shore of the bay. The eruption began about mid-day, and in a short time the whole of the eastern side of the bay was hidden by the vast cloud of steam, commingled with finely pulverized dust, which constitutes the so-called smoke of a volcanic eruption. Gradually this cloud extended, until it brought the darkness of night over all the area within twenty miles of the volcano, and a wide field beyond, extending its shadow, according to Dion Cassius, over Africa, Syria, and Egypt.



Diagrammatic Section through Vesuvius, in Time of Eruption, showing the General Form of the Vapor-column and the Falling Ashes and Rain.

The lower cloud of steam is from lava-flows. The lower cup of the crater is that formed before the Christian era.

The letters of the younger Pliny were designed not to give a detailed account of the eruption itself, in which the writer seems to have had none of the enquirer's interest which led his uncle to his death, but to give Tacitus information as to the last hours of the great naturalist.

This account gives, though incidentally, a picturesque description of the catastrophe, as seen by a cultivated Roman youth of eighteen years. Notwithstanding the beauty of their style and their charming simplicity, the letters of the younger Pliny are but little known to the public, even in translation. I therefore give the greater part of the two which refer to the eruption, omitting those portions which contain the compliments in which Roman correspondents were wont to indulge. This translation I owe to my friend, Professor J. G. Croswell, who has given a better and more lively rendering of the text than can be found in any of the previous versions.

Pliny's Letters. Book 6, 16.

Gaius Plinius sends to his friend Tacitus greeting.

You ask me to write you an account of my uncle's death, that posterity may possess an accurate version of the event in your history. . . . .

He was at Misenum, and was in command of the fleet there. It was at one o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th of August that my mother called his attention to a cloud of unusual appearance and size. He had been enjoying the sun and after a bath had just taken his lunch

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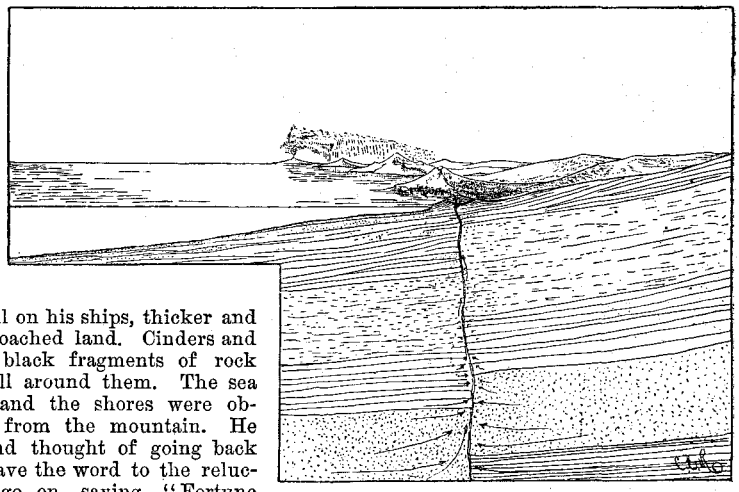
and was lying down to read; but he immediately called for his sandals and went out to an eminence from which this phenomenon could be observed. A cloud was rising from one of the hills (it was not then clear which one, as the observers were looking from a distance, but it proved to be Vesuvius), which took the likeness of a stone-pine very nearly. It imitated the lofty trunk and the spreading branches, for, as I suppose, the smoke had been swept rapidly upward by a recent breeze and was then left hanging unsupported, or else it spread out laterally by its own weight, and grew thinner. It changed color, sometimes looking white and sometimes, when it carried up earth or ashes, dirty and streaked. The thing seemed of importance, and worthy of nearer investigation to the philosopher. He ordered a light boat to be got ready and asked me to accompany him if I wished; but I answered that I would rather work over my books. In fact he had himself given me something to write.

He was going out himself, however, when he received a note from Rectina, wife of Cæsius Bassus, living in a villa on the other side of the bay, who was in deadly terror about the approaching danger and begged him to rescue her, as she had no means of flight but by ships. This converted his plan of observation into a more serious purpose. He got his men-of-war under way, and embarked to help Rectina, as well as other endangered persons, who were many, for the shore was a favorite resort on account of its beauty. He steered directly for the dangerous spot whence others were flying, watching it so fearlessly as to be able to dictate a description and take notes of all the movements and appearances of this catastrophe as he observed them.

Ashes began to fall on his ships, thicker and hotter as they approached land. Cinders and pumice, and also black fragments of rock cracked by heat, fell around them. The sea suddenly shoaled, and the shores were obstructed by masses from the mountain. He hesitated awhile and thought of going back again; but finally gave the word to the reluctant helmsman to go on, saying, "Fortune favors the brave. Let us find Pomponianus." Pomponianus was at Stabiæ, separated by the intervening bay (the sea comes in here gradually in a long inlet with curving shores), and although the peril was not near, yet as it was in full view, and as the eruption increased seemed to be approaching, he had packed up his things and gone aboard his ships ready for flight, which was prevented, however, by a contrary wind.

My uncle, for whom the wind was most favorable, arrived, and did his best to remove their terrors. He embraced the frightened Pomponianus and encouraged him. To keep up their spirits by a show of unconcern, he had a bath; and afterwards dined, with real, or what was perhaps as heroic, with assumed cheerfulness. But, meanwhile, there began to break out from Vesuvius in many spots, high and wide-shooting flames, whose brilliancy was heightened by the darkness of approaching night. My uncle reassured them by asserting that these were burning farm-houses which had caught fire after being deserted by the peasants. Then he turned in to sleep, and slept indeed the most genuine slumbers; for his breathing, which was always heavy and noisy, from the full habit of his body, was heard by all who passed his chamber. But before long the floor of the court on which his chamber opened became so covered with ashes and pumice that if he had lingered in the room he could not have got out at all. So the servants woke him, and he came out and joined Pomponianus and others who were watching. They consulted together as to what they should do next. Should they stay in the house or go out of doors. The house was tottering with frequent and heavy shocks of earthquake, and seemed to go to and fro as if moved from its foundations. But in the open air there were dangers of falling pumice-stones, though to be sure, they were light and porous. On the whole, to go out seemed the least of two evils. With my uncle it was a comparison of arguments that decided; with the others it was a choice of terrors. So they tied pillows on their heads by way of defence against falling bodies and sallied out.



Hypothetical Section through Rocks near a Fault on which a Line of Volcanoes has Formed.

The arrows show the direction of the movement of gases; their length, the relative energy of the movement.

It was dawn elsewhere; but with them it was a blacker and denser night than they had ever seen, although torches and various lights made

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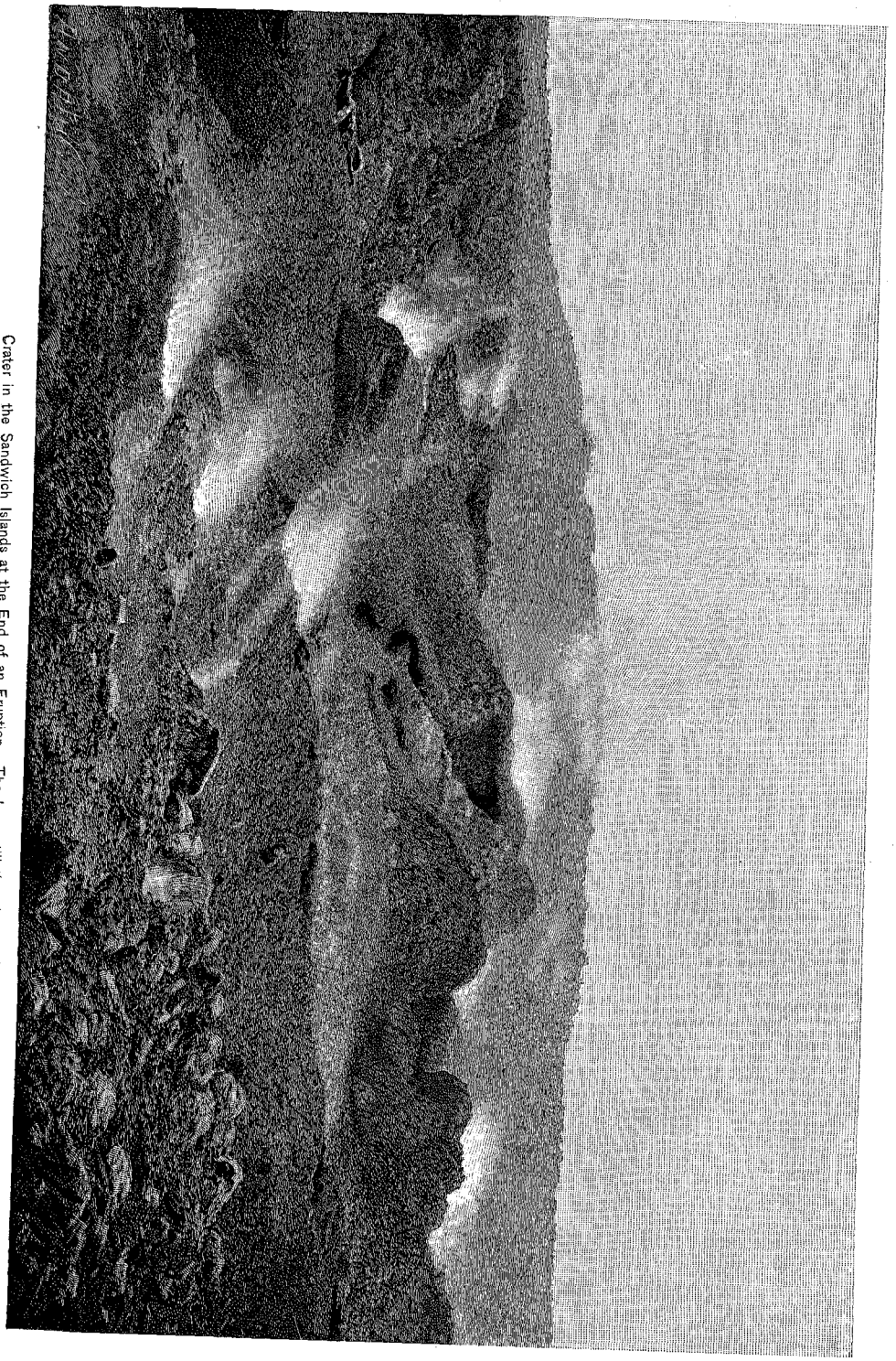

Crater in the Sandwich Islands at the End of an Eruption. The Lava still throwing off Steam.

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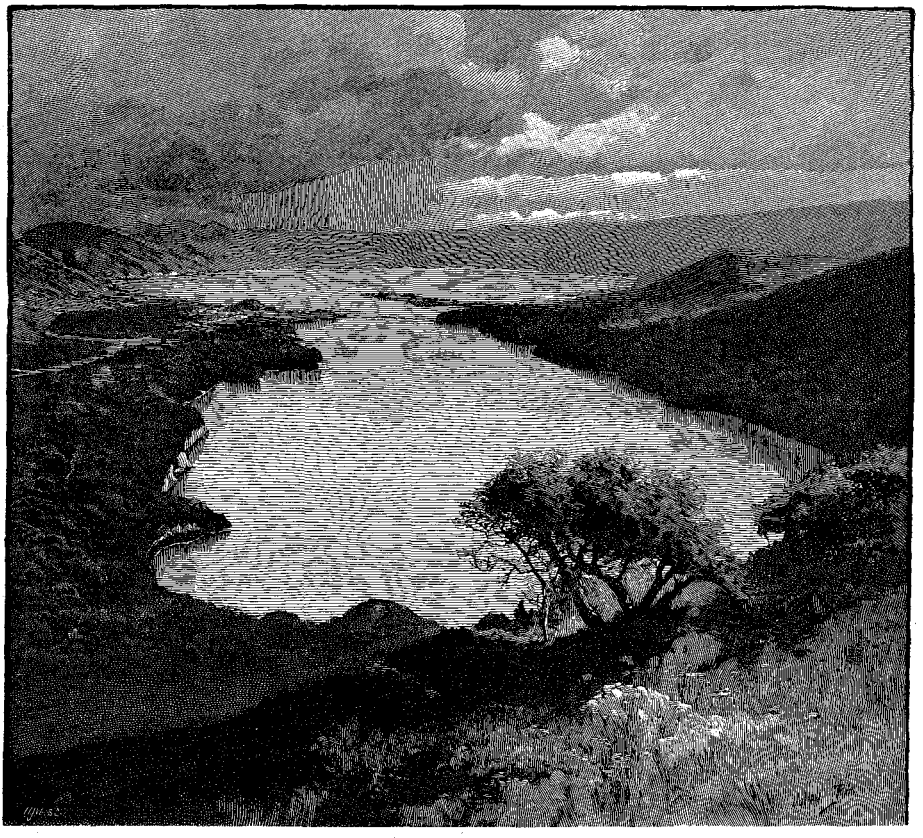

Crater, Lakes of the Seven Cities, St. Michael's, Azores.

There are two of the craters united by the breaking down of a part of the bounding walls.

it less dreadful. They decided to take to the shore and see if the sea would allow them to embark; but it appeared as wild and appalling as ever. My uncle lay down on a rug. He asked twice for water and drank it. Then as a flame with a forerunning sulphurous vapor drove off the others, the servants roused him up. Leaning on two slaves he rose to his feet, but immediately fell back, as I understand, choked by the thick vapors, and this the more easily that his chest was naturally weak, narrow, and generally inflamed. When day came (I mean the third after the last he ever saw) they found his body perfect and uninjured, and covered just as he had been overtaken. He seemed by his attitude to be rather asleep than dead.

In the meantime, my mother and I at Misenum—but this has nothing to do with my story. You ask for nothing but the account of his death. . . . .

Book 6, 20.

Gaius Plinius sends to his friend Tacitus greeting.

You say that you are induced by the letter I wrote to you, when you asked about my uncle's death, to desire to know how I, who was left at Misenum, bore the terrors and disasters of that night, for I had just entered on that subject and broke it off. "Although my soul shudders at the memory, I will begin."

My uncle started off and I devoted myself to my literary task, for which I had remained behind. Then followed my bath, dinner, and sleep, though this was short and disturbed. There had been already for many days a tremor of the earth, less appalling, however, in that this is usual in Campania. But that night it was so strong that things seemed not merely to be shaken, but positively upset. My mother rushed into my bedroom. I was just getting up to wake her if she were asleep. We sat down in the little yard, which was between our house and the sea. I do not know whether to call it courage or foolhardiness (I was only seventeen); but I sent for a volume of Livy, and quite at my ease read it and even made extracts, as I had already begun to do. And now a friend of my uncle's, recently arrived from Spain, appeared, who, finding us sitting there and me reading, scolded us, my mother for her patience, and me for my carelessness of danger. None the less industriously I read my book.

It was now seven o'clock, but the light was still faint and doubtful. The surrounding

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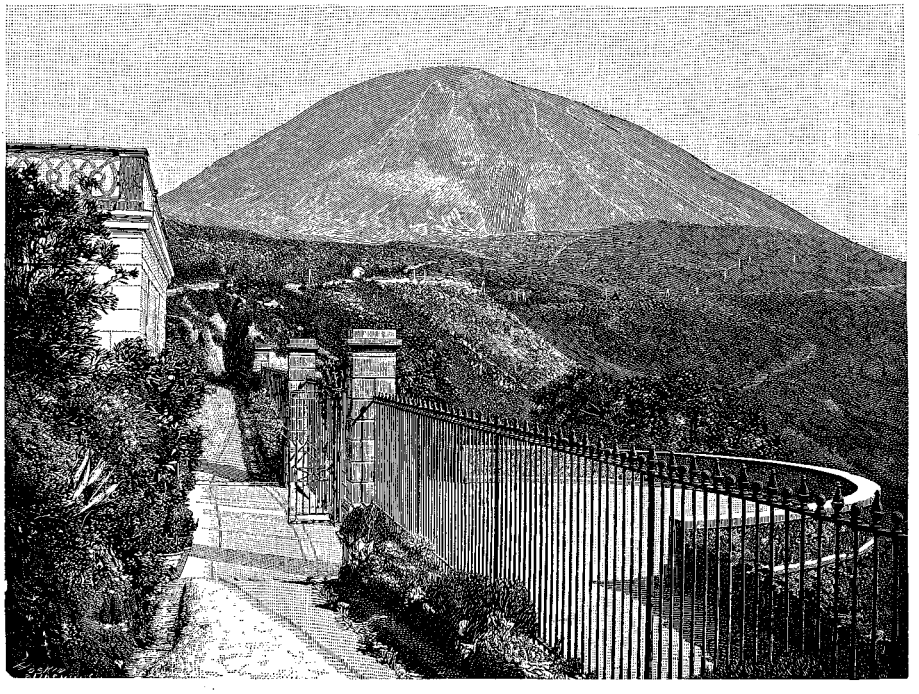
buildings had been badly shaken and though we were in an open spot, the space was so small that the danger of a catastrophe from falling walls was great and certain. Not till then did we make up our minds to go from the town. A frightened crowd went away with us and as in all panics everybody thinks his neighbors' ideas more prudent than his own, so we were pushed and squeezed in our departure by a great mob of imitators.

When we were free of the buildings we stopped. There we saw many wonders and endured many terrors. The vehicles we had ordered to be brought out kept running backward and forward, though on level ground; and even when scotched with stones they would not keep still. Besides this, we saw the sea sucked down and, as it were, driven back by the earthquake. There can be no doubt that the shore had advanced on the sea and many marine animals were left high and dry. On the other side was a dark and dreadful cloud, which was broken by zigzag and rapidly vibrating flashes of fire, and yawning showed long shapes of flame. These were like lightnings, only of greater extent. Then our friend from Spain attacked us more vigorously and earnestly. "If your brother, your uncle," said he, "is alive, he wishes you to be safe; if not, he certainly would wish you to survive him. Why, then, do you delay your flight?" We said we could not bring ourselves to think of our own safety while doubtful of his. So, without more delay, the Spaniard rushed off, taking himself out of harm's way as fast as his legs would carry him.

Pretty soon the cloud began to descend over the earth and cover the sea. It enfolded Capreæ and hid also the promontory of Misenum. Then my mother began to beg and beseech me to fly as I could. I was young, she said, and she was old, and too heavy to run, and would not mind dying if she was not the cause of my death. I said, however, I would not be saved without her; I clasped her hand and forced her to go, step by step, with me. She slowly obeyed, reproaching herself bitterly for delaying me.

Ashes now fell, yet still in small amount. I looked back. A thick mist was close at our heels, which followed us, spreading out over the country, like an inundation. "Let us turn out of the road," said I, "while we can see, and not get trodden down in the darkness by the crowds who are following, if we fall in their path." Hardly had we sat down when night was over us—not such a night as when there is no moon and clouds cover the sky, but such darkness as one finds in close-shut rooms. One heard the screams of women, the fretting cries of babes, the shouts of men. Some called their parents, and some their children, and some their spouses, seeking to recognize them by their voices. Some lamented their own fate,



Vesuvius, looking East from the "Observatory," 1880, showing Vent-cone and Old Eroded Pedestal of Lava and Ash. The dark line on the right of the cone is the railway up the mountain.

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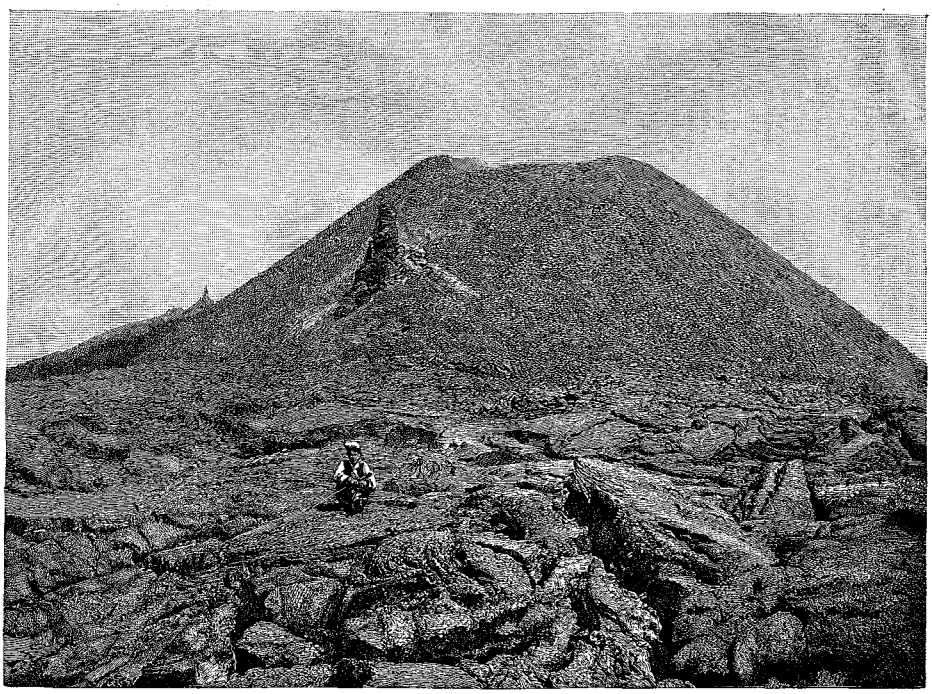

Vesuvius; near View of the Small Inner Cone of the Crater, showing Recent Undecayed Lava on which Rests the Ash-heap of the Cone.

others the fate of their friends. Some were praying for death, simply for fear of death. Many a man raised his hands in prayer to the gods; but more imagined that the last eternal night of creation had come and there were now no gods more. There were some who increased our real dangers by fictitious terrors. Some said that part of Misenum had sunk, and that another part was on fire. They lied; but they found believers.

Little by little it grew light again. We did not think it the light of day, but a proof that the fire was coming nearer. It was indeed fire, but it stopped afar off; and then there was darkness again, and again a rain of ashes, abundant and heavy, and again we rose and shook them off, else we had been covered and even crushed by the weight. I might boast of the fact that not a groan or a cowardly word fell from me in all the dreadful peril, if I had not believed that the world and I were coming to an end together. This belief was a wretched and yet a mighty comfort in this mortal struggle. At last the murky vapor rolled away, in disappearing smoke or fog. Soon the real daylight appeared; the sun shone out, of a lurid hue, to be sure, as in an eclipse. The whole world which met our frightened eyes, was transformed. It was covered with ashes white as snow.

We went back to Misenum and refreshed our weary bodies, and passed a night between hope and fear; but fear had the upper hand. The trembling of the earth continued, and many, crazed by their anxiety, made ludicrously exaggerated predictions of disaster to themselves and others. Yet even then, though we had been through such peril and were still surrounded by it, we had no thought of going away till we had news of my uncle. . . .

It is evident that this eruption produced great changes in the surface of all the country about Vesuvius. Although no lava-streams flowed from the crater, for the reason, as we shall hereafter see, that the eruption was so violent as to prevent their formation, the quantity of molten rocky matter which was blown into fragments and fell mainly in the form of dust upon the surface of the earth about the crater was enormous. For a distance of several miles from the vent, this accumulation seems to have attained the depth of ten to thirty or more feet. Owing to the extreme lightness of this dust, which is pumiceous, or filled with air-bubbles, the greater part of the deposit has probably been washed away by the rain, as have the lesser ash-showers of later years. At the close of the eruption of Pliny, this dust probably cov-

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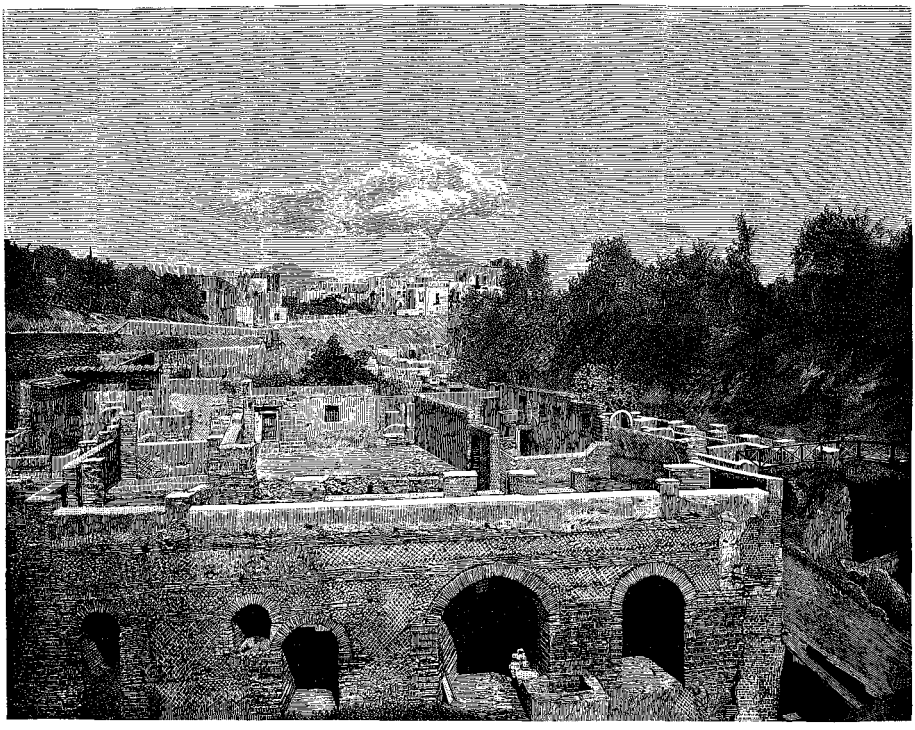
ered the ground to a far greater depth than is indicated by the scanty remains of the great shower which still exist on the surface. On no other supposition can we account for the abandonment of the two cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, which were so far lost that no tradition as to their position remained. Both of these cities were probably stripped of their more precious treasures before they were covered with the ash, and the mud which was formed of it by the torrential rains; still so much that was valuable was left behind, that we can hardly conceive how the dispossessed people should have failed to dig for the treasures, unless they were deterred by a thicker sheet of *débris* than now remains upon Pompeii.



View of Excavated Portion of Pompeii, looking Northwest.
Shows, on either side, the depth of the ash-covering. Vesuvius in the distance.

At the close of this eruption the surface of the country immediately about Vesuvius must have been a waste of ashes. Besides the two important towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii, there were, it may be, scores of villages which were buried in the same way. It is not likely that the loss of life in this catastrophe was very great. It was some hours before the eruption became of fatal violence, and nearly all the inhabitants, save the sick and prisoners, found safety in flight. Of the hundred or so skeletons which have been found in the excavation at Pompeii, many appear to be the remains of soldiers, who, receiving no orders to withdraw, met death in their appointed places. Occasionally as the explorers are removing the firmly cemented ash from the cellars of a house, their picks penetrate a cavity. Experience has shown that these spaces are generally moulds which the wet ashes formed about a prostrate human body. By pouring plaster-of-Paris into the empty places, it has been found possible to obtain accurate casts of the long-vanished forms.

The eruption of the year 79 was followed, as is usual after great eruptions, by a long period of repose. The next

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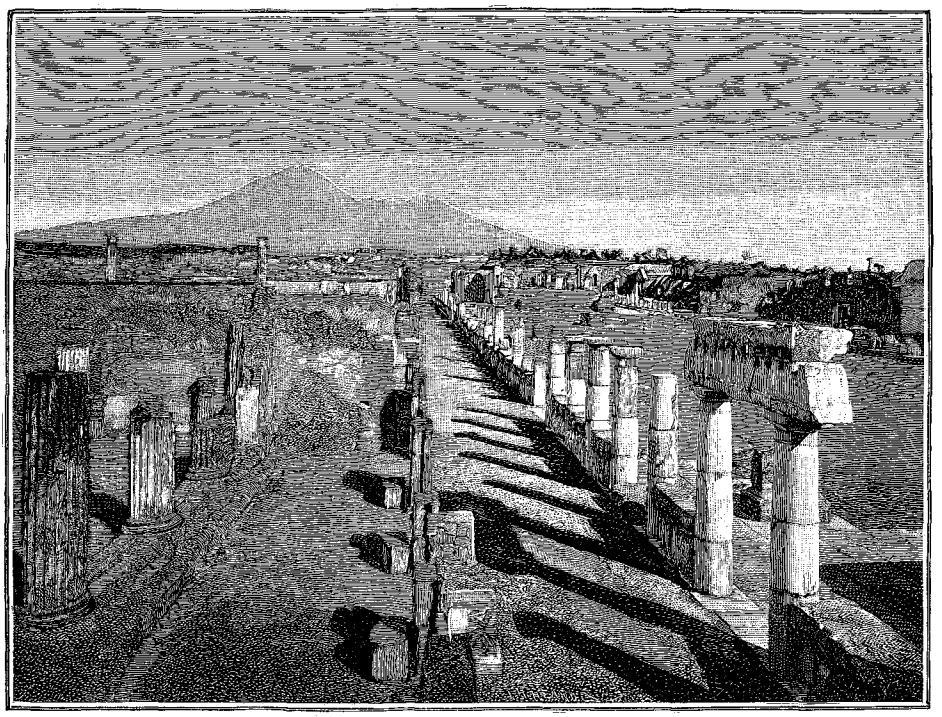

View in Pompeii, looking Northwest, showing the Unexcavated Portion on the Right Hand, and in the Distance the Present Cone of Vesuvius; on its Right a Portion of Prechristian Crater-wall.

outbreak of the volcano was in the year 203, and appears to have been of moderate violence. After another equally long pause, in 472 there was an extremely violent eruption, which is reported to have scattered ashes over nearly all Europe, and so darkened the sky at Constantinople, about eight hundred miles away, that the Emperor Leo fled from the city, and for a long period thereafter the deliverance of the town was celebrated by an annual festival. Thence to the year 1036 of our era we have records of occasional slight eruptions, but, as the reader knows, this was the night time of history, and the chronicles are very imperfect. In 1036 it seems tolerably clear, from an ancient itinerary, that lava flowed from the cone to the sea. This appears to have been the first eruption during the historic period in which lava flowed from Vesuvius, though in the prehistoric period of the mountain's activity it was abundantly produced.

From this eruption onward to modern times we have an excellent catalogue of the eruptions of both Vesuvius and Ætna, which, curiously enough, we owe in good part to the superstitious notion that the outbreaks may be stopped by the intercession of the patron saints of the country. Whenever an eruption occurs the priests who guard the relics of St. Januarius, in Naples, or of St. Agatha, in Sicily, address these patrons of their respective cities through their relics, vestments, or images. If the eruption speedily diminishes in violence, as from the nature of its action it must always do, the amendment is attributed to the influence of the saintly power, and the fact, with date and circumstance, is a matter of careful record.* Thus science has come to owe a considerable debt to superstition. Although this picturesque relation adds a certain interest to the chronicles of the eruptions of Vesuvius, we need not weary the reader with them, but sum up the record in brief. In short, the story is that from 1036 to 1500

* See "Vesuvius," by John Phillips (page 45). Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1859. From this valuable work I have condensed the foregoing statements concerning this volcano.

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A Lava-stream Overwhelming a Town on the West Side of Vesuvius.

there were five eruptions, or about one each century, and none of them of great violence. It seems, indeed, likely that from 1139 to 1631 there were at most slight threats of activity and that the internal pressure was not relieved until the great explosion of the last-named year.

The eruption of 1631 was, next after that of 79, the most violent explosion which has taken place from Vesuvius. Like the eruption in which Pliny met his death, the disturbance was ushered in by a succession of earthquake shocks. These shocks, due doubtless to the struggle of the imprisoned gases with the barriers which the earth interposed, grew more and more violent, until, on December 16th, the outbreak began suddenly and with extreme fury. Unlike most eruptions from this and other craters, where the flow of liquid rock usually begins some time after the gases break forth, a great tide of lava at once burst forth from the side of the cone, at some distance from the summit of the crater. The streams rushed forth from a number of points along the southwest slope of the mountain, at a height of about three thousand feet above the sea, and swept down toward the shore of the bay. Although a large part of this lava remained in the depressions in the flanks of the mountain, a dozen or more of the streams which diverged from the great sheet attained the sea along a length of seven and a half miles of the shore. Then, as now, the coast was bordered by an almost continuous line of populous towns. Although the inhabitants had fled in great numbers, moved by the fear with which the earthquakes and roarings from the mountain inspired them, the lava-flow came so suddenly that eighteen thousand persons perished in the towns of Resina, Torre del Greco, and Granatello, which were overwhelmed by the streams. The ash, or finely divided lava, was blown forth in prodigious quantities, once again darkening the skies as far to the east as Constantinople. The rain which fell from the cloud which hung over all the region about the mountain was torrential; mingled with the fine dust, it produced vast inundations of mud, which swept over the fields and villages, producing destruc-

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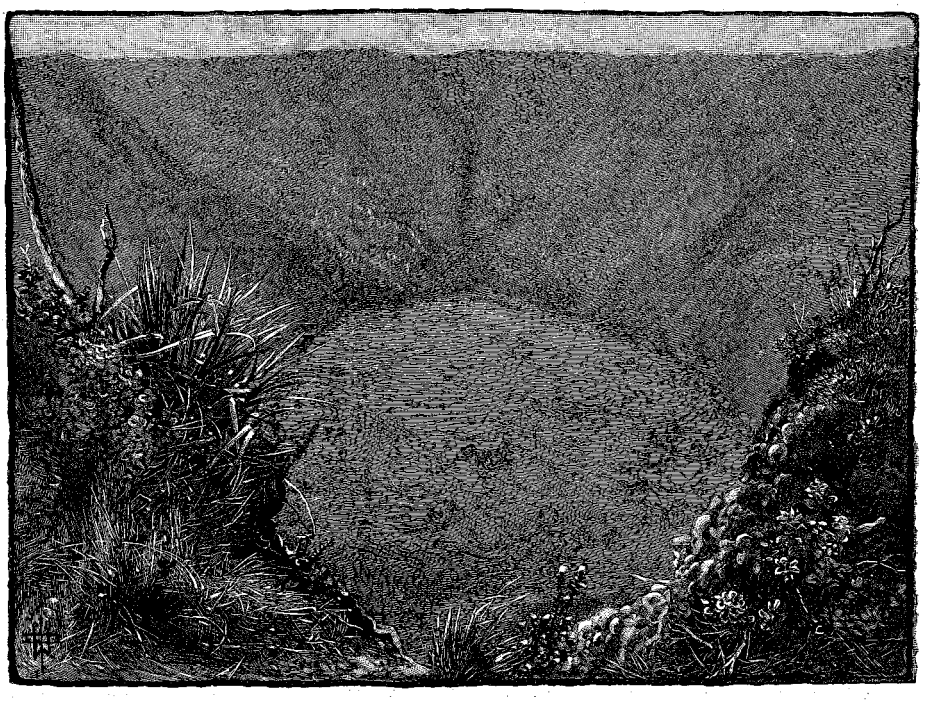
tion more widespread, if less disastrous to life, than the streams of fiery lava. In this, as in all the great eruptions, the lightning from the clouds was extremely violent and caused much loss of life.

From the time of this disaster down to the present day the eruptions have been more frequent than in any other part of the volcano's history. Rarely have twenty years passed without an outbreak of considerable violence, though none of them have attained to the appalling fury of the first historic outbreak or that of 1631. Near four score eruptions are chronicled in this period of about two and a half centuries; nearly all of them have been of moderate intensity, but have led to a singularly large extrusion of lavas. It is evident that the channels which lead to the rents of the volcano are now gorged with fluid lava; wherever the pressure of the imprisoned gases becomes strong enough this lava is forced up into the crater; by its weight rends open the walls of incoherent cinders and escapes upon the steep slopes of the cone.

Many of these outbreaks are of very slight energy. It was the present writer's good fortune to obtain an unusually near view of the beautiful little eruption of the winter of 1882, which afforded a singularly good opportunity for watching the essential processes of volcanic explosions with little danger. At this time, from the slight violence of the outbreak, the crater was reduced to a small depression near the summit of the cone, which had a diameter of not over six hundred feet and a depth of about one hundred feet. Taking advantage of a strong gale from the north, the well-known *tramontana* of Italy, it was possible to creep up to the very edge of this crater and look down upon the surface of the boiling lava, from which the gases were breaking forth. Although the pit was from time to time filled with whirling vapor, the favoring wind often swept it away so that for a few seconds it was possible to see every feature of the terrifying scene. Several times a minute the surface of the tossed lava was rent by a violent explosion of gases, which



Volcanic Cone, Sandwich Islands, showing the Aspect of Crater-walls and Floor after the Surface has been Covered by Vegetation.

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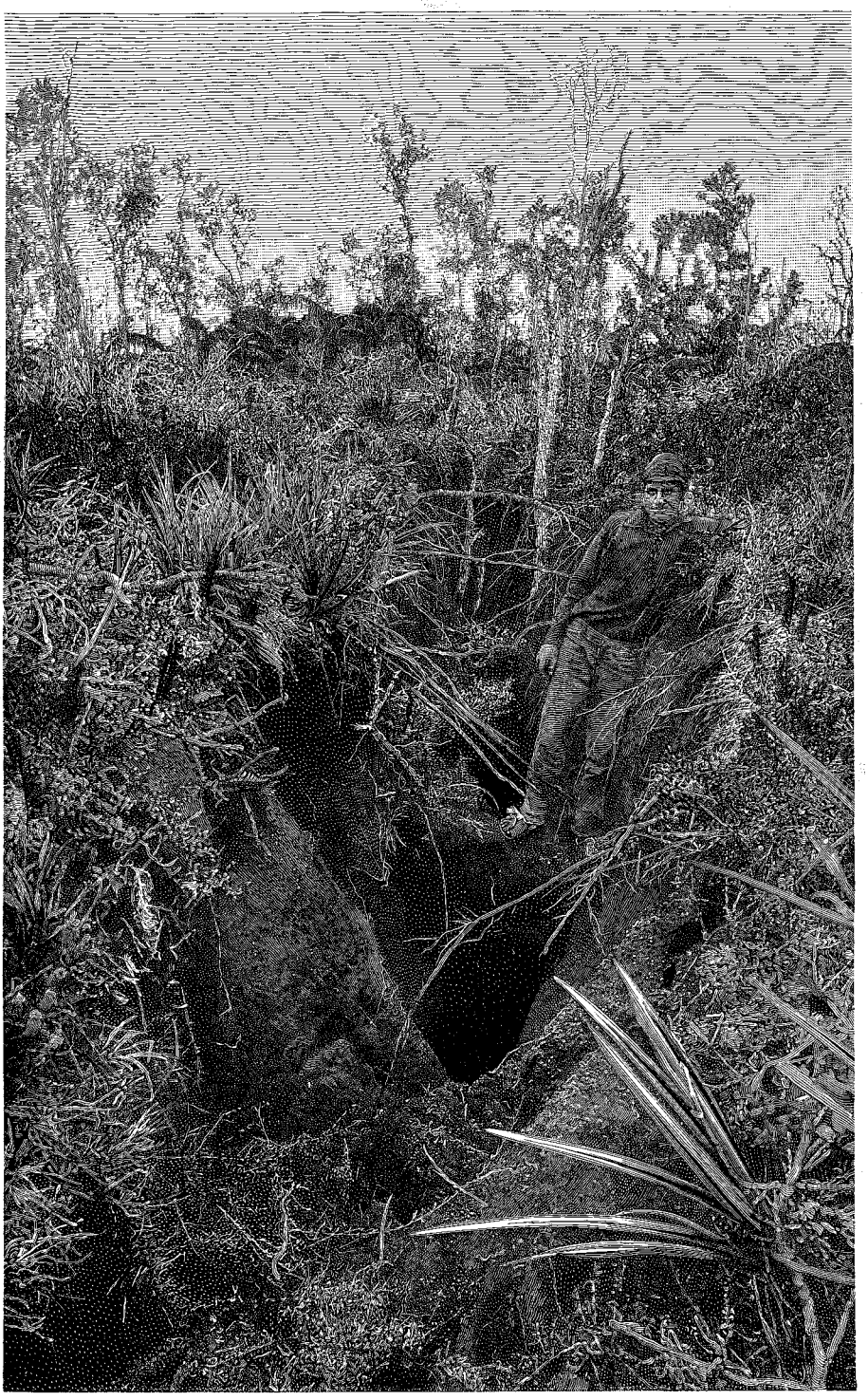

Rent in the Earth from which Sulphurous Vapors Attendant on an Eruption have Escaped; Partly Closed by Tropical Vegetation.

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Showing Volcanic Tufa of Naples, in which Subterranean Dwellings have been Excavated.

Deposit formed of volcanic ash laid down on the sea-floor during prehistoric eruptions in the Vesuvian district.

appeared to hurl the whole mass of fluid rock into the air. The ascending column of vapor and lava fragments rose as a shaft to the height of several hundred feet. Many of the masses, which seemed to rise with the ease of bubbles, were some feet in diameter, and made a great din as they crushed down upon the surface on the southward side of the crater. They often could be seen to fly into fragments as they ascended. At the moment of the explosion the escaping gases appeared transparent, a few score feet above the point of escape the ejected column became of a steel-gray color, and a little higher it changed to the characteristic hue of steam. That it was steam slightly mixed with other gases was evident wherever in its whirling movements the vaporous column swept around the point of observation. The curious "washing-day" odor of steam was perfectly apparent, together with a pungent sense of sulphurous fumes suggestive of an infernal laundry.

Although the heat at the moment of explosion was great, it was possible, with the shelter to the face secured by an extemporized mask, to avoid any serious consequences from it, and even to make some rather rude and unsatisfactory diagrams of the scene. The principal obstacle arose from the violence of the shocks given to the cone and propagated through the air by the explosions, which made it extremely difficult to fix the attention on the phenomena. The earthquakes attending each explosion were almost strong enough to shake one from the ground, and the blow received through the air was like that which those familiar with mines have received when a heavy charge of gunpowder or dynamite is exploded. The sensation is such as might come from being violently struck by a feather bed; not dangerous, but extremely disorganizing to the wits. After about fifteen minutes of observation a slight change of the wind allowed the descending masses to fall so near the

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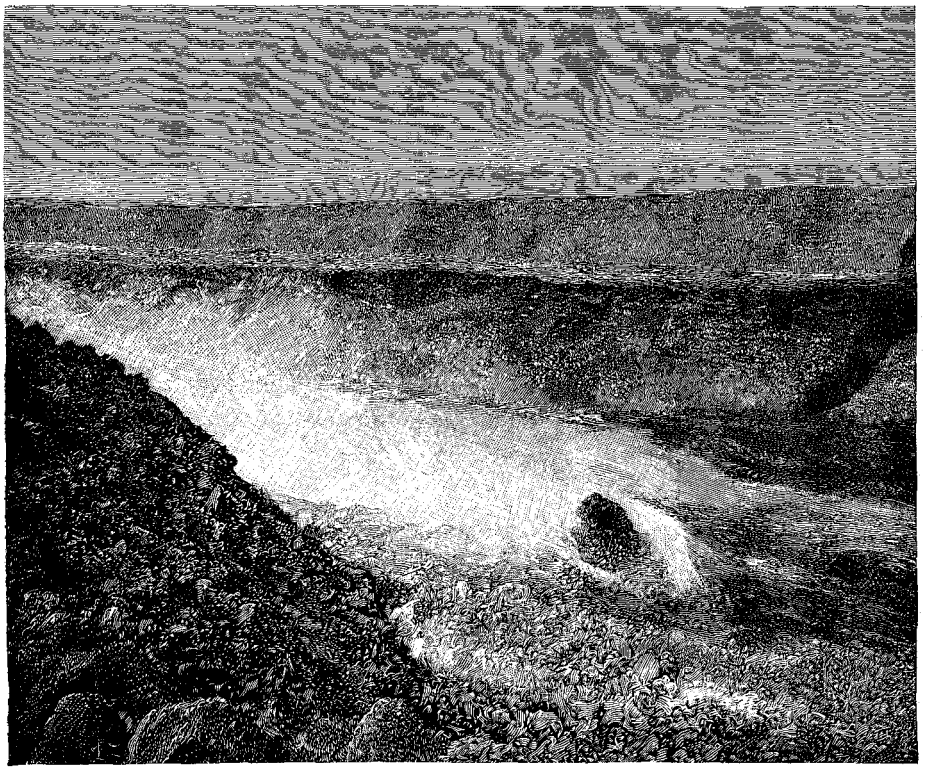
point of view that it was necessary to hurry away.

As if to complete the illustration of volcanic phenomena which this little outbreak afforded, there was a small rivulet of lava pouring from the low wall of cinders on one side of the cone and flowing quietly down the slope. It was not much larger than the stream of liquid iron which flows from an iron-furnace to the moulds which await it, but in the motion all the essential features of the greatest of these fiery torrents could be seen. The surface of the fluid, cooled in the air, slowly hardened into a viscid scum. This scum, urged forward by the swifter movement of the more fluid matter below, was wrinkled as is the cream on a pan of milk when it is slowly poured over the edge of the vessel.



A Crater in the Sandwich Islands at the Close of Eruption; showing Lava-terraces and Stratified Nature of Cone.

A tiny eruption such as this can be transformed into those of the greatest energy by simply increasing the volume of the discharging gases. We have only to conceive the ascending column of intensely heated steam, in place of breaking out in the separate cannon-like explosions, discharging in a continuous rush and mounting to the height of several miles above the vent; the increased force of the outbreak blowing away the summit of the cone, enlarging the crater until it was perhaps a mile in diameter; the steam imprisoned in the fragments of lava tossed up by the explosion expanding with great energy, not only rupturing the blocks, but rending them into powder, and the rivulet of lava magnified to a torrent such as so often sweeps down the flanks of the mountain. Thus, by a change in the magnitude of the action alone, we pass from the most trifling to the greatest eruptions.

This glance at the history and structure of Vesuvius serves to give us a general notion of volcanoes; we see that

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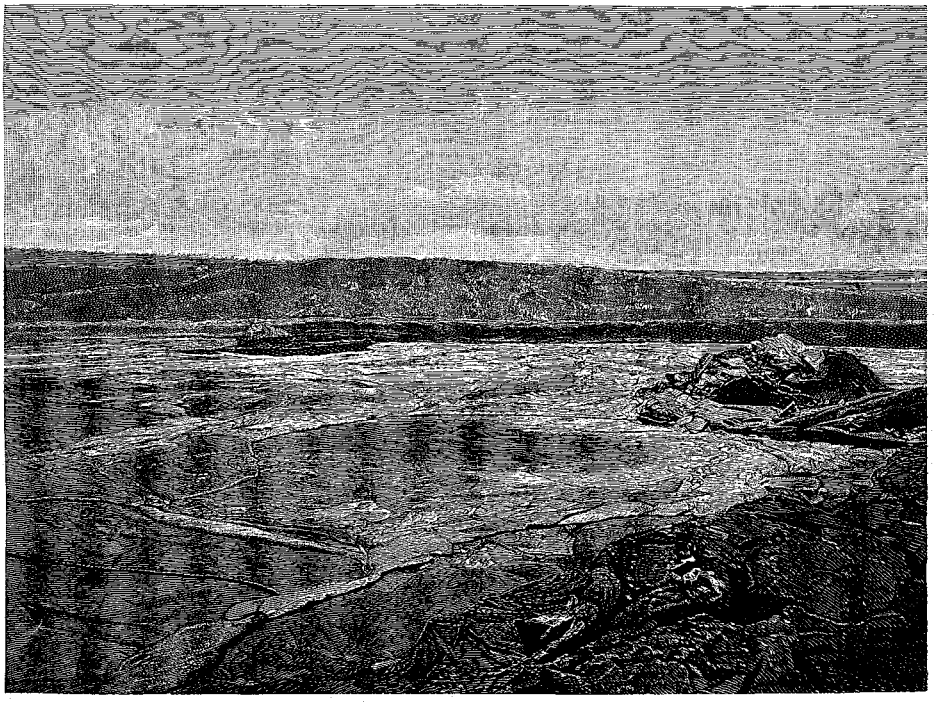

Lake of Lava in the Sandwich Islands, showing Deposit of Very Fluid Lava.

they are essentially jets of extremely heated steam, and that the ashes and lava, though they are the only permanent remains of the successive explosions, are by far the least important element of the matter cast forth during an eruption. It seems probable that if we could gather again all the water which in the form of steam has poured from Vesuvius since the cone began to form, we should find that it amounted in mass to several times as much as all the ash and lava which forms the cone. This water falls in torrential rains in the region about the crater, or drifts away in clouds to other countries, and so leaves no sign except in the furrowed sides of the volcano, which are deeply eroded by the floods that attend the greater eruptions. We may compare the explosion of a volcano to the action of a bursting boiler, when in a moment the rupturing agent disappears in the air, leaving only the fragments of the vessel which contained it and which it has torn to pieces.

A large part of the materials thrown out by a volcano does not fall upon the cone; in most of the eruptions of Vesuvius the dust has been the largest part of the solid matter cast forth, the lava perhaps not amounting, on the average, to as much as one-fiftieth of the mass of rock-material ejected. The coarser part of this dust falls in the region near the cone, but a large share of it drifts to great distances, to darken the skies, it may be, a thousand miles away. During several of the great eruptions of Vesuvius the dust which fell within ten miles of the crater formed a stratum averaging more than a foot in depth, greatly exceeding in volume the ejected lava; still it seems likely that by far the larger part of this dust did not fall near the crater, but was borne by the winds far and wide over land and sea.

After the reader has conceived the magnitude and continuity of the Vesuvian eruptions, it is well to consider that this vent is really a very small affair, not deserving to rank as more than a third-rate volcano, if we determine the order of importance by the size of the cone, the diameter of the volcanic tube, or the velocity of the eruptions. The family of Italian volcanoes includes at least

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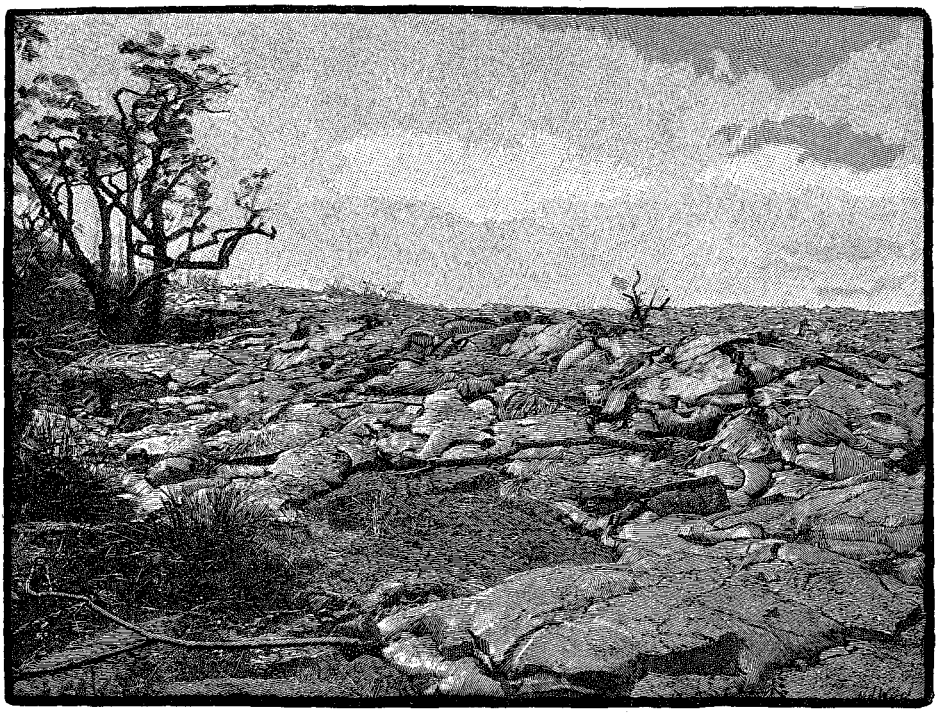
three other vents which have, or have had in their period of activity, a larger measure of dignity than the Vesuvian cone. Ætna has at least twenty times the bulk, and presents to us phenomena of Vesuvius exhibited on a far greater scale. Among the numerous dormant or extinct volcanoes which lie along the shore between Naples and Southern Tuscany, those of Bracciano and Bolsena, whose vast craters are now occupied by lakes, were in their time far more majestic than Vesuvius. The crater of Bolsena now affords a basin for a lake having an area of about forty



Border of Lava-stream in the Sandwich Islands, showing the Form Assumed by Partly Cooled Lava. Note the "roping" in the lava.

square miles, and yet the whole of its vast expanse is not completely occupied by the sheet of water. It is doubtful if the area of the Vesuvian crater was ever six square miles. That of Bracciano is smaller than Bolsena, but still several times as large as the Vesuvian crater. These two volcanoes of Bolsena and Bracciano were giants in their youth, but they came to an untimely end. Their subterranean fires were extinguished before they had time to construct cones at all proportionate to their vast orifices.

Although the total number of volcanoes, active and extinct, amounts, in Europe, to several hundred, including those of Central France and Germany and the peripheral cones of Ætna, we must go beyond the bounds of that continent to find instances of eruptions of the first order.

The noblest and most characteristic volcanoes, whether we class them by the energy of their explosions or the volume of their ejections, are found in Iceland and in the Malayan Archipelago. In Iceland the volcano of Skaptar, in the single eruption of 1783, poured out a tide of lava exceeding in bulk all that has flowed from Vesuvius and Ætna combined since the eruption of Pliny. It has been computed that the volume of lava which flowed from Skaptar in that year was greater than the mass of Mont Blanc. The gas-eruption which attended this molten tide was proportion-

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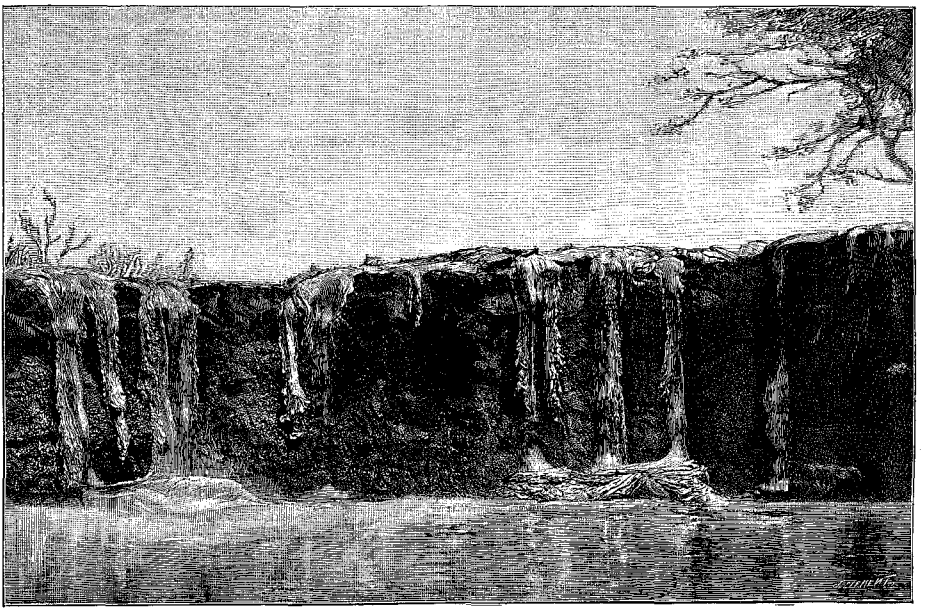

A. Front of a Lava-stream Falling in Rivulets into the Sea, Sandwich Islands.

ally great; the clouds of fine cinders floated over Europe and so darkened the sky as to occasion fears of some great calamity. Although Iceland is a thinly peopled country, this catastrophe was extremely destructive to human life; nearly a fifth of the population perished in the villages which were overwhelmed by the eruption, from the famine which came from the loss of the year's crops, and the frightening of the fish from the neighboring sea.

The thousand years of struggle which the Icelanders have had with polar cold and central fire is one of the most pathetic incidents in the history of our race. Almost every generation on that island has borne a heavy burden from earthquake-shocks or volcanic explosions, and yet this people have managed, by labor and thrift, to develop and maintain a well-ordered civilization. For centuries the social order has been more secure, education more general, and the moral quality purer than in the happier parts of the world. Everywhere else save in this marvellous island we find that man is degraded in spirit from a hopeless contest with physical ills.

Although Iceland's Skaptar is a great volcano, and as a lava-producer has perhaps the first place among volcanoes, it is in the region about the Pacific Ocean we find the kings of this race of giants. Around the shores of this great area of waters we have a singularly continuous line of volcanic vents. Counting only those which have been in activity since the beginning of the present geological period, the aggregate probably amounts to many hundreds. Although the volcanic energies are, or have recently been, violent in all parts of this vast field, they exhibit their maximum energy in the central part of the great Malayan Archipelago. This region has been well termed a "rookery of volcanoes." Not only are great cones more numerous in this field than in any other equal area, but we have had there the greatest eruptions of which we have any historical record. We can note only a few of these great explosions.

In 1772, Papandayang, a great volcano over nine thousand feet high, broke out with such violence that the upper part of the cone for a height of four thousand feet was tossed into the air, and, together with a prodigious amount of ashes discharged by the eruption, overwhelmed forty villages. In 1822, Sumbowa, on an island a little to the east

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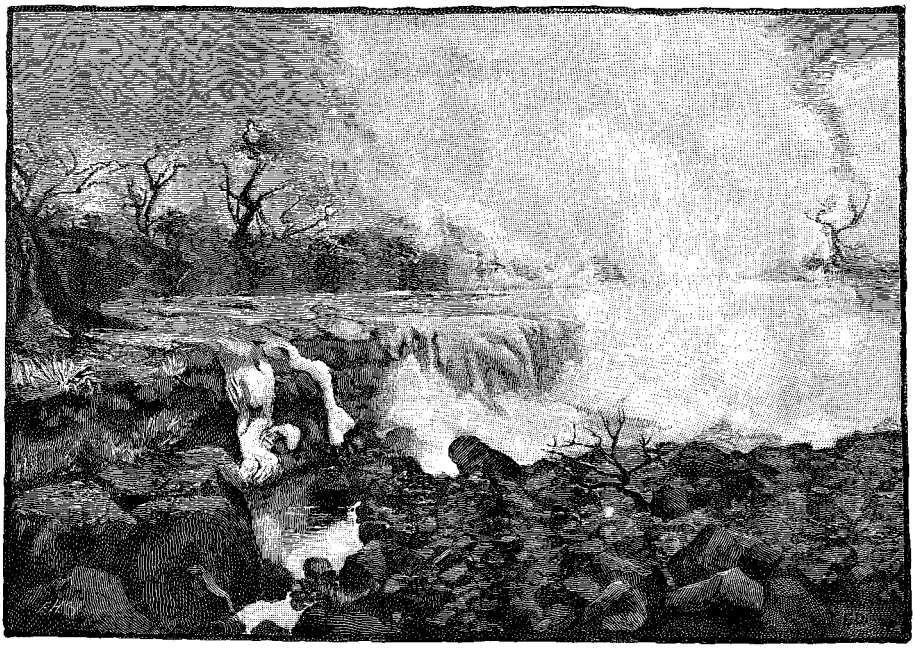
of Java, was the seat of a yet more powerful eruption. As in the other great explosions of this region, the sound was heard a surprising distance, being audible in Sumatra, nine hundred and seventy geographical miles to the west, and at Ternate, seven hundred and twenty miles on the east. This is as if a volcano at Chicago should make its explosions heard by the people in Boston and Omaha. The fall of ash and pumice was enormous; it crushed buildings more than forty miles from the crater. Whirlwinds, caused by the atmospheric disturbance common in all great eruptions, rent the forests from their roots, and did much to complete the catastrophe which reduced a populous and fertile region to a desert. Of twelve thousand people in the province of Tomboro, in which the crater is situated, but twenty-six escaped alive. In 1822, Galongoon, a crater never before known to have been in activity, exploded with extreme violence, and in a period of four hours covered the country about it with a thick coating of ashes and hot mud, destroying one hundred and forty villages, with a loss of four thousand lives. This coating of mud was so thick that for the distance of twenty-four miles on one side of the mountain there were no visible remains of the numerous settlements which had existed there before the eruption began.

In 1883 a century of gigantic eruptions was completed by the outbreak of Krakatoa, by far the greatest explosion of which we have any account. Krakatoa is a small island lying between the greater masses of Java on the east and Sumatra on the west. Although manifestly a volcano, it is likely that it had never within historic times been in eruption until May 23, 1883. At that time it was the seat of an outbreak which was considered trifling, only adding one more to the many points of modern volcanic activity in that region. The eruption was soon over, and on the 27th of the month many observers visited the mountain to note the changes which it had brought about. For three months it seemed absolutely quiet; but in August of the same year, with little preliminary commotion, a memorable outbreak occurred. Nearly the whole of the original island was blown away down to below the



B. The Same Lava-stream Pouring in Full Tide into the Sea.

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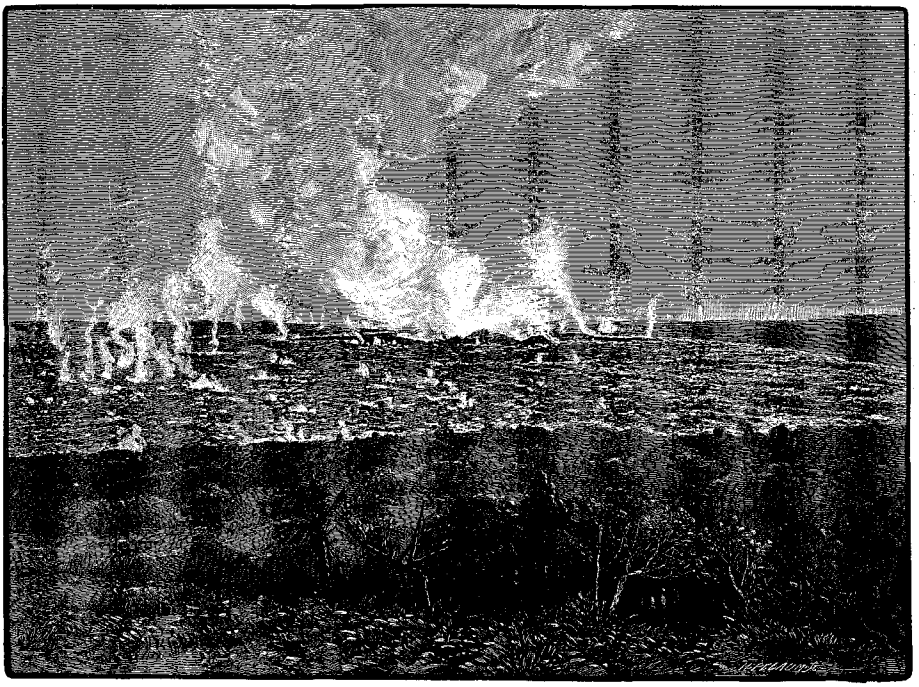

Wide Lava-stream at Point of Egress, showing Very Fluid Condition, with Escaping Steam, Sandwich Islands.

sea-level, probably at the first discharges of the gases, so that the greater part of the eruption took place from the floor of the sea. The violent boundings of this floor created vast waves in the ocean, which rose to the height of fifty or sixty feet along the populous shores of the neighboring islands of Sumatra and Java, sweeping away villages and plantations, and killing over thirty thousand people. Thence, with diminishing height, these waves rolled onward like the tides until they were felt in the Northern Atlantic and along nearly the whole of the Pacific shore.

The movements which this shock impressed on the atmosphere were even more remarkable than those which it gave to the sea. The sounds of the explosions were heard for double the distance to which we have any record of their having been audible in previous eruptions. If an eruption of Skaptar in Iceland should be audible at once along our great lakes and upon the Mediterranean, we should have a case of sound-transmission comparable to that in Krakatoa in August, 1883. The waves of the air caused by the sudden pressure of the escaping gases rolled around the earth, twice girdling its circumference. Besides the enormous mass of dust which fell upon land and sea within a few hundred miles of the point of explosion, which probably amounted in bulk to as much as twelve cubic miles, an unknown amount of the more finely comminuted rock remained for a long time suspended in the atmosphere and was floated over all parts of the earth's surface, giving to the sky at morning and evening the memorable ruddy glow it presented in the two years following the eruption. The amount of this widely scattered matter cannot be accurately computed, but it possibly exceeded in volume that which fell about the crater.

The foregoing brief notes of volcanic eruptions will, in a limited way, suffice to show the reader the immediate physical importance of these accidents, and the extent to which they may enter into the conditions of human life. They will not, however, give him any measure of the range and constancy of this volcanic action, or the part it plays in the machinery of the earth's crust. To gain some notion of this he must imagine many

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thousands of these vents scattered over the sea-floor or along the shores of the continents, all of which have been active in recent geological times. He must, furthermore, conceive that at every stage in the earth's history there have been similar, perhaps equally numerous, volcanoes at work. It is doubtful if since the beginning of the geological record there has been a day during which some crater, great or small, has not been hurling its gases toward the sky, scattering its dust over the fields of land and sea, and destroying with its attendant earthquakes, or by its emanations, the life of air or water. Lying as they do along the shores or in the fertile islands of the ocean, these vast engines of destruction are a perpetual menace to many of the most fruitful and beautiful parts of the earth; they therefore have an element of human as well as scientific interest, leading us to investigate the nature of their cause and their relation to the mechanism of this planet.

In seeking to explain any of the superficial phenomena of our globe, it is well to begin the inquiry by considering the way in which they are distributed over its surface. In this way we are most likely to come upon a clew to the origin of any unexplained feature of the facts. A glance at the geographical position of volcanoes suffices to show us that they are very peculiarly grouped in and about the great water-areas. Probably all of the active vents in the earth's surface lie on the floor of the oceans or greater seas, or within a few score miles of their shores. We may, indeed, say that active volcanoes normally occupy the floor of the greater seas as their proper field, and that this volcanic area here and there overlaps the shore for a very small distance. Moreover, among the extinct volcanoes which lie far inland, we can often observe that their activities ceased soon after the elevation of the continent forced the sea-margin far from their bases. It was long ago perceived that these facts indicated a necessary connection between the effects brought about by large masses of water and the volcanic explosions. At first it was suggested that the sea-water penetrated through crevices to the heated interior of the earth, and there, being converted into steam, was expelled through the volcanic vent along with the lava from a central molten mass. But it was directly seen that the facts were against this hypothesis; for why should the volcanic emanations not return to the surface by the same crevice which gave the water access to the earth's interior? Why should the lava of Ætna and other volcanoes rise against its own enormous pressure to the height of twelve or fifteen thousand feet above the tube by which the sea-water gained access to its base?

It has since been suggested that the water from the seas gains access to the central heat while it is imprisoned in the fine interstices which lie between the grains of the rocks, passages which are too small to permit the exit of the gases. A curious experiment seemed for a time to make this notion seem possible. As was shown by the distinguished naturalist Daubrée, if we take a vessel of metal and fix upon its top a sheet of dense sandstone, so that the chamber is air-tight, then place water upon the top of the sandstone, and finally apply heat to the base of the metal chamber, the water will penetrate through the interstices of the stone and generate steam in the enclosed space, producing a pressure which is much greater than the gravitation-force which impels the water to descend through the stone. If we provide an avenue of escape for this steam by means of a pipe filled with mercury, we shall find that it will force the mercury up the tube, much as the volcanic steam pushes up the lava in the crater. It is evident that we have here what seems, at first sight, like a promising explanation of volcanic action: we have only to conceive that water penetrates through the interstices of the rock on the sea-floor, just as it does through the slab of sandstone in the experiment; that the internal heat is represented by the lamp, and the volcanic tubes with their contained lava by the pipe containing mercury, to have the likeness complete. But a little consideration shows that this explanation will not serve us at all. It is true that the rocks beneath the sea-floor contain a good deal of water—all, in fact, that their interstitial spaces will hold—

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but this is equally true of the rocks beneath all parts of the continents. The rain-water of any country, however slight in amount, is sufficient to fill the interstices of the rocks to repletion, if, indeed, they were not so filled when they were formed on the sea-floors. We know this from mines in the land, as well as by many galleries which penetrate below the sea-level from shafts near the shore. We are, therefore, driven to another hypothesis which is entirely satisfactory. It was long ago suggested, though it has not been presented in a perfectly clear form in our popular treatises on the subject. This explanation may be stated in a few words:

When deposits of rocky matter are laid down upon the sea-floor, they contain a good deal of water. Such deposits are never entirely compact; there are numerous little spaces between the grains of sand or mud, in or between the fossil shells and other animal remains, which form in most places a part of the strata as they are made. We see how large an element water is in such beds if we take up a portion of the mud from the bottom of any pool. It is probable that, on the average, this enclosed water amounts, at the time when the deposits are made, to as much as from five to fifteen per cent. of the mass. At first this imprisoned water is at the ordinary temperature of the sea-floor, and so has no tendency to break out of its cells; but in the course of the geologic ages, a great many thousand feet of strata are slowly accumulated above the original level, all charged in the same way with a portion of the fluid in which they were laid down. We have now only to see a means whereby this rock-encased water can be raised to a high temperature—say to the heat of two or three thousand degrees, Fahrenheit—in order to bring it to the state of the steam which, escaping from rents of the earth, gives rise to the explosions of volcanoes.

This means of heating is provided by the continuance of the very process which builds the water into rocks, viz., by the deposition of strata and in the following manner: Heat is constantly escaping from the earth's interior, which, though probably solid, is extremely hot; the temperature of the central portion is very likely to be measured by tens of thousands of degrees. Whenever we penetrate by wells or mines into the earth, we find a constant increase of temperature as we descend. It is likely that beneath the sea-floor this rate of increase is somewhere near the rate of one degree to every fifty feet of depth, varying with the ease with which the heat finds its way out through the different kinds of rocks it encounters. Anything like this rate of increase would give us a temperature of several hundred thousand degrees at the earth's centre. It may well be the case that the internal heat does not increase with the same rapidity as we descend toward the central regions, but for a score or two of miles this increase most likely continues at something like this rate. It is thus easily seen that the heat of any mass of buried rock depends on the thickness of the matter deposited above the level, for it is that blanket of strata holding the heat in which causes its temperature to be above that of the earth's surface. In the case of a deposit made on the sea-floor and covered by a blanket of strata ten thousand feet thick, the outflowing tide of heat will be restrained in its escape and the temperature of the buried matter will in time rise to about two hundred degrees above the temperature which it had at first, or to near the heat of boiling water. Another ten thousand feet of strata may raise the temperature high enough to produce some of the slightest volcanic explosions—those in which the rocks are not melted, but simply blown away—while with a deposit of one hundred thousand feet thick, the rocks might in time hold in enough of the outflowing heat to produce the most intense volcanic activity, where the expanding gases act with more than the violence of gunpowder.

If the reader has any difficulty in conceiving the effects of overlaid beds in bringing about a high temperature in strata, he may help himself by a homely comparison. Let him imagine a vessel containing hot water exposed to the cold and covered with felt or other non-conducting material; the surface of this covering will have a certain temperature.

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If now this vessel be covered with another thickness of felt, the temperature of the original surface will rise, and a certain gain of its heat will be made by each additional coating of non-conductive material.

The only serious question is as to the thickness of the rocks which have been laid down on the sea-floors. Hardly any geologist will doubt that it is entirely within bounds to assume that thickness much to exceed twenty miles. It may well have attained to twice or thrice that depth since the geologic ages began, for in our continents we see that the aggregate thickness of the successive beds exposed to view, despite the great erosion to which the lands have been exposed, amounts to somewhere near one hundred thousand feet of strata. It must not be imagined that the deposits on the floors of the sea were ever laid down in water having the depth of ten miles or more. The truth is, that the floors have been gradually sinking as the lands have grown upward. The lands have furnished, from their shores and from the rivers, sediments which have gone to make the strata which the sea has deposited, and the ocean-floors have slowly bent downward as they received these accumulations of waste. As we shall shortly note, a very important part of the materials contributed to the sea-bottoms comes from the volcanic ejections themselves. We thus see that in the water imprisoned in the deposits of the early geologic ages and brought to a high temperature by the blanketing action of the more recently deposited beds, we have a sufficient cause for the great generation of steam at high temperatures, and this is the sole *essential* phenomenon of volcanic eruptions. We see also by this hypothesis why volcanoes do not occur at points remote from the sea, and why they cease to be active soon after the sea leaves their neighborhood. While deposition of strata is going on with moderate rapidity, as it generally is over the sea-floors, the heat is constantly rising in strata and the tendency of the imprisoned water to pass into steam continually increasing. On the land areas, however, the rocks are constantly becoming cooler, and the expansive energy of the steam which causes the eruptions becomes proportionately less.

Conceiving, then, the rocks at a depth of ten or twenty miles below the surface of the earth to be filled with steam at a temperature near two thousand degrees, Fahrenheit, we may readily explain a part of the phenomena of volcanic action, viz., the formation of the gases essential to their explosions. It remains for us, however, to account for certain facts concerning the movement of these gases toward the chance openings by which they find their way to the surface of the earth. It may well be asked, Why do these imprisoned vapors not make their way directly upward through the rocks, passing through the interstices which contain the water? The reason for this doubtless is, that as the cooler rocks above are very close-knit, they offer much the same obstacle to the migrations of the steam as is afforded by the iron walls of a boiler. The only way in which the imprisoned gas can escape is by a lateral motion in the level of heated and softened rocks toward any point where a break offers them passage to the surface. Such breaks, extending very deeply down into the rocks, are extremely common. It is clear that many volcanoes are situated in positions where it may be safely inferred that they have made avail of these ways to the open air (see p. 204).

Let us imagine such a break or fault to be formed, leading down to the depths of imprisoned water where the rocks have a temperature of more than two thousand degrees, Fahrenheit. At once the water near the opening will make haste to avail itself of the chance of escape. As it is contained in every part of the imprisoning rock which is softened by heat, the water in passing to the point of escape will drive the rock before it, much as the baker's dough is moved by the imprisoned gases of fermentation. As it comes to the surface the steam will, to a great extent, escape in advance of the liquid rock, blowing some portion of it to bits as it rushes into the air; or the whole of the softened rock may be blown into dust, as in the greater eruptions we have before noted. This discharge will terminate when the energy of the outrush of the steam is so far diminished that the column of lava in the

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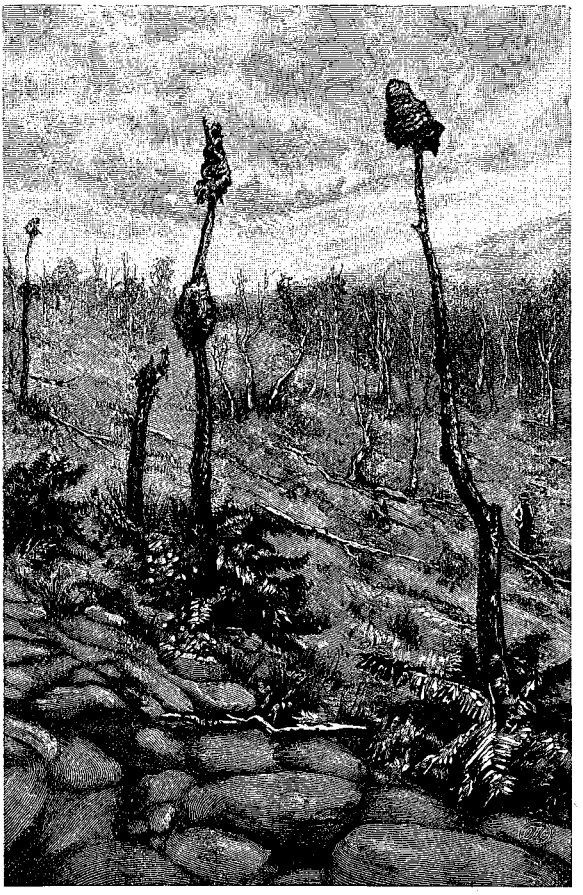

Showing where the Lava has Flowed through a Forest, Sandwich Islands, 1885.

volcanic pipes can by its pressure retain the vapor. Then there will be a pause of some duration.

After a time the steam from regions horizontally remote from the point of escape will creep in toward the vent, accumulate pressure there, and so gradually reproduce the conditions of another explosion. As this imprisoned steam works toward the point of escape, it may drive before it the rock in which it is contained, and so furnish a continued supply of melted material for the discharge of ashes and lava; or, it may creep through the interstices of the beds without forcing the softened rock to accompany it. We have many evidences of such a horizontal movement of gases alone, or of rock and gases combined, from our experience in mines and other subterranean explorations. When in a deep coal mine we have horizontal galleries cut in beds of clay, with hard rocks above, we often find that the clay creeps upward from the bottom and inward from the sides until it fills the cavity. When cut out it continues the movement, putting the miners to much trouble in order to keep the way open. This shows us how, under the inconsiderable pressure of a relatively slight weight of overlying beds, rocks which seem tolerably hard may creep toward a point of relief. Then, again, in the movement of gases contained in rocks, we have evidence that, even when urged by pressures which are slight compared with those of the volcano, vaporous matter can travel for a considerable distance through materials which seem to the eye to be compact. The pressure which impels natural gas toward the bored well through which it discharges is most likely not greater than a thousand pounds to the square inch. This is possibly not the hundredth part of that which impels the gases in great volcanic explosions; yet as a well will sometimes discharge ten to twenty million feet of gas per diem for years, it is evident that this store of gas must be derived from a very wide field. It is probable that in some cases it may journey for miles toward the outlet. If the rocks were hot it would be possible for the imprisoned gas to make channels of escape by blowing the rock before it. We can, therefore, well imagine, in the case of the volcanic vapors, that owing to their far greater pressure and to the softer condition of the rocks they traverse, they may migrate for hundreds of miles to the point of escape.

It seems necessary to suppose that our volcanoes are fed by the gases and lava from a wide field, for the reason that, notwithstanding the enormous amount of materials they throw out, the ground

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about their bases rarely if ever seems to be lowered. For instance, in the case of Vesuvius, the water in the form of steam, the lava and ashes which have emanated from it, have, since the Christian era, amounted probably in all to more than five cubic miles, yet there is no evidence that the cone or the country about it has permanently subsided in that time. It seems, indeed, here and there, to sway up and down from age to age, but the average height above the sea remains essentially unchanged. Unless the supply of the ejected materials comes from a very wide subterranean field, the surface of the region should show a decided subsidence.

The foregoing considerations make it tolerably clear that volcanoes are fed from deposits of water contained in ancient rocks which have become greatly heated through the blanketing effect of the strata which have been laid down upon them. The gas which is the only invariable element of volcanic eruptions, is steam; moreover, it is the steam of sea-water, as is proved by analysis of the ejections. It breaks its way to the surface only on those parts of the earth which are near to where the deposition of strata is lifting the temperature of water contained in rocks by preventing, in part, the escape of the earth's heat.

From these theoretical considerations as to the causes of volcanoes it will, perhaps, be a relief to the reader to turn to the question of their place in the economy of the earth. Although volcanoes are agents of great destructive violence, we easily see that they render an immeasurable service to the earth by returning to its surface a great store of materials which are necessary to the functions of life and which are constantly being buried in the deeper parts of the crust, and so withdrawn from the activities characteristic of the superficial part of the globe. Let us consider, in the first place, the action of volcanoes in returning buried water to the seas. We have seen that when strata are deposited on the sea-floor they contain a large amount of water; it is probably safe to assume that on the average not far from ten per cent. of the mass consists of this material. As the average depth of the oceans is not far from fifteen thousand feet, it is evident that the amount of water thus abstracted by the deposition of strata from the earth's surface, in the course of the geologic ages since the ocean came upon the surface of the earth, has been very great. If the thickness of the part of the crust which has been laid down on sea-floors amounts to as much as one hundred and fifty thousand feet, the oceans might have disappeared in their own deposits, and so the surface of the earth would have had a limit put to its most important processes. But by the operations of the volcano a large part of the imprisoned water is in time restored to the earth's surface, and so re-enters on its beneficent activities.

With the steam from a volcano there comes forth also a considerable amount of the carbonic-acid gas which must be present in the air, else vegetation would cease to be. A very great amount of this substance is each year taken from the atmosphere and buried in the earth, not only by the plants and animals, the carbon of whose remains are buried in strata, but also by certain processes of decay of rocks, as where the felspar of granitic materials is converted into kaolin. About the only manner in which this carbon can find its way back into the air is through volcanic action. It is not likely that volcanic activity can restore enough of this carbon in the form of carbonic-acid gas to compensate for the constant and rapid burial of the substance in the earth, but it is certainly a means whereby a good deal of it is returned to the atmosphere. In certain cases the emanation of this combined oxygen and carbon from volcanoes is in such volume that it is extremely destructive to life; being a heavy gas, it flows like water down the sides of the cone, carrying death to all animals with it. Such destructive effects are limited to the first and last stages of an eruption. When a volcano is reduced to its last stages of activity, when it is only a smouldering vent, it often continues to pour forth this gas long after it has ceased to produce any other evidence of its connection with subterranean processes. A good case of this is seen in the Solfatara, near Naples, where a small crater, long since extinct as a volcano, throws out enough carbonic acid

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to suffocate a dog, to the diversion of hard-hearted tourists and the profit of the proprietors of the brutal show.

The solid matter thrown out by volcanoes is the most important contribution to the materials which the sea has at its disposal for the nourishment of its life and for the formation of strata. The quantity of the pumiceous and finely pulverized material is, as we have seen, enormous. When it falls upon the sea it either floats for a time or at once sinks into the depths. In either case it is, to a great extent, dissolved in the ocean waters, and so contributes to the store of materials which may be appropriated by the organic life of the sea. When it falls on the land, it is generally so incoherent that it is easily swept away by the rains, and so comes quickly into the ocean. The importance of this contribution to marine sediments has been overlooked by geologists, but it is easy to see that it may amount in mass to something like as much as the earthy matter which is brought to the sea by the rivers. The volcanoes of the Java district alone have within a century thrown out a mass of this fragmentary rock amounting probably to not less than one hundred cubic miles, and perhaps to twice this quantity. Now, the Mississippi River carries out in the form of dissolved matter, mud, and sand about one cubic mile in twenty years, or five cubic miles in a century; thus these volcanoes of the Java district have brought up from the depths of the earth and contributed to the sea many times as much detritus as has been conveyed to the ocean by the greatest river of North America. Allowing for the greater porosity of the volcanic dust, it still seems not unlikely that the ejections from a half dozen great volcanoes of the East Indian Archipelago, in the period of a little more than a century, from 1772 to 1883, far exceeded that brought into the oceans by all the rivers of North America in the same period. Although the volcanoes of this district are by far the most powerful which are known, we still cannot fairly reckon that their ejections represent anywhere near the half of the total quantity which came to the earth's surface from such vents during the above named period of one hundred and eleven years. For during this time some scores of great craters were in eruption, including Skaptar, in Iceland, Vesuvius, Ætna, various volcanoes in South America and elsewhere. It seems, therefore, not unlikely that the solid materials contributed by volcanoes to the sea-floor, may, on the average, amount to as much as that taken by the rivers from the land.

Among these solid substances which are ejected by volcanoes we find some of the most indispensable elements of organic life, including phosphorus, soda, potash, and other materials. The value of these materials to vegetation may be judged by the fertility which so often characterizes the regions in the immediate vicinity of volcanic cones which cast forth large amounts of ash. If the rainfall be sufficient this ash quickly decomposes into a fertile soil, which tempts the husbandman to replant the fields as fast as they are ravaged by the explosions. Were it not for the constant return of these rarer and precious materials to the superficial part of the earth by means of volcanic action, it is likely that the earth's surface would want many of the substances most necessary for organic life.

We thus see that volcanoes play a very important part in the physical history of our planet. The action is, in a large degree, restorative. They help to maintain the earth's surface in a condition in which it may nurture life. We note also that this internal heat of the earth, acting through volcanoes, serves to counteract certain injurious effects arising from the operation of the solar forces. The heat of the sun operating in the rivers and the waves wears away the materials of the land, buries them in the strata of the sea-floor along with a part of the water of the seas. The internal heat expels the most volatile and the most life-giving portions of these substances, affording them a chance to take their places once again in the activities of the surface.

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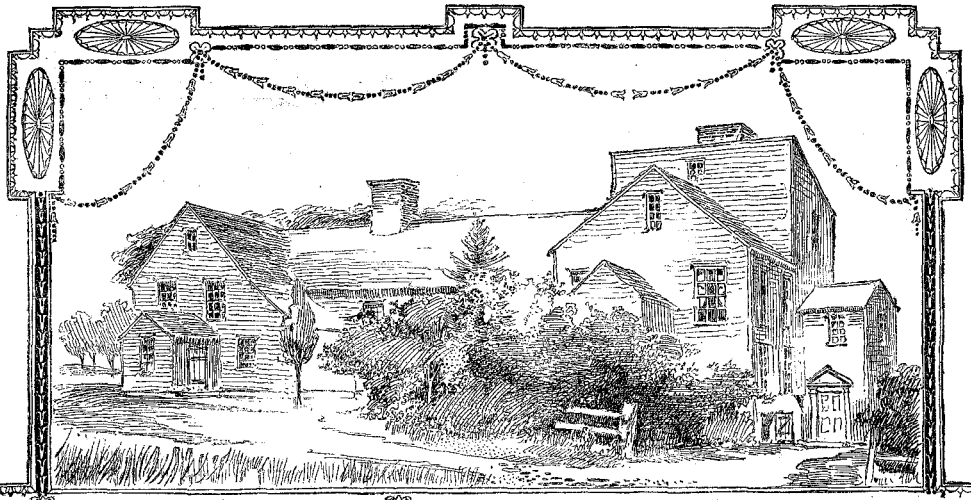


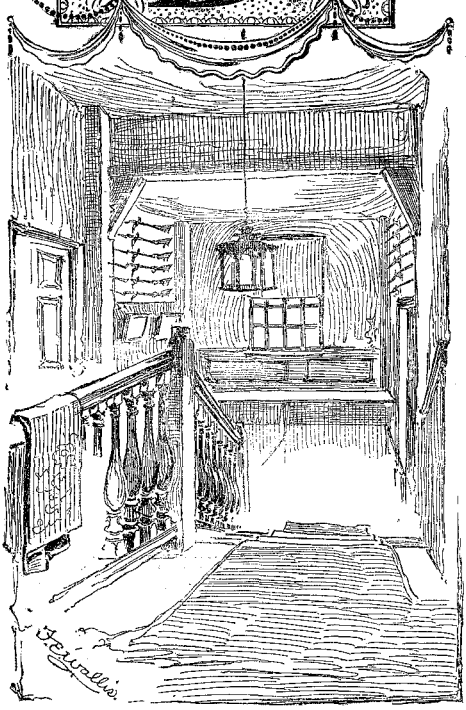
THE LAST OF THE GHOSTS

By Barrett Wendell.

I.

DOWN on the coast of New England, in sight of the open sea, is an old house. A royal governor built it, who has left behind relics of his provincial grandeur. In the garrets, to this day, are some rusty flint-locks, captured, as the story goes, at Louisburg, and brought back in triumph to arm his body-guard—a troop of which no other authentic record survives. There is a full-length portrait of him, too, in red coat and powdered wig, and the embroidered waistcoat still preserved by descendants of his family, who delight in pointing out that the back is made of satin as fine as the front. Some of his silver is shown, into the bargain, engraved with the florid coat of arms that is cut on his gravestone in the neighboring town. Altogether, he was a very great man, who may by no means be forgotten.

Whoever sees the old house, then, falls to thinking with respectful sentimentality about the glorious days of His Excellency. Nowadays the place is much the worse for wear. The Revolution confiscated it, I believe. At all events, it has been so long in the hands of everyday folks that few visible traces of its



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pristine grandeur remain. Its gray wooden walls shed their last flake of paint years ago; the orchard that stood about it—or rather what stray trees had survived the storms of a century or more—went for firewood when the Temperance Movement so gravely threatened the trade in cider; and what little of the garden has not been ploughed and sowed for years by the farmers who have tried to make the land pay something, has long been a mere tangled mass of weeds, among which a few old-fashioned flowers forlornly try to preserve an air of respectability.

For all its decay, perhaps all the more because of it, the place preserves a character of its own. You cannot see the big chimneys rising sturdily above the irregular, weather-beaten roofs; you cannot enter the panelled council-chamber, with its carved chimney-piece—the master work of some dead maker of figure-heads; you cannot look at the old flock paper that still hangs in what was once the drawing-room, or peer into the queer cupboards, or up the cramped stairways without visions of men and times that are dead and gone. Very unimaginative folks fall to talking of the pompous old fellow who built the place; and tell, with what authority I know not, of his gardens and his chariots, and the barge in which he used to come down river in state and land at the stone pier where for fifty years there has not been water enough at half tide to float a dory. There are stories, too, of sudden summons of the king's council, to drink the health of George the Second in the big council-chamber, whence they might be carried supine to bed up a dark staircase inaudible from the more domestic parts of the house; and tales of how after such bouts his hot-tempered excellency would sit in a broad arm-chair on a kind of balcony, long since roofed over and made into a garret, where a high wooden wall shielded him from the sea-breeze, and the afternoon sun warmed the swollen veins that he had cooled over night with Madeira.

Naturally enough, people suppose that a great deal is known of the old governor, whose name is a household word. But, when you look into the matter you find that beyond certain dull official documents he has left no certain record behind him. What manner of man he really was there is no writer of letters or diaries to tell us. Indeed the only fact I have learned of him with any color of authenticity, is at once not exactly about him as he lived, and—if we may believe the fading traditions of his vice-regal pomp—queerly out of character. It is a story, half believed by elderly people in the neighborhood, that his ghost would sometimes prowl about the old place at the bidding of an uncanny negress who survived well into the nineteenth century.

She was one of those strange Africans who outlive generations of their masters until, for all that anybody rightly knows, they may count their age by centuries. Certainly she was once a slave, legally purchased by His Excellency himself, and duly manumitted, for long and faithful services, by his last will and testament. Certainly, too, she was the last living being who remembered him in the flesh. But what her memories may have been she seems never to have told. Bent half double, she would cower over her stove in winter; and in summer would sometimes hobble out into the sunshine, blinking about with small eyes, buried beneath her white wool in nut-like wrinkles. It was useless to question her about the old times. She made no coherent answers but stood staring at whoever spoke, wagging her shrivelled head, and mumbling strange savage words or crazy nothings. At least this was all that people could generally get out of her. But sometimes, report goes, when a present put her in rare good humor, or perhaps a warmer sun than usual kindled some fading sentiment of the tropical life for which heaven had made her, she roused herself into something like human intelligence. At these times she would lay her skinny paw on the arm of whoever pleased her, and ask if he would like to see the old governor. And if, with half-frightened curiosity, he answered yes, she would bid him go secretly that night and stand just outside the door of the old council-chamber.

"Den I'll sit and tink of him, honey,—tink of him all alone. And bime-by, sure as you're 'live, you 'll see him walk in, jes' as gran'——"

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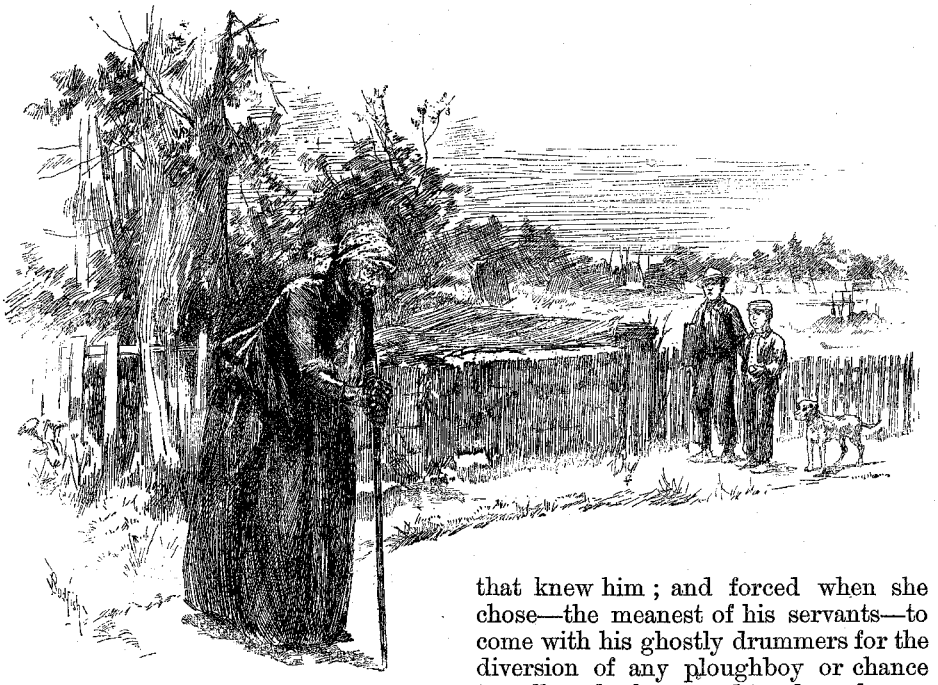
On such occasions, it is still asserted, whoever took his stand in front of the old door, disused of late years, which in the governor's time admitted official visitors to the state apartments, would have a curious adventure. For a while,



all would be quiet, save for the night-sounds that bear men company wherever they go, and for the distant murmur of the sea breaking on the reefs and beaches beyond the harbor-mouth. By and by, this sound would grow half articulate, until it came to seem like a rolling of drums instead of pebbles. At last, of a sudden, the drums would roll very loud, as though a gust of wind puffed the noise towards you. And then, in the vague star-light, the old door would disappear as if by magic, and through the portal would strut a pompous little gentleman with a white wig, which gleamed for an instant as he removed his cocked hat on the threshold. The moment he passed in the vision would disappear; the drums would have faded back into the distant sound of surf, and the old door, whither the startled spectator hurried, would be found tightly fastened with the rusty nails that had held it to for so long.

It came to be believed, then, that by some ironical caprice of fate, the stout old governor, whose will had been law for thirty years, was subject, in his cushioned coffin, to the bidding of the crazy witch who alone survived of all that knew him; and forced when she chose—the meanest of his servants—to come with his ghostly drummers for the diversion of any ploughboy or chance traveller who happened to please her.

At last, those who tell this story say, a man who lived in the house—and oddly enough gave no credence to tales of the ghostly rambles of his distinguished predecessor—was aroused one night by footsteps in the council-chamber, which was commonly kept locked. Surmising that mischievous boys were about, he had taken his gun, loaded for such a purpose with powder, and had stamped down to the scene of disturbance. Here, to his terrified amazement, he had found no human intruders, but a shadowy company of bewigged gentlemen, seated, in the light of a lurid fire which had risen in the empty chimney, about a square table. At the head was the old governor himself, bending his dew-lapped cheeks over a wine glass, which he solemnly filled from a decanter engraved with his arms. As the spectator looked on, the glass was filled, and His Excellency arose, not too steadily, with

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the air of one about to propose a toast, while his guests, whose backs were turned to their unbidden companion, bent politely forward, glasses in hand. What he would have said can never be known. Thoroughly alarmed, the looker-on raised his gun and blazed away at the spectres, who vanished in the powder smoke.

Then the assailant turned and ran—— and from that time forth would never enter the council-chamber after dark. But his fears seem to have been groundless. On that very night, it appeared, old Dinah lay dying. And with her died not only the last surviving memories of His Excellency, but also the pompous spectre with which she used to entertain her favorites.

These tales, and perhaps a few more such, were the most authentic that I could find about the old house. What haunts it is not, I think, any definite tradition; but rather the atmosphere of tradition that gives to old places the quality we call romantic. More than if you knew just what had been doing there from the day when the royal governor first sat down to dinner in his new hall you feel, whenever you see the place, and the more you see it the more you feel, that here men have lived and died and passed into memories that are forgotten. Be you dull as you may, it sets you dreaming.

II.

A MILE or two from the old house, across the creek that ebbs and flows past the ruinous sea-wall fringed with rockweed, is a fishing village, whose snug well-to-do houses cluster like barnacles on the low ledges that form the mouth of the river. Here I have passed much time, and so came to know Captain John Trefethen.

The first time I saw him, I remember, was in the shop which serves at once for bazar, club-room and post-office to the tavernless town. It was about noon, one summer day, and the mail was due. The dingy little building, with an overgrown stove in the middle, and a queer

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medley of counters, and barrels, and boxes, and merchandize of all kinds from spools and candy to anchors, was crowded with solemn-looking fishermen, mostly well on in life, sitting on whatever came handy, and talking as gravely as senators. When I appeared, such silence fell on the company that I should have felt uncomfortable, but for Captain John. He was a lank old Yankee, dressed in rusty blue flannel, and a stained Panama hat. He sat in one corner of the shop resting his hands, which carelessly held a pair of frayed cotton gloves, on an ivory-headed stick. And with his curling white hair, and long chin beard, and twinkling little blue eyes he made quite a figure. His rustic dandyism had dignity. You felt instinctively that his black cloth boots were not laughed at by the wearers of monstrous cow-hides who sat around him, but were rather regarded as the proper daily apparel of a distinguished person. As I looked at him, he nodded with a friendly smile that displayed a palpably false set of teeth, and invited me to sit down. From that time the fishermen accepted me as a normal fact.

Still I knew little of sea-faring, or local politics and scandal; and they talked of little else. So it fell out that when I went for my mail, I would sit on a coil of rope beside Captain John. After a while we grew good friends. He had been to sea in days when such business meant more than creeping along from one coast port to another. He had learned from something better than hearsay that the world does not end with the rocky islands that float on the horizon just off the harbor-mouth. But for all that he knew more of life than his neighbors, he talked less. The secret of his attraction, I think as I remember him, lay in his affable silence. When anybody spoke, Captain John would look at him in a friendly way and at most utter in his slow Yankee voice some brief commonplace. I do not remember a single phrase of his worth repeating; but I hardly ever bade him goodbye without feeling that between us knowing things had been said.

When the mail was distributed and the company dispersing for their noonday dinner, I would sometimes walk home with him. Once, I remember, he asked me into his neatly-kept cottage. But here he grew rather stiff. Instead of taking me to the kitchen, where he mostly lived, he insisted on ushering me into his darkened parlor, reserved for state occasions. And my call, when I was fairly seated in the hair-cloth rocking-chair, assumed the character of a solemn function. So I never repeated it.

I carried away, however, a pleasant impression of the thrifty little place. In spite of its country primness, the room had an attraction of its own. There was a staring Brussels carpet, to be sure, and hair-cloth furniture, and wax flowers; but there were some placid Indian idols too, and great shells from the South Seas, and along with some gilt-edged subscription books a row of battered old volumes that looked worth the reading they had evidently seen; there was a marvellously bright accordeon, too.

"T'aint much of an instrument, I s'pose," said the old captain as he saw me looking at it, "but it used to sound pleasant at sea, sir, and I like to have it round. That one's never been played on. My old one ain't fit to be seen."

I left him soon, with some formal words about the pleasant look of his home.

"It's quiet," he said, "That's what I like now. Didn't use to; but as I get on I begin to see things different."

But if Captain John was awkward in the presence of so unusual a phenomenon as a visitor, he kept all his old affability at the post-office, where he could permit himself the luxury of silence. So, like everybody else, I said to him whatever came into my head. It was natural, then, that one morning, when I had lately been at the old house, and still felt its fascination, I should begin to talk of it to him.

I had come late for my mail that crisp autumn day, and met him on his way home from the post-office. He waited for me, I remember, at his gate, and stood leaning against the white fence that kept stray cattle out of his bright little flower garden. Of course his first question was how I had been lately. This I answered by telling him where I had been; and asking him if he knew the old house well.

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"Used to," he said curtly, "But I ain't been up there for some years."

Hardly noticing that his tone was not so affable as usual, I went on talking of what charm the place had for me, even though I knew nothing of its real history, if indeed there were any to know. It was a spot, I said in one of those phrases that formed themselves when I talked to Captain John and went so far to make me take to him, where, without knowing why, you felt as if the dead were not dead after all, but only gone away.

"You ain't seen her, hev ye?" he asked suddenly.

I looked up in surprise. His face had lost its canny Yankee good-nature, and had instead a look of anxious trouble. I asked whom he meant.

"Seems as though she ought to rest quiet now," he went on, without answering. "You aint seen her—hev ye?"

I had seen nobody, I said; I had no idea what he meant. Whereat, without a word of greeting, the old fellow turned, and roughly dashed open his white gate and hobbled up the pebbly garden path, and so out of sight around the corner of his cottage.

III.

In that part of the country there are few old graveyards. Nowadays, to be sure, each town has its cemetery filling with granite-bordered lots and veined marble monuments. But in old times the farmers, and the sailors, and the fishermen were content to rest each in some rocky corner of his own land. So now, when you wander through the fields and pastures, you often stumble on little mounds, buried in golden-rod and juniper, and all manner of wild shrubs and flowers, that half hide the slate headstones, if indeed there be any stone to preserve the name of the dead.

The custom seems painful to many; but for me it has charm. When these simple folk died, they were laid to rest in land they knew and called their own; they mingle with dust they cared for; so long as they are remembered they may be found in places where they moved in life; and when they are forgotten they are left to a quiet that is like absorption in the very nature they lived in. Sometimes, when I come to one of these neglected graves, I catch glimpses of an eternity less unwelcome than what confronts you in neat cemeteries. For an instant I seem to know how the mossy rocks, and the restless ocean beyond the meadow, and the bright wild flowers, and the twisted trees, and men with all their works, and the stars that watch us, are but kindred forms of one vast, changing, changeless being.

But even to philosophers such glimpses as these are few and fleeting. As for me, when the first thrill of reverence passes, human curiosity generally impels me to look for names. Thus it was that a few days after my abrupt parting with Captain John I discovered what he meant. It was a pleasant autumn afternoon; I had rowed past the old house, which looked gravely down at the creek from amid a forest of lilacs. Swept on by the tide I had pulled lazily up the winding channel, now shut in by gray, rocky shores where stunted pines try to grow, now passing open pastures that slope gently up to higher woods. Here and there a cottage, or a weather-stained farm-building nestled among the trees and weeds. Sometimes a foot-path led down the bank to a rough wharf, or a tumble-down fish-house that spoke of more active days in those waters where now the stroke of your oar surprises the drowsy fish. After a while I came to a broken dam that once shut in the tide for a mill burnt down years ago. Here I rested, for the channel above was choked with eel-grass; and the banks widened into a broad salt meadow, dotted with hay stacks surmounting little clumps of piles. Before long the tide would turn; rather than pull back against the current that soon would float me home, I made fast my boat, and clambered through a thicket and over the moss-gathering mill stones up the bank.

Beyond the bushes was an open pasture, with tempting walnut-trees on the farther side. I made my way towards them. Not far off, two or three cows were gathered by a clump of bushes, close to the bars where they were waiting for their master. As I approached, one of them moved away from something against which she had been com-

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fortably rubbing her dun side, and switching her tail stirred the tall weeds enough to show that the allayer of her irritation was a slate head-stone, tilted to one side by the frosts of thirty or forty winters. I stopped to see who lay there; and read that it was Drusilla, wife of Jno Trefethen, who departed this life on the 17th of October, 1836, aged 22 years, 7 months, and 16 days.

"Dear sister, mother, wife and friend,
Here in the dust you lie
Your sorrowing friends have laid you here
To bid the world good-bye."

So ran the epitaph, if I remember rightly. The stone is broken now. Some harder frost than usual, or some particularly uncomfortable cow, has pushed it over, and in its fall the rhyme has been broken. When I went thither, a little while ago, I could not find the whole of it.

As I knelt in the weeds before the lonely stone, wondering whether the Jno Trefethen whose wife lay under it could be my old friend, I heard a voice behind me. Turning I saw at the bars the country fellow who had come for the cows. I knew him a little. He was a big, lumbering, red-bearded man of thirty or so, who had lived all his life in the old governor's house, which had been decaying in the possession of his family for two or three generations. He lounged heavily against the top rail on which his arms were crossed. He looked big and black against the western sky, whence the afternoon sun streamed about him.

"Seed her th'other night," he drawled in that aggressive tone with which a Yankee forestalls incredulity or other differences of opinion.

"Saw whom?" I asked.

"Aunt Drusilly," said he. "She walks down to the house. Used to skeer folks; but Lord, there ain't no harm in her. Never was, 's fur as I've heerd."

IV.

I LEFT my boat by the old dam in the eel-grass, and walked slowly down the grassy road with Tom. On the way, as he drove home the lazy cows, he told what he knew about Drusilla.

She was his father's sister, born at the old house soon after his family bought it. At that time they were less rude in their lives than they have grown in fifty years of ill-luck and hardship. But the hardship began almost as soon as she was big enough to remember. Before she was ten years old her mother died; and the little woman found more serious work on her hands than chasing fowls among the bushes, and clambering into the gnarled apple-trees. There were younger children, of whom Tom's father was one; and nobody else to look after them. So Drusilla had to work and worry, like a grown woman born to such things, while stiff portraits of wigged and furbelowed ancestors followed her reprovingly with their painted eyes. For, to this day her family having little else to be proud of, fondly remember that in the time of His Excellency, her great-grandfather was a member of the King's council. Her surviving progenitor helped her little more than the dead ones; from all Tom could learn of him he was not much of a fellow.

"Guess he took more'n was good for him right along," he said. "That's what was the end of him anyhow. Got tipped out of a dory rowin' down from the city when my father warn't but twenty years of age. Never found the remains."

For several years, then, the little housewife had her hands full. She did her best; she kept the children alive and in some kind of order; and cooked, and sewed and picked up what little education she could find in the damaged calf-bound books that remained from her great grandfather's library. And through it all she managed to grow so pretty that when she was seventeen, and Tom's father eight or ten, she was the prettiest girl for miles around.

"'T least," said Tom prudently, "That's what father used t'say. But, then, he thought a sight of Aunt Drusilly, and I dunno but what his jedgment might a' got a little mite tilted."

However this may have been, she was pretty enough to attract admirers, who disturbed the balance of her simple life. She grew careless and flighty. She thought more about dress, and less about the children, who, with the quick jealousy of their years, proceeded to take

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men into high disfavor. Among these objects of juvenile displeasure John Trefethen was the most marked. He would often row over of an evening from the village where he lived; and after a while Drusilla evidently was more upset when he did not turn up, than when he did, and generally by no means herself at times when he might be expected.

"Th' old Cap'n was mighty good lookin' in them days," said Tom. "Dunno but what you might call him so now. An' he was a terrible fellow with the girls. Kep' it up late in life, too."

At last Drusilla grew very sharp and cross with the children, who were not slow in answering, and at times, Tom guessed, the old house wasn't much better than a hornet's nest. The phrase pleased me; with its gray, weather-stained shingles, and its queer labyrinth of rooms and closets and stairways and passages and garrets, it looks like one to this day.

One night, when her father was away on some coasting voyage, Drusilla was unusually cross, and sent the children to bed early. She had a way, Tom said, of making 'em mind. So Tom's father went to bed as he was told, in such a temper that he could not sleep. He heard some one come to the house, he heard Drusilla welcome the visitor, and he recognized in the gruff answer the voice of John Trefethen. Then they went into the house. The little boy tossed about in bed for a while, straining his ears, as one does at night, and frightening himself with the ghostly cracklings and sighings that pervade old houses. At last he worried himself into real terror; and convinced that if he remained alone much longer some supernatural visitant would proceed to extremities with him, he stealthily arose, and slipped down-stairs to the region of the kitchen, where human aid was within call. The first thing he heard was Drusilla, crying as if her heart would break. And John Trefethen was roughly telling her not to be a fool.

These positive sounds were quite enough to drown the mournful minor tones of the voices of the night. Full of angry excitement, the little fellow listened at the door, and made out that John was going on a long voyage, to Calcutta or some such place; and Drusilla begging him not to leave her that way; and John answering very roughly. In a little while he heard John's heavy boots stamping towards the outer door. Drusilla hastened after him.

"John," she cried, "John, don't leave me this way."

"Damn it," said John, "what's the good of being a fool? You ain't the first that's been left, nor you won't be the last." And he slammed the door behind him; while Drusilla sank down with a sob.

The little boy, in his white nightgown went gliding like the very ghosts he had been so afraid of, down through a dark passage, and through the shadowy council-chamber, where the old portraits peered at him in the darkness, and out through the long music room, where the stringless spinnet stood that the governor's lady used to play on, and so through a little back door to the wharf where John's dory lay swinging in the tidal current. In a moment John Trefethen stamped round the corner of the house, nervously whistling a country tune.

"John Trefethen," said the boy.

"My God!" exclaimed John, stopping short, "who's that?"

"It's me," said the boy. "What have you been doin' to my sister?"

"Nothing," said John reassured. "Go to bed, you —— little fool."

"I won't," said the boy, "not until I've talked to you."

"Guess I've heard talk enough for one night," said John. "Get out o' my way."

"No, I won't," said the boy. "And just you mind this. If you do any harm to my sister, I'll kill you."

"Like to see you try," said John, pushing him aside.

The boy picked up a stone, and flung it with all his might at his enemy. John dodged it with a rude laugh. Snatching up a stick, the boy dashed at him and struck him in the face. In a rage John struck back, and laid the little fellow senseless on the stones.

In a moment more John had picked the child up, and was carrying him tenderly back to the house. He came round the corner again, past the council-door where old Dinah used to call back

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the dead governor, and under the drawing-room windows that had not been lighted for years. When he came in sight of the kitchen, where he had left Drusilla, he saw that the girl had opened

the door, and stood with the light behind her, peering into the night. He laid his burden on the ground, and stepped forward. The girl heard him coming; she sprang toward him in the dark, and threw her arms round his neck.

"Oh, John," she cried, nestling close to him, "I knew you couldn't leave me that way. You couldn't, could you?"

The end of it all was that within less than a week the boy was well, and John and Drusilla were man and wife, and he off before the mast for Calcutta. Things in the old house went on as before. Some months after John sailed away, though, a baby came to remind them of him; and Drusilla's small brothers and sisters vied with each other in lavishing on the new-comer attentions that in some degree repaid what the little mother had done for them.

After a while, John came back from his voyage with marvellous stories of the Indies, and barbaric presents for the whole family. The few weeks he passed at home were full of happy excitement for Drusilla. But John was too much of a sailor to relish prolonged domestic happiness. Before long he was off again, this time for more than two years. After the first few months he gave up writing; and Drusilla did not say much, but as Tom put it, "she aged considerable."

At last her father came home with a paper which told them that John's ship had arrived in New York,—a piece of news that brightened up Drusilla incredibly. She went about singing as she used to in the old times; she hurried through a new dress for the child, and spruced some of her own finery, expecting every minute that John would come. But no John came, and no letter, and what it meant nobody could tell. At last a shipmate of his turned up in the neighboring town with news that as soon as John had been paid off he had started on a

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regular spree, and had last been seen in a dance-hall, drunker, as Tom put it, than the Medes and Persians.

At this news Tom's father swore vengeance, and even Drusilla's father, who ought to have sympathized with John's weakness, was so much moved that he proceeded to get very drunk in turn. But Drusilla said hardly anything. Only she would stand every day at the kitchen door, looking wistfully up the road between what trees were left of the old orchard, while her child played neglected at her feet. Somehow she had never seemed to care as much for her own child as she had for the little ones her mother left her. And now these had outgrown her; they needed her no more, and were quite able to look after the baby, who cared more for them than for her. She didn't talk much, Tom repeated, but she grew very ill-tempered, which wasn't surprising.

Still no news came of John, and weeks had gone by. At last, one day, after standing as usual by the door for a long time, she shook her head mournfully, and went into the house.

Before very long, they heard a jolly voice talking to the baby; and hurrying out, they found John, come home with the aggressive air of one who does not mean to answer questions.

"Where's Drusilly?" he asked, when he had kissed her sisters. They heard a foot-step in the kitchen. Drusilla appeared at the door. She was pale as death.

"Oh, John," she murmured, "if I'd known you'd come I wouldn't 'a done it." And she sank into John's arms.

The poor child had taken poison. An hour later she was dead. They buried her in the pasture where I saw her gravestone.

That was Drusilla's story. In telling it Tom had rambled so far from the visitations that had started him on the tale that I had to remind him of it. Who had seen her? I asked.

Lots of folks, he said, always in the same place. She would come just as she came the other night. Somebody approaching the kitchen door would see there a white figure shaking its head. As the looker-on approached, the shape would totter forward and finally would sink into the earth, much as poor Drusilla had tottered and fallen for the last time into her husband's arms.

"Folks say," said Tom, "that she comes there when the old Cap'n gets thinking about her. He was awful impressed when she died, and hung round for a time kind of stupid-like, and then went off and got drunk. An' one day, when he was off my father seed Aunt Drusilly, just like she was that last time. Well, when the Cap'n come back again, he says, 'it's no use,' says he, 'the more I took the more I kep' thinkin' o' the way she come and said, *John, I wouldn't a done it.*' So he set to work; and went to sea again, and at times, I cal'late he lived mighty hard. But 'twarn't no good, whenever he come home he kep' sayin' that do what he would he couldn't get Drusilly out of his head. And every now and then, all the time, folks would see her standin' there in the kitchen door. Well, at last, time went on, and old Cap'n got on in life, and settled down over to the village, and begun to live quieter, and one day he asks my father, kind o' timid, if anybody'd seen her lately. 'No,' says my father, 'not this year or more.' 'Well,' says the Cap'n, 'the quieter I live the less I think about her the way she looked that day. Seems as though by livin' quiet I kind o' help her rest.'"

"But how about the other night?" I asked.

"Well," said Tom, "that's queer, that is. Next day, old Cap'n rowed over t' see us; and we didn't say nothin' to him about it, but he let out that some darned fool had been talkin' t' him about her and put her in his head the old way."

V.

The next time I saw Tom was a cold, clear winter evening. I had come down to the town nearest the house whence I was to drive myself to the village where Captain John lived. Just as I was tucking myself into a small sleigh, I heard some one hail me by name; and there was Tom in woollen cap and comforter. He had walked up to the city on some errand, it appeared, and was starting on his tramp home. The night was so fine, the old house so little out of my way that it seemed inhuman not to offer him

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a lift. Of course he accepted. He clambered in by my side; and we went jingling away from gas-lights down towards the woodland and the open country to seaward.

Before long we were passing the cemetery where the snow for once hid the staring ugliness of the marble.

"That's growin'," said Tom, nodding towards the place. "It's 'bout the only thing in these parts that is. Times is dreadful hard. There was seven lyin' dead at one time last week up to the city, sir,—yes, seven at one time."

Who were they, I asked, chiefly for the sake of answering. He rattled off some names that meant nothing. One of the dead, he said, was a lady whom I had doubtless seen rowing down river with five children; she'd been twice divorced, he added, and was pretty nigh her third time; took in washin'. The others were less specific.

"Tell you who's had a stroke," he went on. "Th' old Cap'n. Yes, sir; you won't see no more o' Cap'n John Trefethen."

So started he went on to tell me how the old gentleman had been brighter than ever this winter till one day last week, when he tumbled over in the post-office with an apoplexy.

"Ought to 'a been dead two days ago," said Tom, "but them Trefethens die awful hard. He's been lyin' there, not knowin' nobody, and breathin' so hard that you'd think they was haulin' in an anchor. Hear him 'cross the street. He's gettin' slim to-day though. Most likely his anchor'll get hauled in 'bout ten o'ck."

Why that hour, I asked.

"Tide turns," said Tom sententiously; and relapsed into silence, as we left the cemetery behind us and turned into a woody road, dark with evergreens even in the mid-winter. This led to the old house, and to little else. The lonely silence of the night, broken only by the jingle of our sleighbells, began to affect me in a way that I found uncanny. I was glad Tom was with me. I dreaded the solitary drive back. And I kept

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"I think I heard the words—'You couldn't leave me, could you?'"

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picturing to myself the white-headed old Captain, his sharp features softening into the dignity of death, in the little village beyond the creek.

At last we came to the gate of the old house. As we turned in, I could hear the surf breaking with massive laziness on the reefs beyond the harbor mouth. In the still cold night air the sound seemed strangely near, and fraught with some kind of intelligence. Tom lifted his head and listened.

"Tide's turnin'," he said.

As we drove on toward the house, I could see the creek and the little bay in its mouth were brimfull of ice-cakes, which stood out in ghostly relief against the granite rocks, dark for once in the midst of the whiteness about them. In an instant more, the old house rose grimly before us.

At one of the doors was a light.

"Some one has heard us coming," said I, relieved at this sign of life.

"My God!" whispered Tom. "Look there." He had clutched my arm and was pointing toward the door.

In the open door-way stood a young girl, the light streaming from behind her. But for all that her face was in shadow I could see, I know not how, the pitiful look with which she was peering into the night.

"It's Aunt Drusilly," said Tom, in awe-stricken tones strangely at variance with the careless way in which he had told me tales of the apparition.

The horse had stopped, snorting and shivering with what might be either cold or terror. As we looked in silence at the girl, I felt rather than saw a change come over her face. For an instant there was about her a great glow of joy. She stretched out her arms in welcome. She started forward. I think I heard the words—"You couldn't leave me, could you?"

Then the cold star-light night was dark and empty again; the old house gray with no sign of life; and only the white snow about us, and the lazy surf beyond the harbor mouth, and the faint ring of sleigh-bells as our horse shivered in the darkness.

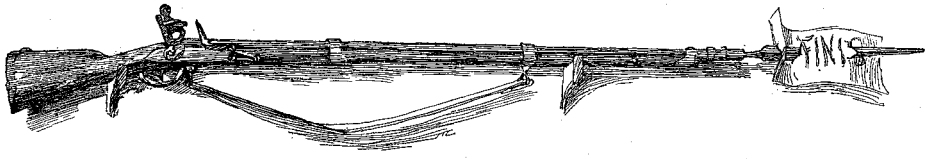
Tom spoke first.

"Old Cap'n's dead," he said.

VI.

So it was. As the tide turned that night Captain John had drawn one quiet breath, and died. What his last thought was no one can rightly tell; but just as he died there came across his face a look of surprise and joy. It was on his features the next day when I saw him in his coffin.

That night is now a good while ago. The old house stands as it had stood since the days of His Excellency, growing grayer as the years begin to lengthen into centuries. But Drusilla has been seen no more. Just as the last vision of the dead governor faded out of his panelled hall when the crazy wench to whom he had been the grandest earthly figure faded from the earth, so when John Trefethen went out with the winter tide, the form of Drusilla, whom he could not make himself forget, faded from the post where she had watched through the forty years when she was to him a living memory. So as in the old house His Excellency's grand life and Drusilla's humble one passed in turn into memories they have passed now into dreams. And dreams they will be until the old house itself shall fade into a dream that shall no longer have potency to set men dreaming.



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WHAT THE WILL EFFECTS.

By William James.

THE science of Man in our generation has started on a new career. Our ancestors considered him as something set over against Nature and opposed to all her laws and ways. We, on the contrary, are beginning to regard him as Nature's flower, possessing nothing not ultimately drawn from her influences, —her showers, her breezes and her soil. Psychology has shared in the general awakening. We begin to hear the phrase "the new Psychology." "Physiological Psychology," "Psychophysics" have become the titles of accredited departments of literature. To know how to handle a chronograph, or a Bunsen cell, and to dissect out a frog's sciatic nerve, even if not a dog's, are beginning to be held as important requisites in a professor of mental science, as that polite learning and power of introspection, which were formerly an all-sufficient equipment for his work.

Rich as are already in some respects the results of this natural-history method of studying human nature, it must be confessed that, in the main, what it has brought forth is more an accumulation of materials from which to draw future conclusions than any very important new conclusion itself. None of the old classical problems of Psychology have received their definitive quietus at the hands of the zoological school; and what animates the enthusiasm of us disciples is less the sense of the great things which we have already done than of those which we are probably upon the eve of doing. In many departments of psychology, however, genuine progress has been made, not only in the way of collecting materials, but in that of clearly conceiving their relations. The Psychology of Volition is an example; and, if the reader is so disposed, we will spend an hour together in asking what happens according to recent Psychology, whenever we exert our will.

The only conception at the same time renovating and fundamental with which Biology has enriched Psychology, the only *essential* point in which "the new Psychology" is an advance upon the old, is, it seems to me, the very general, and by this time very familiar notion, that all our activity belongs at bottom to the type of reflex action, and that all our consciousness accompanies a chain of events of which the first was an incoming current in some sensory nerve, and of which the last will be a discharge into some muscle, blood-vessel, or gland. This chain of events may be simple and rapid, as when we wink at a blow; or it may be intricate and prolonged, as when we hear a momentous bit of news and deliberate before deciding what to do. But its normal end is always some activity. Viewed in this light the thinking and feeling portions of our life seem little more than half-way houses towards behavior; and recent Psychology accordingly tends to treat consciousness more and more as if it existed only for the sake of the conduct which it seems to introduce, and tries to explain its peculiarities (so far as they can be explained at all) by their practical utility. Mr. Spencer, by his broad description of mental life as "adjustment to the environment" has done more than any English writer to popularize this view. My writing of this article is just as much a self-maintaining reaction of mine upon my environment as my flinching from a blow would be.

Some reactions are involuntary and others are voluntary; and the first point which "the new Psychology" scores, is that the voluntary reactions are all derived from the involuntary. This is a point easy to make clear. In a former article (see "The Nature of Instinct," vol. I., p. 355) I discussed the involuntary reactions. They are commonly divided into three kinds, reflex acts, manifestations of emotion, and instinctive or impulsive performances. But from a scientific point of view these distinc-

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tions are unmeaning, for the physiological process is in all our involuntary actions essentially one and the same. The other day I was standing at a railroad station with a little child, when an express-train went thundering by. The child, who was near the edge of the platform, started, winked, had his breathing convulsed, turned pale, burst out crying, and ran frantically towards me and hid his face. Here were so many involuntary discharges let loose by the same stimulus. But there was no essential difference between them from the point of view of their causation and mode of execution. The winking and starting we name reflex, the effects on pulse, breathing and tear-glands emotional, and the running and hiding, instinctive acts; but these terms are obviously mere practical conveniences; and in all concrete cases of reaction upon an impression organs of all classes, glands, blood-vessels, and muscles of every description, are affected at one and the same time.

Now in these involuntary reactions the creature can know what he is going to do only after he has done it, if I may express myself by such an Irish bull. Every time we first perform an action of this sort, it takes us by surprise. I have no doubt that that child was almost as astonished by his own behavior as he was by the train, and more than I was who stood by. Of course, if such a reaction has already many times occurred, we learn what to expect of ourselves, and can then foresee our conduct even though it remain as involuntary and uncontrollable as it was before.

But in *voluntary* action properly so called the act is foreseen from the very first. The idea of it always precedes its execution. This, as all will admit, is the *sine quâ non* and essence of every voluntary action. And it is an immediate consequence of this that no act can possibly be voluntary the first time it is performed. Until we have done it at least once, we can have no idea of what sort of a thing it is like, and do not know in what direction to set our will to bring it about. One cannot will into the void. Most of us have never moved our ears; none of us have stopped our hearts. If we knew how to start we might set to work to learn these feats. But we can't tell in which direction to begin, or what particular sort of effort to make. It is like suddenly telling a man to utter any sentence he pleases in the Ethiopian tongue. The problem is altogether indeterminate. What we need is a more definite idea of just what we are to do. Now what constitutes our definite idea of just what any movement is? If the reader will carefully consider the matter, he will be able, I think, to give only one answer. Our idea of a movement is our image of the way in which we shall feel when it is in process of doing or is done. Our idea of raising our arm for example, or of crooking our finger, is a sense, more or less vivid, of how the raised arm, or the crooked finger, feels. There is no other idea than this, or any other mental material out of which an idea might be made. We cannot possibly have any idea of our ears' motion until our ears have moved. This is why most of us cannot make even a vain effort to move these organs. They have never moved. If we wished to learn to move them (and many of us might learn, with perseverance) the first thing would be to move them passively with our fingers in the right direction, until we had a pretty clear idea of how the movement felt. Only then could we begin to train our voluntary power. This is why we begin to teach children to write by "holding their hand," to look through a telescope by telling them to hold one eyelid closed; and in general why the acquisition of all feats of address is accelerated by a bystander helping our recalcitrant members into position. Without such aid we must wait for some random contortion to hit the right attitude and give us an idea of just what it is at which we are to aim.

It thus appears that voluntary activity must be regarded as always of a secondary and never of a primary sort. It must come consecutively to activity of an involuntary kind. The movements which it consciously intends must once have been performed with no intention, or it could not intend them. Our forefathers were hazy as to this. They thought the will could exert its effects *ex abrupto*. We now see clearly that it can only go to work on reminiscences of earlier movement; that a creature without

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memory can have no will; and that all the contractions of which the most complex volitional utterances are composed must originally have been random or instinctive expressions of our automatic life.* The works of Bain, Maudsley and Sully copiously illustrate this dependence of voluntary action upon a pre-existing machinery, and the growth of the will out of a blind impulsive soil.

So much for the first point in the Psychology of the Will. The second point which modern Psychology scores, is one which may strike the reader as less obviously true. Having made him see that before the Will can go to work it needs a store of recollections of how various movements may feel, I must now make him see that *it needs nothing else*, and that such ideas of movement are not only indispensable conditions of volition, but sufficient conditions as well.

Dr. Carpenter long ago gave the name of "ideo-motor actions" to a class of performances with which all of us are familiar; and which, if I mistake not, he seemed to place among the curiosities of our volitional life. The truth is that these ideo-motor actions are not curiosities, but true types and patterns of normal volition, simply stripped of complication and disguise. The actions I have in mind are such as these. Whilst talking, I become conscious of a pin on the floor, or of some dust on my sleeve. Without interrupting the conversation I brush away the dust or pick up the pin. I make no express resolve, but the mere perception of the object and the fleeting notion of the act seem of themselves to bring the latter about. Similarly, I sit at table after dinner and find myself from time to time taking nuts or raisins from the dish and eating them. So far as deliberate resolution goes my repast is long since done; but the sight of the dish awakens a rapid idea of the possibility of eating the fruit, and this idea, *not meeting any express contradiction*, fatally passes over into action. It needs for this no separate *fiat* of the will; it is enough that no positively hindering idea should be there.

We all know what it is to get out of bed on a freezing morning in a room without a fire, and how the very vital principle within us protests against the ordeal. Probably most of us have lain on certain mornings for an hour at a time unable to brace ourselves to the resolve. We think how late we shall be, how the duties of the day will suffer; we say "I *must* get up, this is ignominious," etc.; but still the warm couch feels too delicious, the cold outside too cruel, and resolution faints away and postpones itself again and again just as it seemed on the verge of bursting the resistance and passing over into the decisive act. Now how do we *ever* get up under such circumstances? If I may generalize from my own experience, we more often than not get up without any struggle or decision at all. We suddenly find that we *have* got up. A fortunate lapse of consciousness occurs; we forget both the warmth and the cold; we fall into some reverie connected with the day's life, in the course of which the idea flashes across us, "Hollo! I must lie here no longer"—an idea which at that lucky instant awakens no contradictory or paralyzing suggestions, and consequently produces immediately its appropriate motor effects. It was our acute consciousness of both the warmth and the cold during the period of struggle, which paralyzed our activity then and kept our idea of rising in the condition of *wish* and not of *will*. The moment these inhibitory ideas ceased, the original idea exerted its effects.

This case seems to me to contain in miniature form the data for an entire psychology of volition. If we wisely generalize its teachings we shall say that anywhere and everywhere *the sole known cause for the execution of a movement is the bare idea of the movement's execution*, and that if the idea occurs to a mind *empty of other ideas*, the movement will fatally and infallibly take place.

The hypnotic subject passively acting out every motor suggestion which his operator makes, seems to embody this simplest of all possible cases. Ask him what he is thinking of before you make the suggestion, and he will say "noth-

*Of course I do not mean that a man cannot commit a murder voluntarily until he has committed one involuntarily. Such acts as murders are *complex combinations* of movements, crouching, springing, stabbing and the like. What I mean is that he can perform no one elementary movement voluntarily unless it has been already involuntarily performed.

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ing." But seldom are our minds as empty as his. Usually they contain other ideas in addition to that of the movement in question, and according as these additional ideas are of one sort or another, we get one or another kind of result. If they are entirely irrelevant to the idea of the movement they neither help nor hinder its effects;—such were presumably the topics of our conversation when we picked up the string from the floor. If they *harmonize* with the idea of the movement, they re-enforce its efficacy over the muscles;—when the idea of rising comes in the midst of an exciting vision of what is to be done when we are dressed, we fairly leap from bed. But if the additional ideas *conflict* with the idea of the movement, they block the path of its discharge and inhibit its motor efficacy altogether. The thought of the cold room thus blocked the discharge of the idea of rising. The thought "We have eaten enough!" would have checked the raising of our hand, had it come whilst we were about to extend the latter towards the confectionery on the dinner table.

There is nothing paradoxical about this blocking of one process in the nerve-centres by another. The physiology of recent years has shown that any and every process, almost, may, under certain conditions, arrest activities going on elsewhere; and "inhibition" now figures, in text-books of nervous science, as a function almost as wide-spread and characteristic as stimulation itself. Just which are the processes which will inhibit, and which are those which will re-enforce each other, are matters for delicate experimentation to decide. *All* our thoughts correspond to processes in the cerebral hemispheres. We know that certain thoughts conflict with others and that certain acts are only possible so long as objections to them do not pop into our minds. This seems, introspectively, to be a logical consequence of the contrasted inner natures of the ideas themselves. The "new Psychology" is, of course, far from denying this; but she insists that the logical law is a mechanical law as well, and that the brain-processes to which the contrasted ideas severally correspond, are such as dam each other up and stop each other's discharge.

The immense complicacy and subtilty of these mutually inhibitory processes appears from the number of actions that are thought of every hour of the day by an ordinarily active mind, and which yet give rise to no sensible movement. The other things which are thought of at the same time do not naturally conspire with these actions. They are not consented to. *Consent,* in short, is a word which describes most of our activity far more accurately than *volition* does. Volition implies something positive, energetic, and akin to effort. Consent is passive; and three-fourths of our daily conduct consists in simply taking off the brakes, and letting ideas and impulses have their way. Volition, properly so-called, if there were any, would in these cases lie in refusing consent. I think every man's consciousness will bear witness to the truth of this.

Not that the refusing of consent need imply energetic volition either. Quite as little as the execution of a movement does its inhibition always require an express effort or command. Either of them *may* require it, as we shall presently see. But in all simple and ordinary cases, just as the bare presence of one idea will prompt a movement, so the bare presence of another idea will prevent its taking place. Try to feel as if you were crooking your finger, whilst keeping it straight. In a minute it will fairly tingle with the imaginary change of position; yet it will not sensibly move; because *its not really moving* is also a part of what you have in mind. Drop *this* idea, think of the movement purely and simply, with all brakes off, and presto! it takes place with no effort at all. *

A waking man's behavior is thus at all times the resultant of two opposing neural forces. With unimaginable fineness some currents among the cells and fibres of his brain are playing on his motor nerves, whilst other currents, as unimaginably fine, are playing on the first currents, damming or helping them, altering their direction or their speed.

* It always takes place insensibly even when the brakes are on. The skill of such muscle-readers as Mr. Irving Bishop depends on the fact that hardly anyone in thinking of a movement is able entirely to suppress the tendency to carry it out. The muscle-reader feels this tendency in the "Agent's" hand which is laid upon his person.

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The upshot of it all is that whilst the currents must always end by being drained off through *some* motor nerves, they are drained off sometimes through one set and sometimes through another; and sometimes they keep each other in equilibrium so long that a superficial observer may think they are not drained off at all. Such an observer must remember, however, that from the physiological point of view a gesture, an expression of the brow, or an expulsion of the breath, are movements as much as an act of locomotion is. A king's breath slays as well as an assassin's blow; and the outpouring of those currents which the magic imponderable streaming of our ideas accompanies need not always be of an explosive or otherwise physically conspicuous kind.

The ideas which perhaps more generally than any others inhibit muscular activity, and keep us quiet, are those of pains and pleasures; the pains of movement and the pleasures of the *status quo*. The paralyzing effects of the bed's warmth and of the cold in the room are cases in point. And conversely, the ideas which more generally than any others incite to movement are those of the pleasures to be gained by action, and the pains connected with repose. A hasty philosophy has universalized these facts, and gravely insisted that the only *possible* inciter to voluntary action is the idea of pleasure, and its only *possible* inhibitor the idea of pain. Ethically, this might be true; that is, it might be (as utilitarians contend) that the ideas of pleasure and of pain are the only *rational* motives for acting or for desisting from activity. I will express no opinion as to whether this be true or not in ethics; but I know that its counterpart in psychology is absolutely false. Be it or be it not admitted that the idea of pleasure *ought* to be, it certainly cannot be admitted that it *is* the only idea which moves a man to action. If there is any one point which "the new Psychology," with its derivation of the will from involuntary impulse, makes plain, it is that. Our first acts, of every sort, are blind, made for no motive, properly so called, but fatally stimulated into being by sensations due to determinate outer things or inner states. Our next acts are from ideas or representations of these things and states. Our last acts (as we see them in the thoroughly cultivated man) are from ideas of some abstract good, be the good pleasure, or something which may exclude pleasure, as "duty" is often felt to do. Pleasure is apt to be throughout a secondary complication to the drama of stimulation and desire.* It regulates, but need not operate; it steers, but need not propel. And when the idea of it does propel, and becomes itself the motive, it is only as one among many ideas which have this privilege coequally. If one idea, such as that of pleasure, may let loose the springs of action, surely other ideas may; and experience alone can decide which ideas have this power. It decides that their actual name is legion. Innumerable objects of desire and passion innervate our limbs just as they light up a fever in our breasts; and ninety-nine times out of a hundred we no more act for the pleasure connected with the action, than we frown for the pleasure of the frowning, or blush for the pleasure of the blush. Blind reactive impulse at the beginning, ideational coercion of some sort at the end, such are the poles between which the evolution of human conduct swings. Ask the common drunkard why he falls so often a prey to temptation. He will say that half the time he cannot tell. It is a sort of vertigo. His nerve-centres are a sluice-way, pathologically unlocked by every passing conception of a bottle and a glass. He does not thirst for the beverage; the taste of it may even appear repugnant; and he perfectly foresees the morrow's

* An activity prompted by any cause or motive whatsoever brings a certain pleasure with it when successfully completed (especially if the completion involves the overcoming of obstacles), and an activity prompted by any cause or motive whatsoever, if frustrated, brings pain. It is painful to have our breathing stopped, and pleasant to have the activity of listening to a lecture ended by the lecturer getting through. The pleasure is an incident or concomitant of such acts, just as coal-consumption is a concomitant of a steamer's locomotion. As long as the locomotion continues the coal-consumption goes on; when it stops, the coal-consumption ends. But habitually we no more go to lectures for the mere relief of getting through, or breathe for the mere sake of escaping pain, than steamers go to sea or stop for the mere sake of consuming or not consuming coal. Of course we may occasionally make these our express motive for breathing or lecture-going, just as steamers *may* go to sea for the express sake of getting rid of coal. But the hedonist in psychology is like one who should say that no steamer can possibly go to sea for any other motive than to burn its coal. The incidental consequence of the activity, which only sometimes may be the deliberately proposed purpose of the activity, is made everywhere and always to usurp the proposed purpose's place.

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remorse. But when he thinks of the liquor or sees it, he finds himself preparing to drink, and does not stop himself; and more than this he cannot say.

This is why volcanic natures like the Mahomets, the Luthers, and the Bonapartes are usually fatalists. They find themselves bursting into action with an energy at which they are themselves astonished, as if some god or demon had released a spring. But there is an intoxication in this outpour which makes them welcome and adopt it, whithersoever it may lead, coupled, in men of the heroic mould, with an ability to meet its consequences whatever they may be.

To sum up our results so far. We are an organized machinery for muscular explosion, placed in an environment full of things which pull and clamp the triggers of the machinery in various preappointed ways. This is our involuntary life. But the things leave images behind them, and so do the discharges themselves, with their consequences in the way of pleasure and of pain. All these images in turn incite to new discharges, and reinforce and inhibit each other just as their originals did. This is our voluntary life, so far as we have studied it; and the great conclusion we now reach is, that *the only thing which can either incite or check a voluntary movement is the cerebral process which corresponds to an idea.* A priori, of course, there is nothing strange in an ideational process doing this. For, in our ignorance of the intimate nature of nerve-action, it seems as likely that an ideational centre should discharge into a motor-nerve as that any other sort of centre should.

So much for the middle stage of volition, which we will call, for convenience, the *volition of consent.* In the volition of consent the idea which serves as motive or temptation is sufficient of itself to engender action if no other idea stands in the way. But there remains a *volition of effort,* which seems a widely different thing. Often the idea which serves as our motive or reason for action seems too weak to produce action unless aided by another force. Of this force we seem conscious in the effort of will which we have to make whenever we do a difficult thing. This seems the act of will *par excellence;* and it would be the play of Hamlet with the Prince left out, were I to end my tale here, and not give some account of this last and most mysterious feature of the case.

The older psychologists treated the effort of will as the only spiritual force which can influence immediately the material world. Its point of application might be muscles or brain-cells—that was an inessential part of their theory, but the *mode* of its application, its relation to the bodily process with which it is connected, was altogether different from the relation of any bare idea to the bodily process to which it corresponds. The idea was inert and passive, a mere concomitant. The effort, on the contrary, was a *force,* which passed from the mental to the physical world.

Now it seems to me that if there is anything which recent advances in psychology ought to teach, it is that this is a mistaken view, and that the feeling of effort has no such exceptional position between the inner and the outer worlds. Either all states of consciousness are forces, or none are; either all feelings react upon the brain-states which they accompany, or none do. Ideas react as much as efforts. What effort does when it comes to the aid of ideas is not to *supplant the ideas* in making the bodily machine obey, but to *hold the ideas fast,* so that *they* may acquire strength and stability enough to make the machine obey. The ideas are the spiritual things which the body obeys quite as much when the effort is, as when it is not, there. A very few words ought, it seems to me, to make this clear.

Every man alive knows what it is to be under the empire of passion. Either he has had a fever of desire upon him for the acquisition of a possession—a horse, or boat, or house, or land; or he has loved a woman's eyes; or some ambition or other has seized him in its fiery grasp. Let us now suppose a man with a passion the circumstances of which make it thoroughly unwise, and then ask ourselves what constitutes the difficulty for him of acting as if this were the case—for difficulty there is, as we all well know. Certainly there is no phys-

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ical difficulty. It is as easy physically to pocket one's money as to pay it out, and as easy to walk away from as in the direction of a coquette's door. The difficulty is mental; it is that of getting the idea of the wise action to stay before our mind at all. When any strong emotional state whatever is upon us the tendency is for no images but such as are congruous with it to come up. If others by chance offer themselves, they are instantly smothered and crowded out. If we be joyous we cannot keep thinking of that tomb which certainly awaits us—try it now, sanguine reader! If lugubrious, we cannot think of new triumphs, flowers and spring; nor if vengeful, of our oppressor's community of nature with ourselves. The cooling advice which we get from others when the fever-fit is on us is the most jarring and exasperating thing in life. Reply we cannot, so we get angry; for by a sort of self-preserving instinct which our passion has, it feels that these chill ideas, if they once but gain a lodgement, will work and work until they have frozen the very vital spark from out of all our mood and brought our airy castles in ruin to the ground. Such is the inevitable effect of reasonable ideas over others—*if they can once get a quiet hearing;* and passion's cue accordingly is always and everywhere to prevent their still small voice from being heard at all. "Let me not think of that! Don't speak to me of that!" This is the sudden cry of all those who in a passion perceive some sobering considerations about to check them in mid career. "*Haec tibi erit janua leti,*" we feel. There is something so icy in this cold-water bath, something which seems so hostile to the movement of our life, so purely negative, in Reason, when she lays her corpse-like finger on our heart and says "Halt! give up! leave off! go back! sit down!" that it is no wonder that to most men the steadying influence seems, for the time being, like a very minister of death.

The strong-willed man, however, is the man who hears the still small voice unflinchingly, and who, when the death-bringing consideration comes, looks at its face, consents to its presence, clings to it, affirms it, and holds it fast, in spite of the host of exciting mental images which rise in revolt against it and would expel it from the mind. Sustained in this way by a resolute effort of attention, the moral idea erelong succeeds in calling up its own congeners and associates, and ends by changing the man's consciousness altogether. And with his consciousness his actions change. The new ideas, as soon as they are stably in possession of the mental field, infallibly produce their motor effects. The struggle, the difficulty is all in their getting possession of the field. The strain of the will lies in keeping the attention firmly fixed upon them, in spite of the fact that the spontaneous drift of thought is all the other way. That is what takes the moral effort. And when the moral effort has victoriously maintained the presence of the moral ideas, its work is over. The mysterious tie between the ideas and the cerebral motor-centres next comes into play, and, in a way which we cannot even guess at, the obedience of the bodily organs follows as a matter of course.

In all this one sees that the immediate point of application of the voluntary effort does not lie in the physical world at all, but in the mental world. It is *an idea* to which our will applies itself, an idea which, if we let it go, would slip away, but which we will not let go. Consent to the idea's undivided presence, this is effort's sole achievement. Its only function is to get this feeling of consent into the mind. And for this there is but one way. The idea to be consented to must be kept from flickering and going out. It must be held steadily before the mind until it *fills* the mind. Such filling of the mind by an idea, with its congruous associates, *is* consent to the idea, and to the fact which the idea represents. There is no other possible sort of consent than this. If the idea be that of the beginning or stopping of some bodily movement of our own, we call the consent, thus laboriously gained, a volition. The movement in this case becomes real as soon as we agree to the notion that it shall be real. Nature here "backs" us instantaneously and follows up our inward willingness by outward changes of her own. Nature does this in no other instance than this one of our own bodily move-

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ments. I may consent to the table dancing across this room; but that will not make it dance, as my legs would dance if the consent applied to them. My legs themselves will refuse to dance if my spinal cord be diseased. But these differences in the way in which nature acts at different places and times do not affect the *psychology* of my volition in the least degree. As far as my *mind* is concerned, it is just as good and true willing when I say to the table's moving "*fiat*," as when I say "*fiat*" to the movement of my own legs. The will, mentally considered, is consent to a *fact* of any kind, a fact in which we ourselves may play an active, a neutral, or a suffering part. The fact always appears to us in an idea: and it is willed by its idea becoming victorious over internal and external difficulties, banishing contradictory ideas and remaining in stable possession of the mind.

I think it will not be possible to find a single case of voluntary effort to which this description does not apply. Take violent muscular exertion for example. The feeling of muscular exertion consists of an immense number of in-coming sensations, due to the contraction of the muscles of our glottis, chest, jaws, body and limbs, and to our strained joints and ligaments and squeezed or twisted skin. The only volition which is required to bring about the actual state of muscular exertion is a sincere and genuine consent that all these sensations shall be real. But when we are lazy, or exhausted with fatigue, the sensations in question are very unwelcome, and the idea of being filled with their reality is repugnant to the mind. When once we have brought ourselves to face it, however, to say to the muscular sensations, "Be our reality, however disagreeable you may prove," to utter our "*fiat*," in a word, the contractions and their effects occur, and the muscular exertion is realized to its full extent. The effort of will required for muscular exertion consists then, like all other efforts of will, in the forcible holding fast to an incongenial idea.

It is a strange fact, this, that the fixed idea of a set of muscular feelings should immediately be followed by bodily changes which make those feelings real. But it is not an unexampled fact, because there is no idea whatever which is not immediately followed by *some* bodily change. We call many of these changes emotional. The peculiarity of the emotional changes is that the sight or idea of some *object* is needed to produce them. We cannot weep, for example, by dint of thinking of the feeling of our tears, but only by dint of thinking of an outward cause of grief. The odd thing about the changes called *voluntary* is that we provoke them by thinking of how they themselves are going to feel. This is no doubt due to some anatomical cause. The brain-centres for imagining the contraction of our voluntary muscles, etc., must be connected with the motor-nerves in an altogether special way. But, neglecting all these variations, there results from the aggregate of facts which we have reviewed a lesson for brain-physiology which is as simple as it is important: *There can be no centres in the upper brain which are exclusively motor.* All its parts must be motor and sensory alike—sensory at all times, motor when not inhibited by each other.* In other words, they all have a permanent sensory *property*, and intermittent motor *functions*. Their sensory property is ideation.

When they inhibit each other, there is no outer movement, but in the mind a conflict of ideas. All that consciousness embraces is the swaying to and fro of the ideas, and the final repose of the attention in the one which gains the day. Now this repose of the attention may come about spontaneously, or it may come with moral effort. The work of moral effort then, when we come to reduce it to its simplest expression, is neither more nor less than the work of attending to a difficult idea. Effort of volition and effort of attention, psychologically considered, are, in short, two names for an identical thing. Muscular discharges and arrests are all consecutive to the central phenomenon in

*The hinder part of the brain does not respond to electrical stimulation by the production of any muscular movements. This may be due to inhibitions. Goltz and his pupil Loeb have noticed that when the frontal lobes are cut off, the animal's mobility becomes extreme, as if habitual inhibitions were removed. It would be interesting to try whether, in an animal so operated on, direct stimulation of the occipital lobes might not give rise to movements, similar in general character to those discharged from the so-called motor zone.

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volition, which is this bare attention to the idea. The only sort of resistance which our will can possibly experience is the resistance which certain ideas offer to being attended to at all. This resistance may come from an intrinsic and more or less permanent uncongeniality in the ideas. I know a person who, on some days, will turn to anything rather than to the noon-day lesson in logic which he has to get up, poke the fire, set chairs straight, dust the floor, snatch the newspaper, trim his nails, take down any book which catches his eye, waste the morning anyhow and everyhow, in short, rather than attend to that tedious and accursed thing. Or the resistance may come from an *extrinsic* uncongeniality, due to the temporary possession of the mind by ideas of an incompatible sort. Such are the cases of passion we talked of a while ago ; such would be the thought of an ordeal we must go through on the morrow, visiting us in the midst of a dinner party, at a theatre, or other scene of pleasure, where our cares had temporarily been lulled to sleep. Under such circumstances we shy away like frightened horses from the incongruous topic, the moment we get a glimpse of its ugly profile on the threshold of our thought.

To attend to it, under such circumstances, is, however, the moral act ; and it is the only moral act which, as spirits, we are ever called upon to perform. The effort which such attention implies seems to be indeterminate in quantity, as if we might make more or less as we chose. If it be really indeterminate, our future acts are ambiguous, or unpredestinate : in common parlance our wills are free. If the amount of effort be not indeterminate, but be related in a fixed manner to the ideas themselves, in such wise that whatever idea at any time fills our consciousness was from eternity bound to fill it then and there, and compel from us the exact effort of attention, neither more nor less, which we bestow upon it ; then our wills are not free, and all our acts are foreordained. The question of fact in the free-will controversy is thus extremely simple. It relates solely to the amount of effort of attention which we can at any time put forth. Are the duration and intensity of this effort fixed functions of the idea attended to or not ? Now as I just said, it *seems* as if the attention were an independent variable, as if we might exert more or less of it in any given case. When a man has let his thoughts go for days and weeks until at last they culminate in some particularly dirty or cowardly or cruel act, it is hard to persuade him in the midst of his remorse, that he might not have reined them in ; hard to make him believe that this whole goodly universe (which his act so jars upon) required and exacted it of him at that fatal moment, and from eternity made aught else impossible. I must confess that I sympathize with such a man, and favor the free-will belief. But the question will never be decided by purely empirical or scientific evidence ; and free-will and determinism, as actual creeds, will probably always be just what they are to-day, postulates of rationality, namely, different assumptions which different thinkers make, because so each of them is able to cast the world into what seems to him personally the most intelligible form.

We have thus answered the question with which we started, of what happens when we exert our will. *We simply fill our mind with an idea which, but for our effort would slip away.* But it is impossible before we close not to look for a moment into the vista of moral reflections which this reply throws open to the view.

In the first place it makes it plain that the will has as much to do with our beliefs and faiths as with our movements. It is, in fact, only in consequence of a faith that our movements themselves ensue. We think of a movement and say, "*let* it ensue ! so far as we are concerned let it be part of reality !" This is all that our *mind* can do—physical nature must do the rest. And this is all that our mind does in any theoretic belief, such as that in the divine or undivine nature of the essence of life. In espousing any such belief, who can do more than say of it "as far as I am concerned, let that view of life stand. Let it be real. Let my mind be filled up with the thought of it, let no difficulties drive it from my sight"? But, as all sober-

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minded thinkers know, there are great difficulties in the way of holding any unwavering view of life. The unutterable complexity of this huge world that girdles us about, seems sometimes as if it were expressly meant to defy our attempts to conceive it as a unity. Beliefs and unbeliefs shake us by fits.* The thoughts of the dayspring and the thoughts of midnight drive each other out. No sooner are we settled in the mood of spiritual trust than some new brutality on the part of Nature overturns our peace; no sooner at ease in a materialistic *parti pris* than we catch a phrase of music, or a friend dies, or we see some dewy morning break over the hill-tops of the world, and then the ice cracks, and all our questions and hopes are afloat and alive again.

Now whereas in all practical affairs, in all matters where the willing produces an immediate result, it is universally admitted that the men who can will, who can hold on to unwelcome or elusive ideas, are a higher kind of men than those who cannot,—more evolved, more fit for life, more helpful to the race; it is a singular fact that in these theoretic questions it is commonly supposed to be a sign of weakness and inferiority if one let one's will have anything to say. One's ideal attitude towards *Truth*, we are carefully taught, should be that of utter passivity. The truth must come and stamp itself in its own person authentically upon our unaiding and unresisting minds. If we let our satisfactions or dissatisfactions influence the manner of our reception of it, we shall surely fail to get it pure.

Now if one had a perfectly single set of interests, it would be tolerably easy to live up to the professions of this creed. If one were a pure sentimentalist, with no sense for Nature's cold mechanics, one might keep an utterly cloistered faith and live with one's head in the sand of some creed which utterly defied physiology and physics, and yet have a perfectly good intellectual conscience, and consider that this was nothing but yielding to evidence of an objective sort. So too if one were a good bull-necked materialist by nature. Having no yearnings for the Infinite, it would cost nothing to give the Infinite up, nor to say that the mechanical philosophy had written itself in characters of living light on the virgin tablets of one's pure intelligence. But these ostrich-like attitudes are both of them getting harder than ever to maintain. With civilization, sympathy and sensibility and the love of life are ever growing more acute and exacting; and, tolling obstinately within us like never to be silenced bells, they demand that the element which we call divine in things shall be an essential and eternal element as well. But there too, on the other hand, like a great ocean spread outside of us, lies the world without a purpose of the mechanical philosophy, in which what is divine appears as a mere accident; and no modern man's ears can be quite deaf to the tumbling of that ocean's waves.

So long as our mind is assailed in two such different ways, it is quite idle to talk of its being passive and will-less until the objective truths shall have written themselves down. They write down no messages which are both coherent and universal. Nor if (conscious of the immensity of our ignorance) we resolve to go without a universal message for the present, and to wait till more light comes, can we be passive and will-less any more easily. For one must always wait in some dominant mood or attitude; and the mere resolve itself of waiting and not making what is called a snap-decision, often demands volition of the most energetic sort. The theoretic life of a cultivated modern man requires, in fact, as vigorous a co-operation of his will as his practical life does. Look at the men who at the present day feel life on all its sides, and yet who are incapable of volition in intellectual affairs, and imagine that there ought to be some sort of truth with which they can remain in passive equilibrium. Their feelings make them shiver at the materialistic facts; whilst their loyalty to science makes them dread to be dupes of their feelings. They become one mass of indecision, plaintiveness and defeat, so far as they take the philosophic life seriously at all; and remain facing the same urgencies and the same difficulties to the end, unable to deal with them, unable to drop them, and worrying their span of time

* Compare the immortal Blougram in Browning's verse.

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away between disconsolately wishing certain things were true, yet dreading to affirm them in the teeth of other facts.

But the men of will do not let "I dare not wait upon I would," in any such sorry fashion. They choose their attitude and know that the facing of its difficulties shall remain a permanent portion of their task. Whether it be the materialistic idea, the spiritualistic idea, or the waiting idea, which they adopt, they do it resolutely and strike the major key. They hold fast to it in the teeth of the opposite ideas which ever urge them to let go their grasp. They find a zest in this difficult clinging to truth, or a lonely sort of joy in pressing on the thorns and going without it, which no passively warranted possession of it can ever confer. And thereby they become the masters and the lords of life. They must be counted with henceforth; they form a part of human destiny. No more in the theoretic than in the practical sphere do we care for, or go for help to, those who have no head for risks, or sense for living on the perilous edge. But just as surely as time flows on and as our consciousness grows more complex, so surely does our theoretic life lie more and more upon the perilous edge. And, just as in every siege and shipwreck, there is found some dauntless heart, whose example pours new life into his company; so in the wars of speculation and the shipwrecks of faith it is the same. Ever there rises up the prophet, the hero of belief, who drinks more deeply than any of the cup of bitterness; but his countenance is so unshaken and he speaks such mighty words of cheer, that his thought becomes our thought, and to later generations he seems a being half divine.

But if we ask how this is possible, and how one may one's self set about it to get this sovereign mood of will, the only answer is to point to the hero who can hold to ideas that are difficult and elusive, and say "lo, be as this man!" *Velle non discitur*, said Seneca. The only thing which no theory, no printed directions, can teach us, is how to will. What it *might* do, what it *might have done*, we can be taught; what it *shall* do depends on the inalienable essence of each individual man.

UPON A WINTER MORNING.

By Maybury Fleming.

When hoary frost doth shroud the grass,
And bare death sitteth in the trees,
And life is come to sorry pass,
And morning lacketh drowsy bees—

Then think I of my lady's mouth,
And of the violets in her eyes;
So, roses warm the wintry drouth,
And death, by thinking of her, dies.

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THE LANTERN-BEARERS.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

I.

THESE boys congregated every autumn about a certain easterly fisher village, where they tasted in a high degree the glory of existence. The place was created seemingly on purpose for the diversion of young gentlemen. A street or two of houses, mostly red and many of them tiled; a number of fine trees clustered about the manse and the kirkyard, and turning the chief street into a shady alley; many little gardens more than usually bright with flowers; nets a-drying, and fisher-wives scolding in the backward parts; a smell of fish, a genial smell of seaweed; whiffs of blowing sand at the street-corners; shops with golf-balls and bottled lollipops; another shop with penny pickwicks (that remarkable cigar) and the *London Journal*, dear to me for its startling pictures, and a few novels, dear for their suggestive names: such, as well as memory serves me, were the ingredients of the town. These, you are to conceive posted on a spit between two sandy bays, and sparsely flanked with villas—enough, for the boys to lodge in with their subsidiary parents, not enough (not yet enough) to cocknify the scene: a haven in the rocks in front: in front of that, a file of gray islets: to the left, endless links and sand wreaths, a wilderness of hiding-holes, alive with popping rabbits and soaring gulls: to the right, a range of seaward crags, one rugged brow beyond another; the ruins of a mighty and ancient fortress on the brink of one; coves between—now charmed into sunshine quiet, now whistling with wind and clamorous with bursting surges; the dens and sheltered hollows redolent of thyme and southernwood, the air at the cliff's edge brisk and clean and pungent of the sea—in front of all, the Bass Rock, tilted seaward like a doubtful bather, the surf ringing it with white, the solan-geese hanging round its summit like a great and glittering smoke. This choice piece of seaboard was sacred, besides, to the wrecker; and the Bass, in the eye of fancy, still flew the colors of King James; and in the ear of fancy the arches of Tantallon still rang with horse-shoe iron, and echoed to the commands of Bell-the-Cat.

There was nothing to mar your days, if you were a boy summering in that part, but the embarrassment of pleasure. You might golf if you wanted; but I seem to have been better employed. You might secrete yourself in the Lady's Walk, a certain sunless dingle of elders, all mossed over by the damp as green as grass, and dotted here and there by the streamside with roofless walls, the cold homes of anchorites. To fit themselves for life, and with a special eye to acquire the art of smoking, it was even common for the boys to harbor there; and you might have seen a single penny pickwick, honestly shared in lengths with a blunt knife, bestrew the glen with these apprentices. Again, you might join our fishing parties, where we sat perched as thick as solan-geese, a covey of little anglers, boy and girl, angling over each other's heads, to the much entanglement of lines and loss of podleys and consequent shrill recrimination—shrill as the geese themselves. Indeed, had that been all, you might have done this often; but though fishing be a fine pastime, the podley is scarce to be regarded as a dainty for the table; and it was a point of honor that a boy should eat all that he had taken. Or again, you might climb the Law, where the whale's jawbone stood landmark in the buzzing wind, and behold the face of many counties, and the smoke and spires of many towns, and the sails of distant ships. You might bathe, now in the flaws of fine weather that we pathetically call our summer, now in a gale of wind, with the sand scourging your bare hide, your clothes thrashing abroad from underneath their guardian stone, the froth

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of the great breakers casting you headlong ere it had drowned your knees. Or you might explore the tidal rocks, above all in the ebb of springs, when the very roots of the hills were for the nonce discovered; following my leader from one group to another, groping in slippery tangle for the wreck of ships, wading in pools after the abominable creatures of the sea, and ever with an eye cast backward on the march of the tide and the menaced line of your retreat. And then you might go Crusoeing, a word that covers all extempore eating in the open air: digging perhaps a house under the margin of the links, kindling a fire of the sea-ware, and cooking apples there—if they were truly apples, for I sometimes suppose the merchant must have played us off with some inferior and quite local fruit, capable of resolving, in the neighborhood of fire, into mere sand and smoke and iodine; or perhaps pushing to Tantallon, you might lunch on sandwiches and visions in the grassy court, while the wind hummed in the crumbling turrets; or clambering along the coast, eat geens * (the worst, I must suppose, in Christendom) from an adventurous geen-tree that had taken root under a cliff, where it was shaken with an ague of east wind, and silvered after gales with salt, and grew so foreign among its bleak surroundings that to eat of its produce was an adventure in itself.

There are mingled some dismal memories with so many that were joyous. Of the fisher-wife, for instance, who had cut her throat at Canty Bay; and of how I ran with the other children to the top of the Quadrant, and beheld a posse of silent people escorting a cart, and on the cart, bound in a chair, her throat bandaged, and the bandage all bloody—horror!—the fisher-wife herself, who continued thenceforth to hag-ride my thoughts, and even to-day (as I recall the scene) darkens daylight. She was lodged in the little old jail in the chief street; but whether or no she died there, with a wise terror of the worst, I never inquired. She had been tippling; it was but a dingy tragedy; and it seems strange and hard that, after all these years, the poor crazy sinner should be still pilloried on her cart in the scrap-book of my memory. Nor shall I readily forget a certain house in the Quadrant where a visitor died, and a dark old woman continued to dwell alone with the dead body; nor how this old woman conceived a hatred to myself and one of my cousins, and in the dread hour of the dusk, as we were clambering on the garden-walls, opened a window in that house of mortality and cursed us in a still voice and with a marrowy choice of language. It was a pair of very colorless urchins that fled down the lane from this remarkable experience! But I recall with a more doubtful sentiment, compounded out of fear and exultation, the coil of equinoctial tempests; trumpeting squalls, scouring flaws of rain; the boats with their reefed lugsails scudding for the harbor mouth, where danger lay, for it was hard to make when the wind had any east in it; the wives clustered with blowing shawls at the pier-head, where (if fate was against them) they might see boat and husband and sons—their whole wealth and their whole family—engulfed under their eyes; and (what I saw but once) a troop of neighbors forcing such an unfortunate homeward, and she squalling and battling in their midst, a figure scarcely human, a tragic Mœnad.

These are things that I recall with interest; but what my memory dwells upon the most, I have been all this while withholding. It was a sport peculiar to the place, and indeed to a week or so of our two months' holiday there. Maybe it still flourishes in its native spot; for boys and their pastimes are swayed by periodic forces inscrutable to man; so that tops and marbles reappear in their due season, regular like the sun and moon; and the harmless art of knucklebones has seen the fall of the Roman empire and the rise of the United States. It may still flourish there, but nowhere else, I am persuaded; for I tried myself to introduce it on Tweedside, and was defeated lamentably; its charm being quite local, like a country wine that cannot be exported.

The idle manner of it was this:

Toward the end of September, when school-time was drawing near and the nights were already black, we would begin to sally from our respective villas,

* Wild cherries.

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each equipped with a tin bull's-eye lantern. The thing was so well known that it had worn a rut in the commerce of Great Britain; and the grocers, about the due time, began to garnish their windows with our particular brand of luminary. We wore them buckled to the waist upon a cricket belt, and over them, such was the rigor of the game, a buttoned top-coat. They smelled noisomely of blistered tin; they never burned aright, though they would always burn our fingers; their use was naught; the pleasure of them merely fanciful; and yet a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat asked for nothing more. The fishermen used lanterns about their boats, and it was from them, I suppose, that we had got the hint; but theirs were not bull's-eyes, nor did we ever play at being fishermen. The police carried them at their belts, and we had plainly copied them in that; yet we did not pretend to be policemen. Burglars, indeed, we may have had some haunting thoughts of; and we had certainly an eye to past ages when lanterns were more common, and to certain story-books in which we had found them to figure very largely. But take it for all in all, the pleasure of the thing was substantive; and to be a boy with a bull's-eye under his top-coat was good enough for us.

When two of these asses met, there would be an anxious "Have you got your lantern?" and a gratified "Yes!" That was the shibboleth, and very needful too; for, as it was the rule to keep our glory contained, none could recognize a lantern-bearer, unless (like the pole-cat) by the smell. Four or five would sometimes climb into the belly of a ten-man lugger, with nothing but the thwarts above them—for the cabin was usually locked, or chose out some hollow of the links where the wind might whistle overhead. There the coats would be unbuttoned and the bull's-eyes discovered; and in the chequering glimmer, under the huge windy hall of the night, and cheered by a rich steam of toasting tinware, these fortunate young gentlemen would crouch together in the cold sand of the links or on the scaly bilges of the fishing-boat, and delight themselves with inappropriate talk. Woe is me that I may not give some specimens—some of their foresights of life, or deep inquiries into the rudiments of man and nature, these were so fiery and so innocent, they were so richly silly, so romantically young. But there is a kind of fool abroad, whose folly is not even laughable; and it is this fool who gives the note of literary decency. And the talk, at any rate, was but a condiment; and these gatherings themselves only accidents in the career of the lantern-bearer. The essence of this bliss was to walk by yourself in the black night; the slide shut, the top-coat buttoned; not a ray escaping, whether to conduct your footsteps or to make your glory public: a mere pillar of darkness in the dark; and all the while, deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge.

II.

It is said that a poet has died young in the breast of the most stolid. It may be contended, rather, that this (somewhat minor) bard in almost every case survives, and is the spice of life to his possessor. Justice is not done to the versatility and the unplumbed childishness of man's imagination. His life from without may seem but a rude mound of mud; there will be some golden chamber at the heart of it, in which he dwells delighted; and for as dark as his pathway seems to the observer, he will have some kind of a bull's-eye at his belt. It would be hard to pick out a career more cheerless than that of Dancer, as he figures in the "Old Bailey Reports," a prey to the most sordid persecutions, the butt of his neighborhood, betrayed by his hired man, his house beleaguered by the impish school-boy, and he himself grinding and fuming and impotently fleeing to the law against these pin-pricks. You marvel at first that anyone should willingly prolong a life so destitute of charm and dignity; and then you call to memory that had he chosen, had he ceased to be a miser, he could have been freed at once from these trials, and might have built himself a castle and gone escorted by a squadron. For the love of more recondite joys, which we cannot estimate, which,

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it may be, we should envy, the man had willingly foregone both comfort and consideration. "His mind to him a kingdom was;" and sure enough, digging into that mind, which seems at first a dust-heap, we unearth some priceless jewels. For Dancer must have had the love of power and the disdain of using it, a noble character in itself; disdain of many pleasures, a chief part of what is commonly called wisdom; disdain of the inevitable end, that finest trait of mankind; scorn of men's opinions, another element of virtue; and at the back of all, a conscience just like yours and mine, whining like a cur, swindling like a thimblerigger, but still pointing (there or thereabout) to some conventional standard. Here were a cabinet portrait to which Hawthorne perhaps had done justice; and yet not Hawthorne either, for he was mildly minded, and it lay not in him to create for us that throb of the miser's pulse, his fretful energy of gusto, his vast arms of ambition clutching in he knows not what: insatiable, insane, a god with a muck-rake. Thus, at least, looking in the bosom of the miser, consideration detects the poet in the full tide of life, with more, indeed, of the poetic fire than usually goes to epics; and tracing that mean man about his cold hearth, and to and fro in his discomfortable house, spies within him a blazing bonfire of delight. And so with others, who do not live by bread alone, but by some cherished and perhaps fantastic pleasure; who are meat salesmen to the external eye, and possibly to themselves are Shakespeares, Napoleons or Beethovens; who have not one virtue to rub against another in the field of active life, and yet perhaps, in the life of contemplation, sit with the saints. We see them on the street, and we can count their buttons; but heaven knows in what they pride themselves! heaven knows where they have set their treasure!

There is one fable that touches very near the quick of life: the fable of the monk who passed into the woods, heard a bird break into song, hearkened for a trill or two, and found himself on his return a stranger at his convent gates; for he had been absent fifty years, and of all his comrades there survived but one to recognize him. It is not only in the woods that this enchanter carols, though perhaps he is native there. He sings in the most doleful places. The miser hears him and chuckles, and the days are moments. With no more apparatus than an ill-smelling lantern I have evoked him on the naked links. All life that is not merely mechanical is spun out of two strands: seeking for that bird and hearing him. And it is just this that makes life so hard to value, and the delight of each so incommunicable. And just a knowledge of this, and a remembrance of those fortunate hours in which the bird has sung to us, that fills us with such wonder when we turn the pages of the realist. There, to be sure, we find a picture of life in so far as it consists of mud and of old iron, cheap desires and cheap fears, that which we are ashamed to remember and that which we are careless whether we forget; but of the note of that time-devouring nightingale we hear no news.

The case of these writers of romance is most obscure. They have been boys and youths; they have lingered outside the window of the beloved, who was then most probably writing to some one else; they have sat before a sheet of paper, and felt themselves mere continents of congested poetry, not one line of which would flow; they have walked alone in the woods, they have walked in cities under the countless lamps; they have been to sea, they have hated, they have feared, they have longed to knife a man, and maybe done it; the wild taste of life has stung their palate. Or, if you deny them all the rest, one pleasure at least they have tasted to the full—their books are there to prove it—the keen pleasure of successful literary composition. And yet they fill the globe with volumes, whose cleverness inspires me with despairing admiration, and whose consistent falsity to all I care to call existence, with despairing wrath. If I had no better hope than to continue to revolve among the dreary and petty businesses, and to be moved by the paltry hopes and fears with which they surround and animate their heroes, I declare I would die now. But there has never an hour of mine gone quite so dully yet; if it were spent waiting at a railway junction, I would have

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some scattering thoughts, I could count some grains of memory, compared to which the whole of one of these romances seems but dross. These writers would retort (if I take them properly) that this was very true; that it was the same with themselves and other persons of (what they call) the artistic temperament; that in this we were exceptional, and should apparently be ashamed of ourselves; but that our works must deal exclusively with (what they call) the average man, who was a prodigious dull fellow, and quite dead to all but the paltriest considerations. I accept the issue. We can only know others by ourselves. The artistic temperament (a plague on the expression!) does not make us different from our fellow-men, or it would make us incapable of writing novels; and the average man (a murrain on the word!) is just like you and me, or he would not be average. It was Whitman who stamped a kind of Birmingham sacredness upon the latter phrase; but Whitman knew very well, and showed very nobly, that the average man was full of joys and full of a poetry of his own. And this harping on life's dulness and man's meanness is a loud profession of incompetence; it is one of two things: the cry of the blind eye, *I cannot see*, or the complaint of the dumb tongue, *I cannot utter*. To draw a life without delights is to prove I have not realized it. To picture a man without some sort of poetry—well, it goes near to prove my case, for it shows an author may have little enough. To see Dancer only as a dirty, old, small-minded, impotently fuming man, in a dirty house, besieged by Harrow boys, and probably beset by small attorneys, is to show myself as keen an observer as . . . the Harrow boys. But these young gentlemen (with a more becoming modesty) were content to pluck Dancer by the coat-tails; they did not suppose they had surprised his secret or could put him living in a book: and it is there my error would have lain. Or say that in the same romance—I continue to call these books romances, in the hope of giving pain—say that in the same romance, which now begins really to take shape, I should leave to speak of Dancer, and follow instead the Harrow boys; and say that I came on some such business as that of my lantern-bearers on the links; and described the boys as very cold, spat upon by flurries of rain, and drearily surrounded, all of which they were; and their talk as silly and indecent, which it certainly was. I might upon these lines, and had I Zola's genius, turn out, in a page or so, a gem of literary art, render the lantern light with the touches of a master, and lay on the indecency with the ungrudging hand of love; and when all was done, what a triumph would my picture be of shallowness and dulness! how it would have missed the point! how it would have belied the boys! To the ear of the stenographer the talk is merely silly and indecent; but ask the boys themselves, and they are discussing (as it is highly proper they should) the possibilities of existence. To the eye of the observer they are wet and cold and drearily surrounded; but ask themselves, and they are in the heaven of a recondite pleasure, the ground of which is an ill-smelling lantern.

III.

For, to repeat, the ground of a man's joy is often hard to hit. It may hinge at times upon a mere accessory, like the lantern. It may reside, like Dancer's, in the mysterious inwards of psychology. It may consist with perpetual failure, and find exercise in the continued chase. It has so little bond with externals (such as the observer scribbles in his notebook) that it may even touch them not; and the man's true life, for which he consents to live, lie altogether in the field of fancy. The clergyman, in his spare hours, may be winning battles, the farmer sailing ships, the banker reaping triumph in the arts: all leading another life, plying another trade from that they chose; like the poet's housebuilder, who, after all is cased in stone,

> By his fireside, as impotent fancy prompts,
> Rebuilds it to his liking.

In such a case the poetry runs underground. The observer (poor soul, with his documents!) is all abroad. For to look at the man is but to court decep-

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tion. We shall see the trunk from which he draws his nourishment; but he himself is above and abroad in the green dome of foliage, hummed through by winds and nested in by nightingales. And the true realism were that of the poets, to climb up after him like a squirrel, and catch some glimpse of the heaven for which he lives. And the true realism, always and everywhere, is that of the poets: to find out where joy resides, and give it a voice far beyond singing.

For to miss the joy is to miss all. In the joy of the actors lies the sense of any action. That is the explanation, that the excuse. To one who has not the secret of the lanterns, the scene upon the links is meaningless. And hence the haunting and truly spectral unreality of realistic books. Hence, when we read the English realists, the incredulous wonder with which we observe the hero's constancy under the submerging tide of dulness, and how he bears up with his jibbing sweetheart, and endures the chatter of idiot girls, and stands by his whole unfeatured wilderness of an existence, instead of seeking relief in drink or foreign travel. Hence in the French, in that meat-market of middle-aged sensuality, the disgusted surprise with which we see the hero drift sidelong, and practically quite untempted, into every description of misconduct and dishonor. In each we miss the personal poetry, the enchanted atmosphere, that rainbow work of fancy that clothes what is naked and seems to ennoble what is base; in each, life falls dead like dough, instead of soaring away like a balloon into the colors of the sunset; each is true, each inconceivable; for no man lives in the external truth, among salts and acids, but in the warm, phantasmagoric chamber of his brain, with the painted windows and the storied walls.

Of this falsity we have have had a recent example from a man who knows far better—Tolstoi's *Powers of Darkness*. Here is a piece full of force and truth, yet quite untrue. For before Mikita was led into so dire a situation he was tempted, and temptations are beautiful at least in part; and a work which dwells on the ugliness of crime and gives no hint of any loveliness in the temptation, sins against the modesty of life, and even when a Tolstoi writes it, sinks to melodrama. The peasants are not understood; they saw their life in fairer colors; even the deaf girl was clothed in poetry for Mikita, or he had never fallen. And so, once again, even an Old Bailey melodrama, without some brightness of poetry and lustre of existence, falls into the inconceivable and ranks with fairy tales.

IV.

In nobler books we are moved with something like the emotions of life; and this emotion is very variously provoked. We are so moved when Livine labors in the field, when André sinks beyond emotion, when Richard Feverel and Lucy Desborough meet beside the river, when Antony "not cowardly, puts off his helmet," when Kent has infinite pity on the dying Lear, when, in Dostoieffky's *Despised and Rejected*, the uncomplaining hero drains his cup of suffering and virtue. These are notes that please the great heart of man. Not only love, and the fields, and the bright face of danger, but sacrifice and death and unmerited suffering humbly supported, touch in us the vein of the poetic. We love to think of them, we long to try them, we are humbly hopeful that we may prove heroes also.

We have heard, perhaps, too much of lesser matters. Here is the door, here is the open air. *Itur in antiquam silvam.*

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